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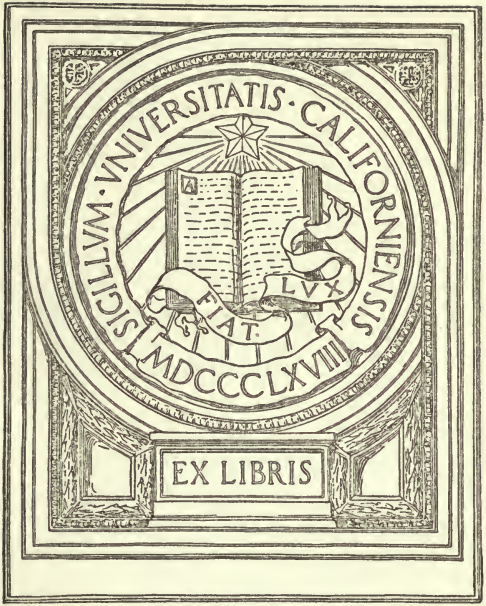
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MOUNT HOPE;

OR,

PHILIP,

KING OF THE WAMPANOAGS:

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE

BY

C. H. HOLLISTER.

"Where by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft."
CAMPBELL.

NEW-YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS.

1851.

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TO THE

HON. ROGER H. MILLS,

THIS WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS

OBLIGED AND SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER has had the good fortune to sail along the coast of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, during the months of early summer, among bays clustering with islands and crowned with bold headlands, has lingered, if he has an eye or a soul for the beauties of nature, upon many a spot rich in the associations of years long past, of races of men long swept from the face of the earth, who had thoughts as varied, objects of ambition as eagerly sought, and passions a thousand-fold more tempestuous, than those of their conquerors. It is the object of this work to rëtrace some of the faded and now scarcely-visible features of those exterminating wars that marked the early settlement of the English among the aborigines of what is now called New England; placing in the fore-ground of the picture a few of those prominent and leading characters who appear, when seen through the distant medium of history, almost as fabulous as the fictions of poets or the creations of an early mythology.

Litchfield, Conn., January, 1851.

MOUNT HOPE;

OR,

PHILIP, KING OF THE WAMPANOAGS.

CHAPTER I.

"Thy twinkling maize-fields rustled on the shore."—BRYANT.

In that lovely archipelago of waters that extends to the south and east of the city of Providence, lying between two bays as bright as ever turned their waves to the sun, is a small neck of land, called, at the period of which we write, Pokanoket, or "the woods beyond the waters." The north portion is low, and in many places interspersed with formidable swamps, while the south-eastern point rises into a bold headland of white flint-rock, the summit of which, commands a view both of land and water for many miles around. It is a spot sacred to the eye of many a traveller, and one that will be sought out through long journeys by various pilgrims to the end of time as the birth-place of true genius, a place consecrated by human suffering, and immortalized by heroic valour.

On the evening of the 15th of June, 1675, there stood upon the rock that thus formed a sort of tower to the summit of this mountain, a solitary Indian, of appearance and feature so unlike that of all other aborigines of that period, that we shall venture upon giving a personal description. The chieftain—for such he seemed—was formed alike

for strength or activity, of a graceful figure and exquisitely moulded limbs. Although the high cheek bones, as well as the angular mouth and chin, betokened the son of the North American forest, yet there was in his face nothing of the eager, and yet suspicious expression, indicative of low cunning, or, at best, of the exercise only of those mental qualities that more readily act in obedience to the passions, which most historians have supposed to belong to that race of men; but the face bore more of the marks of intellect, forecast, and a firm, immoveable purpose, than of the characteristics commonly attributed to savages. This was strongly indicated not only by the breadth and height of the forehead, which was always observed by the English whenever he appeared at their courts or assemblies—but also by the full, dark eye, that was on ordinary occasions steady in its glance as the eagle's whose plumage he wore, but which now flashed fiercely, as if kindling with the recollection of some deep-seated wrong, and which gave to a face otherwise of a majestic and kingly beauty, a painful and agitated expression. Never was that peculiar formation of the head, and that proud moulding of the features which are supposed to be the marks of pure blood and high lineage, more faithfully delineated; nor was it possible that the human countenance should express a greater variety of endowments. He seemed formed alike for thought or action—a stern lawgiver or a swift avenger —but in either capacity a king.

The dress of this elegant savage was in perfect keeping with his appearance and bearing. He wore a light coat of beaver-skin, decorated with blue and white beads, curiously wrought into a great variety of ornaments; buskins of deer-skin, covered with small sea-shells; while a narrow band or belt of wampum, passing around the head, the

ends of which extended down the neck, and met at the shoulders, and which was surmounted at the forehead by the plumes of the gray-eagle, completed his attire. In his right hand he held a large English musket, upon which he leaned idly, as he cast his eye hurriedly over the broad expanse of land and water that lay at his feet. It was his ancestral domain, the country that had known no other sway beyond that of the long line of sachems whose unwritten history dated as far back as the earliest annals of tradition, hundreds of years before the foot of the European had pressed its sod, or the arm of labour had tamed its luxuriant wilds. Nor had civilization yet made any considerable inroads upon its solitudes. Not a white sail was visible in the bay, now called the Bay of Providence, and Mount Hope bay bore upon its bosom many a light canoe, flitting gayly across the waves, freighted with dusky forms. Unbroken woods, their shades now deepening with the approach of evening, covered every hill and valley; and the slender columns of smoke that rose here and there above the trees, ascended only from the wigwam or council-fire of the Wampanoags.

Whatever might have been the nature of his thoughts, the chief was soon interrupted by the approach of two visiters. Just emerging from the shade of a wild grape-vine of immense size, that stood at an angle of the steep and winding pathway, and rolled its black coils like the folds of an enormous serpent around the trunk and branches of a linden-tree, appeared a beautiful young Indian woman, leading by the hand a slightly-formed, dark-eyed boy, of about ten years of age. Nothing could surpass the perfect grace and ease with which this lovely female apparition glided along the tangled and difficult path; now turning to speak a word of encouragement to the child, now removing

from his way with maternal fondness—for such was the relationship she sustained toward him—some bush or shrub, as if fearing lest a briar should pierce the deer-skin leggins that protected his little limbs, or even the tendrils of a vine should curl itself about the solitary eagle's feather that decorated his jetty hair. Her beauty was of the most perfect aboriginal mould, the figure tall and slender, the feet and hands small, and the eye large and dark. But though the long braids of her hair were intertwined with wild-flowers of colours the most rare and gay; though the robe of otter's fur that hung in natural drapery about her form was the richest within the limits of the tribe, and though strings of violet beads, elaborated from the most rare sea-shells, which none but a queen might wear, fell in graceful chains from her neck, and nestled in her bosom; yet the face was too sad for such festive decorations. As she stood before that haughty chieftain, and murmured a response to his welcome ; for not even an Indian queen may first address her lord; her drooping head, down-cast eye, and the low moaning of her voice, were those of the mourning dove, when bereft of her young. But the boy sprung forward, and laid his little hand upon the sachem's gun, as if he would have wrested it from his grasp, looking up fiercely into his face, and pointing with his left hand impatiently to the north, as he asked, "Is the chief of the Wampanoags ready to burn the wigwams, and bring home the scalps of the pale-faces?" Pometacom—for that was the name of the chief—resigned the musket to the child, without replying to his interrogatory; and the wife and the queen who had always shared his confidence, and was henceforth to share with him the relentless malice of his enemies—the innocent, ill-starred Woo-ke-nus-ke—awaited in silence the mandates of her king.

"Queen of the people who dwell beyond the waters," said the chief, "dost thou see the clouds settling upon the woods of Pocassett?"

"The queen beholds dark clouds above the trees, like the frowns of Hobbomocko, when he goes forth in the sky to pierce his people with arrows of flint," replied she, casting her eye timidly to the quarter of the heavens pointed out by the chief; and then added, in a tone of still deeper earnestness, "have the sons of Pometacom sinned, and shall they not burn their bows and their wampum to the god of evil?"

"Woman!" exclaimed the chief, "Hobbomocko has made his wigwam in the clouds; his hand is red with blood; but the Wampanoags shall carry the scalping-knife by his side. The pale-faces shall lie beneath the grass of his hunting-grounds before the frost turns the leaves yellow in the woods. Hobbomocko and Pometacom are one god."

A convulsive shudder shook the frame of the fair Indian queen, as she replied, "Many moons ago, as the great Massasoit lay upon his mat, and made ready to go on his journey to the place of the Great Spirit, he called his two sons, Wamsutta and Pometacom, to his side. 'My children,' said the chief, in a feeble voice, 'it is the will of the good Kritchtan that Massasoit shall visit him in his wigwam in the far south-west. He will leave his tribe, his captains, and his paniese, with his sons, and cross the bright lake in the spirit-canoe to the cabin of the Great Spirit. The songs of his fathers will make his heart glad, but his bones will lie in his burial-ground at Pokanoket, where the waters murmur in his sleep. Keep peace, my sons, with the pale-faces.'"

During this recital, Pometacom became more and more deeply excited, as if it had awakened in his breast new

incentives to revenge. His face was black with rage, as he replied, vehemently, "Wamsutta is dead; the white man killed him. Pometacom will be avenged. In the full of the moon Pometacom went to the grave of Massasoit: the dews fell on his mound; the waters slept among the pebbles of the beach; the wolf howled at a distance, for he feared the spirit of the warrior; but the foot-prints of two pale-faces were upon the grass that grew above his heart. The son of Massasoit will be avenged." He then added, in a softer tone, but with the most grave authority, "Go, Woo-ke-nus-ke, to the rock where the spring bubbles from the ground. Take the boy by the hand, and go. A runner shall lead the wife and son of Pometacom to the country of the Narragansets; his brother, Conanchet shall hide them in the wigwams of his fort."

With an Indian woman, to hear is to obey. She grasped the arm of her little son, waved her hand in silent adieu, as she turned the winding foot-path that was to hide her from the view of her haughty sachem, and disappeared. The chief acknowledged the signal by a corresponding gesture, and then darted like an arrow into the recesses of the wilderness.

CHAPTER II.

"Sit at the feet of History."—*The Ages.*

To form any thing like a correct opinion of the causes which led to the war with which our story is inseparably connected, requires the greatest impartiality of judgment, as well as a minute study of the records of those times. The situation of both parties to this bloody drama was of such peculiar delicacy; their fears, as well as the worst passions of their natures, were wrought upon by inciting causes so unhappy, and at the same time so overpowering, that our sympathies are almost equally divided between Civilization reaching forth her arm to take possession of a soil one day to be exclusively her own, and savage life clinging to old religious, hereditary forms, the bay and the river, the haunts of the otter and the beaver, and, more than all, the burial-places of the dead.

The English population of New England, at that period, amounted to about fifty-five thousand; the aboriginal, to less than one-half that number. The English lived in permanent houses, and had permanent means of subsistence; the Indians had nothing but perishable wigwams of bark to secure them from the inclemencies of the winds and snows common to this wild region, and gained that uncertain livelihood which chance throws in the way of improvident savages, who have no commerce, and no methodical system of agriculture. One party was

armed with the deadly implements of European warfare; the other, for the most part, was compelled to rely upon the bow and tomahawk. There is a difference, too, to be observed between the local position of the tribes concerned in that bloody conflict, and that of the continental tribes which have recently fallen in so unequal a struggle with the well-disciplined forces of the United States. The former had been gradually driven into narrow necks and peninsulas bordering upon the sea, and, if they failed of victory, must be utterly annihilated; the latter had at least a way open for retreat, and could still find a temporary refuge in lands that lay towards the setting sun.

The result of this struggle, therefore, to a mind dispassionate enough to weigh probabilities, could not have been doubtful; but to the excited imaginations of the colonists, what was then called Philip's war, was most appalling. The isolated planter heard the expostulations of his wife and daughters as he prepared to go into the field, and yielded to their importunities; or, if he ventured to go forth, was shot down and scalped in the furrow, or lighted on his return at evening by the conflagration of his own dwelling. Superstition also lent her most vivid colours to the picture. Not a deer bounded through the woods—not a bird fluttered over their heads—not a flash of lightning glistened among the tree-tops that skirted the horizon—but passed for an evil omen.

The causes of the war have been imputed to either party, as suited the predilections of the various writers who have treated of it. It is unfortunate for the memory of the Indians that no monuments of the struggle, or the circumstances that led to it, have been preserved to us beyond the discordant and partial records of their victorious enemies.

It is certainly true that the English had contrived to get

possession of the most valuable lands formerly the property of the Indians, and that the latter could never fully understand the significance and efficacy of those title-deeds that had, by repeated inroads, so encroached on their corn-fields and hunting-grounds as to deprive them almost of the necessary means of subsistence. This increased their hatred and jealousy of the whites to such a degree, that a single spark was only needed to kindle into a flame elements so combustible.

The murder of John Sausaman, by some Wampanoag Indians, led to the equally cruel, though legalized, murder of some individuals of that tribe, among whom was a friend and favourite of Philip. This was the immediate cause of hostilities, which, but for this, might have been deferred for a time, but which must sooner or later have been unavoidable.

Nothing could exceed the alarm every where manifested among the English. On the news of the first breaking out of the war, at Swansey, the colonial commissioners met at Boston. Governor Winthrop, of Connecticut, one of the commissioners, immediately despatched a messenger to Deputy-governor Leete and the council at Hartford, and troops were sent without delay to Stonington, as the point most exposed to attack in Connecticut, on account of its proximity to the Narragansets and other tribes, whose fidelity to the English began to be doubted. The colony of Plymouth was in a state of excitement bordering on phrensy; all private business was suspended, in the bustle and preparation which preceded the storm about to burst upon the head of that little commonwealth.

The village of Plymouth, built upon a declivity gently sloping to the water, presented, at that time, a wild and picturesque appearance, not a little heightened by the bewildered agitation of the inhabitants. In the rear of the village

towered a high hill, still known as the "Burying-hill"—the place consecrated by the Puritan adventurers for the burial of their dead. From the summit of this hill, which rises to the height of about two hundred feet, the view of the surrounding country was at that time wild beyond comparison. In the back-ground lay an elevated plain, covered with pines and ever-greens; to the north, on a pleasant hill, embowered in trees, stood an old-fashioned-looking mansion, where Miles Standish, the military hero of the colony, lived and died; to the east and south, stretched the broad expanse of Massachusetts bay, with its well-defined southern limit, the peninsula of Cape Cod. On the morning of the 16th of June, the summit of Burying-hill presented a scene of unusual animation. The whole male population that tenanted the humble houses which stood upon the hill-side, seemed to have forsaken their homes, and betaken themselves to the summit of this hill, where they were occupied, at an early hour, with an intensity of application which plainly indicated the progress of some enterprise, deemed by all the parties concerned of vital importance to the interests of the colony. The strong palisades already enclosed an area one hundred and fifty feet square, and the work looked as if it might, when completed, withstand the assaults of the combined savage tribes of New England. A little apart from the rest of the party, upon a wooden bench that had been placed beneath a wide-branching oak, sat Governor Winslow, a soldierly-looking gentleman, about forty-five years of age, punctiliously dressed, and armed with the long straight sword much in use at that period. His features were eminently handsome, and there was about his whole appearance an air of refinement that seemed to have little in common with the rough forms and faces of those who surrounded him. He appeared to be in

earnest conversation with a man about thirty-five years of age, who stood with his head uncovered, probably out of respect to the executive presence.

This latter personage (then and still known by the title of Captain Church) was of an athletic form, full, florid countenance, and light brown hair, which curled in thick clusters around a forehead that seemed to have more breadth than height. His large gray eye had that happy expression of merry good-humour, and careless courage that never fails to attract the notice of a stranger. His dress, though neat, was perfectly simple, and his look and manner were those of a bold, free-hearted pioneer, ready for the most daring adventure, and from constitution, as well as from habits of exposure, able to endure the worst extremes of the elements. The conversation between the two gentlemen was evidently, from the tone of voice and animated looks of the parties, one in which they were deeply interested, and upon which they entertained some difference of opinion.

"And what think you," said the govenor—as if anxious to draw out the views of his friend upon a new topic—"What think you of the project proposed and advocated by some of the leading men of this colony, of erecting a fort at Mount Hope neck, and driving the Wampanoags from their own ground?"

"There can be no doubt," replied Church, "that Philip is determined to give us battle, and that his purpose is now settled, never to lay aside his arms till he has scalped and tomahawked every man, woman and child in the English colonies. To speak frankly, I never thought the Plymouth colony had dealt towards this Indian in a politic way or with entire justice. They have always contrived to determine against him all actions of ejectment and other suits

relating to the title and possession of land, when he was drawn into their courts by any one of the colonists; and they have increased his jealousy to an unreasonable pitch, by summoning him to appear at Plymouth on slight occasions and ill-grounded accusations, when they knew that he could not acknowledge the authority that cited him. Then the murder of Sausaman, your excellency, was never made clear to my mind; Philip denies that he or his friends knew of it, or took part in it; and professes to consider the trial and execution of those Indians standing charged therewith, as a worse murder than the other. Now, it seems to me that a fort erected on the Neck, would only make him more implacable, and lay open to him our plan for the campaign—a thing not to be desired, if we are to have an easy game with him. And besides, an Indian is like a fox: you must take him as he runs, and even then you may chance to chase him over many a hill and down many a steep bank, and lie with your musket cocked behind a hundred different rocks and trees, before you shall get a crack at him; and then it will go hard but the beast will have life and wind enough left to carry him to his den. You may build a fort within gun-shot of an Indian camp; and before you have driven down half your palisades, the enemy is away, and has found out some other swamp, twenty miles distant, with cabins to shelter, and corn to supply every son and daughter of his tribe. We must hunt them—if your excellency will trust the word of a man who has tried it in every mode, and at all seasons of the year—we must hunt them through swamp and thicket, upon their own fresh trails, and, if possible, when there are no leaves on the trees. The red-skins will scorn your forts, as hungry crows do the old hats and coats that stand upon poles in our corn-fields."

"I will lay your views before the General Court, and can promise for them a fair hearing at the least," replied the governor. "But is there no chance of averting this destructive war? Is it past our power to treat with this haughty-minded savage? Can no terms be proposed, no concessions made to appease him?"

"I much doubt me, if there can," responded the other; "the matter has proceeded too far for reconciliation. Yesterday I was at Seconnet, and met there the squaw-sachem Awashonks by her own appointment. Six of Philip's men were with her, soliciting aid against the English, with their faces painted in the most hideous manner, fully attired and equipped for war, and looking fiercely at me, as if they would have killed me for rage, because Awashonks had invited me to the dance. Had I shown a sign of fear, it might have gone ill with me; but I stepped quietly up to the Mount Hope men, and taking hold of their bags, and finding them filled with bullets, asked them what their bullets were for: they replied, scoffingly, 'To shoot pigeons with.' I thought best to put a bold face on the matter, and show them that I despised their threats. I advised Awashonks in their presence to knock them on the head, and make an end of them—a piece of counsel that had its effect, for they were as quiet as dead men during the rest of my stay there. Our conference ended by her desiring me to wait on your excellency, and place her under the protection of the English. This state of things cannot last long, and I have little doubt the rascals will be scalping and burning us ere a fortnight's end."

"I too am of the same opinion, and shall lose no time in mustering the colonial troops," said the governor. "And what sayest thou, my friend? Can we depend on your personal attendance and cöoperation during this campaign?"

"With all my heart. I would gladly calm the mind of Philip, and bring him to terms of conference and alliance once more, if such a thing were possible; but that day is over. He is proud and implacable, and, unless I have mistaken my man, will give us many a day of hard fighting before we shall be rid of him. But I must take my leave of your excellency, for I have a wife and a home to see after in these evil times, before I can strike a blow for the commonwealth."

"Go, and God be with you!" said the governor, as with a hearty shake of the hand he bade the weather-beaten adventurer adieu; who, hastening down the hill, was not long in reaching the spot where the waters of the bay rocked the impatient pinnace, which only waited the weighed anchor and spread sail to bear him to Seconnet.

Winslow stood watching him till the diminished form of his little craft looked with its white sail like a bubble upon the waves, and muttered to himself, as he walked towards the fort, "He is right, he is right. What a pity our wise ones should not have taken his advice, and made peace with this vindictive savage! But we shall see what will come of it."

Scarcely a week had elapsed, after the interview just described, before the first blood was shed in that most sanguinary of all wars that stain the annals of civilization upon this continent. As the inhabitants of Swansey were returning on a fast-day from religious worship, they were waylaid by Philip's men, and one man was killed; two others were wounded.

CHAPTER III.

"A springy motion in her gait
A rising step did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit."
CHARLES LAMB.

WHILE the participators in this drama are making ready each the part which he is to play in it, we shall be pardoned for asking the reader's company while we take a short leave of its turbulent scenes, and visit one of those quiet domestic homes that made even the face of the wilderness lovely in the olden time.

Not a quarter of a mile from the spot where now stands the lovely village of B——, there stood at that day a comfortable-looking cottage, built in the English style, upon the southern slope of a mountain, the last of a series or chain running north-east and south-west for several miles through a rich and populous portion of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. The Bluff (for so it was called) was densely wooded with oak, chestnut and pine, and upon the side nearest the house was a space of several acres, free from any entanglements of bushes or vines, so that there was nothing except the gigantic trunks and wide-spreading gnarled branches of the trees to intercept the view towards the north from the cottage-windows.

But beyond this limited space, the acclivity was more irregular and steep, and the soil seemed abandoned to the wildest luxuriance of vegetation. Tall broken rocks

towered above the trees, with many a rift at their base, where the wolf and panther found a safe retreat from the pursuit of man.

The view to the south was varied and beautifully softened by the graceful slopes of the hills, which bore more of the appearance of long and ample cultivation, than seemed to belong to so primitive a settlement. From the arbour in the garden that lay a little to the east of the cottage, the eye caught a glance of the village spire through the screen of leaves that nature had thrown around it, and the western landscape was relieved by a sparkling lake that lay like a winding river among the green sloping hills, reflecting upon its bosom every feature of the landscape with the faithfulness of a mirror. The high gable windows of the cottage, and the little gallery that extended along its front, were almost hidden by the red and white honeysuckle, and wild American vines that interlaced their tenacious fibres, and spread their delicate leaves from the foundation to the roof of the secluded mansion.

It would be readily inferred that a spot so well chosen for its natural advantages, and so tastefully decorated by art, must be the home of refinement and elegance, and such it really was. The Rev. Charles Southworth, the proprietor, was a dissenting clergyman, a gentleman of family and superior natural endowments, who was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and would have graduated with the highest honours, had he not refused, from scruples of conscience which he said were insuperable, to subscribe the articles, according to the requirements of the University.

Becoming more and more dissatisfied with what he deemed the abuses practiced by the English church at that period, and having made the acquaintance of Governor

Winthrop, of Connecticut, while on a visit to London in the year 16—, he resolved to try his fortunes in the new world, then open to the disaffected and the aggrieved of every name and rank. With this view he converted his fortune, which for those days might be considered ample, into money, and with his library and other moveable property embarked for America. He was at the time of his emigration about forty years of age, and having a few months before been bereft of an amiable and lovely wife, had no family friend to share his fortunes in America, save his niece, a young orphan girl, about ten years old, of great beauty, for whom he cherished the affectionate fondness of a father.

He had retreated to this retired neighbourhood, and had arranged his library in his new house, with the intention of passing the remainder of his days in the retirement so congenial to a scholar, when the death of the former clergyman of the little church to which he belonged, suddenly called him to be its pastor.

Anne Willoughby was sixteen years old at the commencement of the war, and, as well from her extreme beauty as from certain characteristics not very well understood by the simple villagers, she was, whether present or absent, an object of peculiar interest. It was observed that she never mingled with the village maidens in their sports, and that her demeanour towards them was of that condescending and distant order little calculated to invite intimacy. A rumour was also abroad that she was descended of an ancient family, and that there was a mystery hanging over her present humble condition, which would be cleared up (so credulous were the minds of that simple-hearted people) by her being called at no remote day, if not to wear the crown, at least to fill a high rank

as the daughter and heiress of some great earl or duke. So they thought, and so they whispered; but who had put so extravagant a fancy in their heads, it was difficult to tell; for her uncle never alluded to her early history, and she always evaded the attempts of the curious to elicit the secret, with a shrinking sensitiveness that only served to increase their anxiety to a more intense degree. It was also observed, and with no little pain, by that religious and anti-episcopal community, that although she attended upon her uncle's preaching regularly on the Sabbath, and lectures not infrequently during the week, she was often seen reading in the library, what Dame Austin, one of the matrons of the village, called, "one of those unlawful papal books, full of printed prayers and abominable formalities," which, for better euphony, we shall denominate the Book of Common Prayer. The prejudice excited in the public mind at this alarming disclosure was somewhat appeased, however, by the good dame, who was generous enough to add, that "she was convinced Mistress Anne must possess the true spirit of the evangelists, as she was not only faithful in her attendance upon all the ordinances, and listened to all of worthy Mr. Southworth's godly discourses, but administered to the sick in more charitable offices than the whole village besides; and she dared affirm that she read this bundle of heresies for the sake of assisting the worthy minister in showing it up to the world in its true colours:" adding, that "Mistress Anne was learned and scholarly, and could read the dead tongues as if she was born a Greek —only she wished the sweet young lady would call things by their right names, and quit speaking of that heathenish Roman jargon of Juno 'the empress of the skies.' and that naughty winged boy with the bow and quiver: she never knew any good come of such nonsense." The young lady

had two other faults, that fell under the observation of those supervisors of public propriety. It was whispered that "she wore a diamond ring upon her finger, and that she had been seen to wander alone in the evening along the beach of the romantic little lake of which we have made mention, and sometimes at a late hour." But this latter charge rested upon such uncertain evidence that it was never breathed, except in the ear of a few spinsters, and then under the strictest injunctions of secresy; "for it was never to be credited," said Dame Austin, whose words we have quoted above, "either that the minister would suffer such a thing, or that the young lady could be so unsettled in her Christian walk as to be given over to conduct so blameworthy."

Notwithstanding these strictures passed upon the demeanour of the young lady, she was beloved by most, and regarded with admiration by all, who came within the circle of her influence. Her tall and gracefully-formed figure—the noble, yet perfectly feminine, cast of her features—the unaffected stateliness with which she moved among her inferiors, as if it were a thing of course that they should pay court to her—the easy elegance of her conversation, and a certain air of frank, ingenuous truthfulness —gave her fascinations such as fortune, frugal of her gifts, seldom bestows upon a single favourite. Her complexion was rich and variable, and her low, sweet voice was so delightfully modulated, that it seemed but the breathing of the purest thoughts and noblest impulses. Her brow was such as poets and painters in all ages have loved to delineate; not high and broad, but delicately moulded, and pale as marble. It seemed, when contrasted with the dark brown hair that shaded it, the rare ideal of feminine love-

liness, such as often haunts the dreams of the imaginative and young, but seldom meets us in the walks of life.

On the evening of the — day of June, and three days after the unhappy affair at Swansey, Anne Willoughby sat alone in the little gallery that fronted the cottage, with her head leaning upon her small white hand, apparently in deep thought. The village bell had just rung the hour of nine, and its tones had scarcely died away among the dark leaves of the forest that spread around her, when a sudden flash of lightning lit up the lake and forest with a broad glare, followed instantaneously by a peal of thunder that shook the house to its foundation. Aroused, but not alarmed, by this shock of the elements that portended a violent storm, the young lady arose, and entered the cottage. Observing that black clouds still gathered above the horizon, and that the large drops began to rattle against the window-panes, she fastened the shutters, and was proceeding to close the hall-door, when the forest was again illuminated by another flash, that just disclosed through the rain-drops that now fell in torrents the imperfect outline of a mounted horseman, riding precipitately towards the cottage. A moment of suspense followed, when she perceived, by a repetition of this momentary light, that her eye had not deceived her; for her visiter, having hastily dismounted, and tied his horse to a tree, was rapidly advancing towards the cottage. Her first impulse was to close the door, and call her uncle to receive or exclude, as he thought proper, this unexpected guest; but long accustomed to encounter the vicissitudes and privations of a life in the wilderness, she had acquired —if, indeed, she did not inherit—a fearlessness which might seem weakness to maidens who live in more luxurious days. She had scarcely made up her mind to receive him, when he presented himself at the threshold, and disclosed features

which at once assured her that she had run no hazard in extending to him the hospitalities of the house.

"Lady," said the stranger, in a voice and with a smile that showed him not unschooled in the language due to one of her apparent rank, "you have before you a wearied and forlorn traveller, who has been compelled by the fury of the storm to seek a temporary shelter under this roof. If you are alone and unprotected," he continued, observing that she made no answer, "I will only crave your permission to tarry till the storm has abated, when I will pursue my journey."

"Sir," replied the lady, "this house is always open to receive the wanderer who will participate in its humble hospitalities. We can at least give you food and shelter; and for protection, in these troublous times, you will be much more likely to bestow it upon our little household, than need it at their hands."

The stranger smiled, and glanced carelessly at his sword and pistols, as he replied, "I have indeed old and tried friends at my girdle, that have stood me in good stead ere this; yet I cannot think I shall be beholden to them for any services to-night. And yet," he added, playfully, "I know not in what cause I would employ either short-sword or pistol with more zeal than in thine own, fair daughter."

"I will speak to my uncle, who will give you such entertainment as the house affords; but——"

"But I know not by what name you are to make his acquaintance, you would say," rejoined the guest, smiling. "But you will be saved the trouble of an introduction, or I am much mistaken.—Charles Southworth," he continued, addressing himself to his host, who now entered the room, "do you see any lines in these care-worn features that call to mind the dreams of your youth?"

Mr. Southworth stood a moment with his eyes fixed intently on the melancholy features of the old man, as if rëperusing the dimmed and torn page of some familiar book of school-boy days. Surely, that proud lip, that high forehead, where mind and passion had both left their scathing furrows, and that iron frame, did not now appear before him for the first time.

"It is he—and yet it cannot be—he is dead—but, were it his ghost, I would embrace it!" exclaimed the reverend clergyman; and, laying his head affectionately upon the breast of his mysterious visiter, he sobbed aloud.

"My son," said the venerable man, in a voice that had in it nothing of the tremulousness of age, "look at these brawny sinews, and feel the grasp of this bony hand: I am no spirit, sent to awaken in your heart the bitter memory of the sufferings of your father's friend; but I come with my load of earthly sorrows yet heavy upon my back, hunted from hold to hold like a wolf, in this inhospitable wilderness, by that silly boy who now misrules England, for having dared to sit in judgment upon the life of the *man*—Charles Stuart—whom they impiously call 'the martyr.' I am Goffe the regicide! I come to thee, my son, and ask what I may never find till I lay my old limbs in the grave—a lurking-place from the swift of foot, who are even now snuffing like hounds upon my track. But, if my stay here would peril thee or thine, I will go my ways. It is better that I die at once, than bring harm to the form that I once fondled on my knee."

"Thou art welcome—how welcome, words can never express—to this humble dwelling. Neither king nor king's pursuivant can find thee here. To-morrow I will show thee a secret chamber, known to no one save myself—not even to this child of mine—where I will bring thee bread

and meat in the morning, and bread and meat in the evening, as the winged messengers did to the prophet in the days of old."

"Enough, gentle Charles; enough, till then! But who and what is she who looks and moves and smiles so like her who once——But what avails the past!—who is *now* a spirit blest as angels?"

"I will tell thee all in due time," said the clergyman. And both imprinted a fatherly kiss upon the cheek of Anne Willoughby, as they parted for the night.

CHAPTER IV.

"Not unfamiliar to mine ear,
Blasts of the night! ye howl—as now."
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THE whole night seemed abandoned to the caprices of the elements, alternate storm and calm. It had not continued to rain more than an hour after the family had retired, when a sudden and terrific blast of wind swept through the forest, tearing up by their roots immense trees in its course, and strewing the ground with their torn and shattered limbs. Anne Willoughby rose, opened the casement, and looked out upon the venerable oaks and pines that had so long guarded her sequestered home, and felt, as branch after branch quivered and fell to the ground, as if she was witnessing the death-agonies of dear and long-cherished friends. But the fierce blast was only momentary, and then the moon shone through the rifted clouds tranquilly over the wreck of the storm.

"There they lie," said the maiden, mournfully, "with the water-drops still glittering upon their dark leaves, to waste and wither in the heat of to-morrow's sun. Yet, while the tough oak is splintered in the wind, how strange that my favourite willow, with its drooping branches, that trembled in the gentlest zephyr, should be spared! Is not this scene a strange type of me and mine? The proud father and noble brothers, cold upon the battle-field—the fragile girl, the daughter and the sister, left unharmed,

but desolate, in a world that has so little sunshine for a solitary heart! Were it not for the high hopes and buoyant nature of one whom I may not name even to my own thoughts——But what crackling sound is that, like a stealthy footstep among those fallen boughs? Sure my ear does not deceive me; and that tall form, gliding from behind the shadow of yonder pine, is not the creation of a wild fancy. It is an Indian; and close beneath my window is another, looking in upon me. Heaven help me!"

Her first impulse was to alarm the house, and call her friends to her assistance; but seeing that the savage who stood in open view beneath the window had his arms folded across his breast, in the attitude rather of a suppliant than an assailant, and that he was addressing himself to speak, she summoned all her firmness of mind, and listened.

"Daughter of the pale-cheek," said her swarthy visiter, in a voice that seemed too gentle to portend either mischief or wrong to an unprotected female, "the tongue of the red man is friendly, and he will speak the truth. Come out from the cabin, under the shade of the willow, and he will tell thee what thou would'st give thy life to know."

"Stand where thou art," replied the maiden, almost breathless with alarm; "speak it *there*. I will listen."

"It must be whispered in girl's ear," said the Indian, in the same quiet tone; "in her ear, or it shall die *here*." And he passed his hand across his lips in token of the strictest secresy.

"And how am I to know that this errand concerns me? Perhaps you will kill me if I come to you," said the young lady.

"As she pleases," responded the Indian, in a tone of indifference; "as she pleases—but the wolves have a lame hart by the lake, and they will kill him if she stays behind."

"The daughter of the pale-cheek," she replied, in a tone calculated to elicit his confidence," is weak, and afraid of the night: she cannot understand the words of her red friend."

"He lies on the sand of the lake. He is bleeding and beautiful," answered the Indian; "and the maiden of the pale-cheek loves him."

This wild, enigmatical language had a meaning that thrilled her frame, and almost robbed her of the power of speech. Could it be that this unlettered savage, whose face she had never before seen, was skilled in the secrets of her heart—those secrets which even her uncle, confiding as she had ever been to him on all other subjects, had never known, and which she had hardly dared to entertain as inmates of her own bosom? But there was no time to be lost; and rousing herself for an enterprise that seemed to demand the exercise of all her powers, and simply replying, "Let my red brother stay till his sister makes ready," she set about her simple preparation for this mysterious journey. A moment sufficed for her hasty toilet; and gliding down the stairs with a noiseless step, she removed the fastening from the latch, and joined the Indian, who stood waiting under the tree.

A gesture from him called out from their lurking-places about twenty other Indians, who followed him and his fair companion in silence in the direction of the Haunted Lake.

After a circuitous walk of about half a mile, they arrived at the border of a beautiful grove of beech-trees that sloped down to the small white shore of sand, upon which the waves of the lake, agitated by the recent storm, were dashed with unwonted violence. It was a moment of fearful interest to the young lady, who now visited the lonely spot under circumstances so different from those

which had before hallowed every curve in the shore and every shady nook in the grove. Superstition, which had thrown over the place a screen that the villagers dared seldom penetrate after sunset, had only made the retreat more secure to her, as if she stood in an enchanted circle, which curiosity and obtrusive intermeddling could not enter, to frighten away to the upper air those bewildering dreams that wait alike on hope and recollection, and lend their softest colouring and divinest shading to the object of the heart's idolatry.

But even now the pure mind of Anne Willougby was free from the stain of superstition. She only thought of one object, and fixed her eye upon one spot. But for that object she looked in vain, and the white foam spread its watery veil over that spot, renewed by every succeeding wave that brought its chafed and vexed tribute to the sand.

The Indian who had led her, and who seemed to be the chief of the band, motioned a halt in the grove; and, turning to her, asked, with a peculiar smile and tone that left her no longer in doubt of her fate, "Can the pale maiden call the red man brother now? The white man says his heart is full of snakes, and the white man's words are true. The hart is bounding in the forest; his blood is not on the sand."

The painful consciousness that she was betrayed, and a prisoner in the hands of merciless savages, whatever might have been the effect upon her mind under other circumstances, was lost in the higher considerations of the safety of the loved one. She had too much knowledge of the Indian character to suppose that her captors would have resorted to such means of obtaining possession of her person, with any intention of relinquishing it, until they had accomplished some ulterior purpose, which she could not

then fathom. She therefore resolved to resign herself to her situation without uttering a word of complaint, and await the most favourable opportunity either of escape or deliverance.

She submitted, therefore, without the least show of resistance, to be placed upon a rude litter or chair of cedar boughs, which was brought by two Indians from a secret hiding-place in the thicket, and soon found that she was borne at a rapid rate, but in what direction she was unable to discover, through the most difficult fastnesses of the woods. They made their journey in utter silence, following for the most part the course of some mountain torrent, and never approaching the open country or the neighbourhood of a human habitation. The only pauses in their march were occasioned by the change of the litter from the shoulders of those who bore it to those of others who stood ready at hand; and this was done with such dexterity, that its progress was scarcely interrupted for a moment during the night. The young lady was placed under no restraint, but permitted to remain in a recumbent or sitting posture as she pleased, and to look upon every movement of her captors, and examine every object that presented itself upon their rough and winding path, which the clear sky enabled her to do without difficulty.

At day-break they halted upon the bank of the stream, from which they had not parted company for the last hour of their march; and here the chief ordered the men who carried the litter to place it upon the ground, which they did as gently as if it had contained a sleeping infant which they feared to awaken.

The chief then gave her his hand, and assisted her to descend the wet and slippery bank. When they came to the foaming bed of the stream, he took her in his arms, and, fording the turbid current, again placed her upon the ground, and assisted her with a delicacy of attention that

did much to allay her fears, winding around difficult rocks, and removing the tangled vines and bushes from her path. The roar of a waterfall was now distinctly heard, and on turning the sharp angle of a rock, she found herself in the very mist of a cataract, more grotesque and fantastic than any thing she had ever seen, or imagined could have existed in nature.

The torrent, now swollen beyond its ordinary dimensions by the rain of the preceding evening, and precipitated from a narrow lip of the ledge, in a perpendicular column, a distance of fifty feet, upon a solid platform of rock, was shattered into fragments of foam; and then uniting its broken forces, took a second plunge, sheer over the precipice, into an immense circular basin that seemed of almost immeasurable depth, the sides of which were worn by the constant attrition of the waves as smooth as the surface of an iron cauldron. The sudden crushing sound of the waters in their first descent, and the dead, stifled moan with which they buried themselves in the depths of the receptacle thus prepared for them, sending up scarcely an echo to the reverberating banks that hemmed them in—the shadowy clouds of mist that ascended in the gray light of the dawn—the walls of rock that rose on every side with their tangled burden of nightshade and laurel, and here and there a dark, sombre hemlock, hovering like an ill-omened bird over the summits of the cliff—together with the dimness of the atmosphere, and the oppressive sense of solitariness that seemed to be the presiding spirit of the place—all combined to fill the mind of the unhappy captive with apprehension and alarm.

There is something in the sight of a wild stream, amid mountain solitudes, rushing madly over steep heights, and dashing itself against rugged rocks, which always awakens in the minds of the young images of awe, if not of terror.

There is something so remorseless in the headlong plunge of the current, that it assumes to the mind's eye a kind of individuality as we look upon it, and we shrink back instinctively, as from contemplating an act of wanton suicide.

The impression made upon the mind of the captive maiden by the sight of so wild and lonely a scene, surrounded as she was with those dark and savage companions, was so bewildering, that she sat for a few moments in a state of almost utter unconsciousness.

Meanwhile, the Indians composed themselves to sleep, lying down in a circle around her, in such a manner as to render it impossible for her to escape without alarming one or more of them. She looked upon their dusky faces until they were apparently wrapped in profound sleep, and then turned to gaze once more into the current that boiled with unceasing foam, and whirled in fierce eddies around the sides of its prison.

"Would to Heaven," she murmured to herself, "that I could escape the guilt of suicide! how gladly would I commit my frail life to the tender mercies of that pool! Its cold waves would at least protect me from dishonour, and from a death a thousand times more to be dreaded than that momentary pang. What though I might be torn piecemeal on the sharp edges of pitiless rocks, until no trace of this poor frame remained? I should at least escape the scalping-knife and the flame."

Strange it is that hope never quite forsakes us, even in the most doubtful extremities. She felt that there was still some chance of deliverance; and while expedients for escape, and visions of glad friends meeting her at the door of her own home, floated in her imagination, exhausted nature claimed reprisal, and she fell asleep.

CHAPTER V.

"And noiseless as a lonely dream, is gone."—Byron.

The sun rose smilingly that morning on the little village of B——, and was just peeping through the panes of the cottage windows at the Bluff, as the bell rang for breakfast; for the family of Mr. Southworth always rose at an early hour. "Good morrow, general," said the clergyman to his venerable guest, as he entered the breakfast-room; "you look pale and ill, and I doubt you have not slept well in such humble lodgings: but the secret chamber will be in readiness to-day, and I hope for the future you will be better bestowed."

"My son, speak not of it. I have slept many an hour on the cold earth, with a stone for my pillow, and slumbered sweetly as an infant, with my locks and forehead steeped in dew the livelong night; and blithe was my heart, and cheerful was my voice, as the wing of the morning lark beat the air, and his song summoned me to don the helmet, and strike another blow for Oliver and England. And when I sat in judgment on the life of that 'intelligencing tyrant,' as Mr. Secretary Milton was wont to call him, the dawning light that streamed through the stained windows of my chamber shone upon no happier face than mine. But day has been changed into night since the falling of the axe that sent him to his account. The members of the tribunal that passed upon his fate, though acting in the fear of a just God, and as they hoped for salvation, have been

swept from the earth by the use of every scourge that ingenious malice and revenge—for none ever called it filial love—could employ, in the hands of the most abandoned, to inflict torture and agony upon a victim. Some favourable, or perhaps it may yet prove adverse wind, has driven me, with a handful of my compeers, like the few remaining spars of a wrecked and shattered ship, upon this desert shore. And even here we are still pursued with a steadiness of purpose which that vain and idle trifler never yet evinced, save in a bad cause. You know well that I am a stranger to fear; but, Charles, there is a boy, wandering I know not where upon the face of the earth—a darling son, whom in a fit of anger, and for his profligate ways, I banished from my home—whose face I have prayed Heaven I might once more look upon; and there is an aged friend whose features must be composed in death, and then I will welcome the executioner and the block."

"Have you good ground to believe," inquired his host, "that your son sought refuge in America?"

"He wrote me a letter, in which he informed me that such was his intention," replied Goffe; "and notwithstanding his follies, he never, to my knowledge, forfeited his word.—But where is my pretty rose of the wilderness? I would fain look on that face again, and by day-light."

"I will send Sarah to call her," said the reverend gentleman; "for I seldom miss her merry voice after the first peep of dawn. She sings her sweetest songs before the dew leaves the grass in the morning."

In a moment the servant returned, with a face expressive of the deepest alarm, and informed her master that Mistress Anne was not in her apartment, and that her hood and cloak were both gone.

"It is one of her girlish freaks," said the clergyman,

"and I doubt not we shall see her in less than a quarter of an hour, with her truant feet wet in the morning dew, and her hair decorated with as many specimens of wild flowers as grow within the range of our hills. She is a dear wayward runaway," he added, tenderly, "and has given me many an anxious ramble to find her in her hiding-places; and when I have found her, she laughs merrily, and asks me what I have to do, being a mere mortal, with the hallowed haunts of fairies. But if I happen to chide her, which I have done but once or twice, never did shaken rose-bud shed such a shower of pearly tears. But I must forbid her wandering so far from home in these unsettled times. Were any harm to befall the maiden, it were better that I were dead."

He had hardly finished speaking when Sarah presented herself, and informed him that young Willie Burton had just entered the hall, and asked to see her master on business, which he represented to be of the greatest importance.

"Show him in immediately," said the clergyman; and then added, "It cannot be that he brings evil tidings of my niece; it cannot be—" He was interrupted by the hasty entrance of Willie Burton, a sun-burned lad of sixteen, the son of a thriving farmer who lived on the opposite shore of the Haunted Lake, who made his awkward obeisance with a much worse grace than was usual with him, when he saw the awful person of "the minister," as Mr. Southworth was called by his parishioners, flanked by the stern and warlike figure of his guest.

"What would you with me, Willie?" asked the clergyman, affably. "Do you bring any news from the wars?"

I—I—came to ask if Mistress Anne be at home," said the youth, hesitatingly.

"What would you with her, Willie?"

"Only to know if she be at home," replied the young man, more promptly.

"Have you seen her during your walk this morning?" inquired Mr. Southworth.

"Not this morning, but——"

"But what? Speak it out, if you know or have heard where she is; for she has not been seen at home since ten o'clock last evening."

"I feared as much, may it please your reverence; for last night, as I returned home from H—— at a late hour, I saw a troop of Indians in the beech-wood hard by the Haunted Lake; and, as I live, I saw either the spirit of Mistress Anne, or her blessed self standing among them, and pointing towards the water as she spoke to one of the red-skins in a voice so low that I could hear never a word she said."

"The Lord be merciful to me!" exclaimed the clergyman, wringing his hands in the most intense agony. "She is lost—lost hopelessly! Would to God we could exchange places!"

"Peace, my son!" exclaimed the regicide, rising abruptly, and advancing towards the lad as he addressed him—"Answer me directly what I shall ask you, young man, as you value your life. How could it happen that you should be standing in the beech-wood in a position to observe this damsel, surrounded as you say by a company of savages, and yet remain undiscovered by her or them?"

"I crouched beneath a tuft of laurel-bushes."

"How long did they remain in the wood?"

"Not ten minutes; they placed Mistress Anne upon something that looked like a bier, and carried her away with them."

"What direction did they take?"

"A north-westerly course, your honour."

"Why did you not follow them?"

"I did attempt it, but they travelled so fast that I was forced to run to keep within sight of them; and as I was hurrying down a hill, about a mile from the beech-wood, a large Indian, who kept behind the others, stopped short, and I thought I was discovered, and so turned back."

"Why did you not give the alarm at the cottage as you returned."

"I thought it might have been an apparition."

"Fool, to think that a departed spirit should choose such company! But a truce to this nonsense! Go sound the alarm in the village. Assemble ten good yeomen well armed, and meet me at the beech-wood within half an hour's time. Ten Englishmen are a match for thrice that number of savages. And do you, Charles, stay quietly at home, and await our return; for we would have your pretty niece receive a cordial welcome when she comes with us at evening."

"Pardon me, general; but I shall never linger about the hearth-stone, like a superanuated drone, while my sister's daughter remains in such hands. I, too, can wield a blade and point a carbine: I have not forgotten the discipline of that bloody night when the father and brothers of my poor Anne lay dead around me."

"As you will," responded Goffe, laconically; at the same time buckling his belt more tightly around his waist, and examining the priming of a gigantic pair of pistols, with the coolness of one to whom the use of such weapons was a familiar business. "Can you give me for the nonce a rifle that will answer the aim of a steady eye?"

The clergyman stepped to a closet opening into the immense stone chimney, and producing two silver-mounted

rifles that seemed to be the work of the same hand, though one was much longer than the other, and presenting both to the regicide, said, "Take your choice, general; the shorter is the better-tried, but I think the other is the surer piece, though its weight may weary you."

The old soldier inspected the rifles carefully, and, after a minute examination, selecting the heavier piece, he stepped to the window, raised it to his shoulder, and discharged it.

"It is good metal," said he, "as yonder rover of the air can bear testimony;" and, as he spoke, an immense eagle wheeled upon the wing, and remaining suspended for a moment in mid-air, almost directly over their heads, fell dead not twenty yards from the spot where they stood. "He must have been an hundred yards off," said the regicide, quietly; "and now that we have tested our weapon, let us away, for there is no time to be lost."

They found, on arriving at the spot pointed out by Willie Burton, that the Indians had left evident traces of their trail; but on following it out of the wood, the keen eye of the Regicide discovered that there were two trails instead of one, of equal size, and that each followed, as nearly as possible, a separate branch of the main stream that discharged itself into the Haunted Lake. By this time, the party under the direction of Willie Burton had come up, and Goffe interrogated him whether he had followed the Indians as far as the point where they then were. He replied that he had, and still asseverated that they did not divide into two parties at that place, but kept on together as they had set out.

"They have made two trails, then, to mislead their pursuers," said the regicide. "The one leading up the smaller stream must have been made in the early evening.

But, thanks to thy night wanderings, young master, we are not likely to be caught with this trick. Let us pursue the bed of the main torrent, and lose no time; for they have not less than five hours' start of us, but will lie still during the day."

So saying, he led the way with the ease of one long accustomed to the life of a pioneer of the woods; and we will leave him and his little party to make the best of their enterprise, while we gather up some of the scattered forces of our narrative, and marshal our men for the stern encounter of war.

CHAPTER VI.

"Does the flush of my dark cheek waken his wrath?
Does he covet the bow at my back?"

While we gather in, one by one, the threads of our story, let us not lose sight of the great chief who, by the unaided efforts of his own genius, had called up the thickly-clustering events which then chilled every heart with fear; events that bore in their then inscrutable recesses the fate of every aboriginal tribe, and the seeds of an European population that now peoples this continent, from the rough coast whence the struggle emanated, to the waters of the Western ocean. Mount Hope bay had ceased to reflect the deepening hues of sunset, and scarcely a tinge of twilight lingered upon the western cloud, as multitudes of warriors from every direction thronged to the royal seat of King Philip at Pokanoket. Some came from the country of the Nipmucks; some from the tribes that lived in the vicinity of Albany and Niagara; others from the bright rivers and green woods of the then wild provinces of Maine and New Hampshire, and yet others from tracts of country lying far to the south of the Narragansets. Some came through the woods with the celerity of the stag when he darts along the thicket to avoid the deadly flight of the arrow; others, moody and sullen, passed over the brow of Mount Hope, lingered a moment to look off upon the expanse of the bay, and then sauntered idly down the foot-worn path that led to the council-ground. Many a warrior steered his fragile

canoe from Pocasset and the Massachusetts coast, over the waves that now rose with the freshening breeze of evening, heaving their light burdens recklessly as the wind tosses the thistle's beard ;—yet the steady navigator plied his task warily, skimming the surface of the water with his oaken paddles, and keeping his eye alternately on the motions of his little craft, and on the white flint-rock to which he steered, that rose high above the level of the sea, and upon which could be seen through the dusk of evening men, women, and children moving to and fro, bearing logs and the dry tops of trees, and heaping them high, as if for a vast funeral pyre.

At last, an Indian wound up the mountain-side with a lighted torch in his hand. He stooped down, and applied it to the well-arranged combustibles. In a moment they were wrapped in a broad blaze, that streamed wildly above the white summit of the rock, rendered more ghastly and distinct by the dark back-ground of a cloud that skirted the horizon. This was the signal for the ceremonials of the evening to commence, and was greeted with a yell that seemed to pierce the very skies, and was multiplied by the long response of every echo that haunted the windings of the beautiful shore.

By eight o'clock the council-field was thronged so densely around the throne or seat of King Philip for several rods, as effectually to bar all approach to the place occupied by royalty. Never did an assemblage of martial men meet in more varied and grim attire, or with more determined purposes of vengeance.

There could not have been less than six thousand warriors, all painted in the most hideous manner, and every tribe armed and decorated in a style peculiar to itself. The Wampanoags, as they were the entertainers of the

whole council, and the most powerful of all the tribes, were much more largely represented than the others, and also much better armed, having most of them hatchets of steel, and many of the chiefs being provided with handsome English muskets. The warriors were not dressed in any thing like a uniform manner; but with the exception of the sachem, whose war-dress was settled by the custom of his fathers, and who wore the distinguishing badges of his clan, each trusted in a great degree to the fruitfulness of his own invention, to render his form and visage most terrific to the enemy. Yet the method of wearing the hair longer or shorter, and the several shades of colouring in the paint applied to their faces, afforded sufficient marks to identify every individual savage with his proper band. Those who had lived at a remote distance from the English settlements, carried few European weapons, but wielded the ponderous war-club, wrought of the toughest white-oak; the long ashen or sassafras bow, with its accompanying quiver of arrows pointed with flint; the tomahawk, the heavy stone axe, the sharp scalping-knife of bone, and the long straight spear of iron-wood, hardened in the fire so as to do nearly the same execution as if it had been made of the keenest steel.

Their dress was composed of the skins of the wild-cat, bear, or wolf—great care being had to adjust it in such a fashion as to set off to the most perfect advantage the stature of the wearer.

While the warriors were assembling in due form, the squaws, to the number of several hundred, betook themselves to the canoes that had been left on the beach; and paddling about the cove, a few rods from the shore, gave a strange, unearthly life to the waters in which they played their mad gambols, drowning the music of the breeze and wave by their jarring voices and discordant laughter.

When the warriors were duly assembled, the head sachems and paniese, or wise men of the respective tribes, seated themselves upon a little rise of ground, under the shade of a large poplar that tossed its restless leaves over the limpid fountain, then and still known as "King Philip's spring;" while the inferior warriors stood beneath them, arranged in rows according to their rank, half hemming them in with their long semi-circular lines. Philip sat upon a seat or throne, chiselled out of the white flint-rock that formed for it an over shadowing canopy, dressed in the royalties that had descended to him from the great Massasoit his father, his look stern and immoveable as the rock of which he seemed to form a part. He wore the same small head-band of wampum, with its floating tuft of eagle's feathers, that adorned his head on the evening of the interview with his lovely queen: in addition to this, an enormous belt of wampum, about twelve inches in breadth, passing around his gigantic shoulder, reached downward to the knee. This belt was interwoven with small sparkling sea shells, elaborated with wonderful skill into the figures of the various beasts and birds emblematical of his tribe, and fringed with the hair of the moose. A small girdle of similar material passed around his waist, to which was suspended a scalping-knife of tortoise-shell, of exquisite finish. He held a massive war-club in his right hand, curiously carved, and black as ebony. A bow that no other warrior of the assembled tribes could bend, with a quiver of arrows, lay upon the mat on which his feet rested, which were clad in moccasins of deer-skin, richly bordered with otter's fur. His legs and arms were bare, and upon his breast was painted the figure of the bald-eagle with expanded wings.

On the right, and nearest the sachem, sat his chief cap-

tain, Anawan—a gray-haired chief, about sixty-five years of age, who, not only from rank, but from long experience and well-tried prowess, might justly claim the place of principal adviser to the monarch. His only article of dress was an immense wolf-skin, passing around the waist, and extending to the middle of the thigh. His face was painted with red and black paint, and his long gray hair forced over the crown of the head, and fastened in a knot at the neck, was terminated by the skin of a rattlesnake that fell between his shoulders. The upper portions of the body were entirely naked.

Next him was seated Tyasque, and on the left hand of the king were Tuspaquin and Tatoson; all hideously painted, and armed with deadly weapons, but nearly naked.

Philip sat a few moments, until the confusion that had attended the first gathering of the crowd had died away, and then rose to speak.

"Pometacom is the father of his people," began the proud sachem, glancing his dark eye from rank to rank of the congregated warriors. "He is young in winters, and his feet are swift in the woods. Many moons ago, when his father Massasoit was in his youth, the Umpame men came in the big canoe with wings, to visit the chief in his great wigwam at Pokanoket. The deer bounded in the wood—the beaver and the otter were plenty in the rivers—the tautaug and the shell-fish were plenty—and Massasoit owned them all. The pale-skins brought nothing with them but prayers to the chief for a little land for their corn, and waters where they might fish. The sachem smiled as he gave them a welcome, and his big heart shared his hunting-grounds and his fields with them. They slept in his cabin, and fished in his canoe. The white man grew strong: he cut down the tall pines and chestnuts, he tore away the

vine, and the deer disappeared. He dried up the rivers, so that the otter and the beaver went far away beyond the country of the Mohawks. The Umpame men grew stronger, and forced the old chief to make his mark in a book that talked lies, and then went upon his woods and waters, and called them their own. The old chief died in sorrow. Wamsutta, his eldest son, wore the feathers of the eagle's wing, and his heart swelled with rage when the Umpame men sent for him to go to their council. The young chief refused. They caught him in the night, as he slept with his people around him, and bore him away to their hunting-house. In the night, his head was hot with fever, and his heart was sick. His men bore him away on the branches of trees. On the third day, he died. Then his brother Pometacom became the father of his tribe. The pale-faces murdered his friends, and the white sachem at Boston sent his runners to call the chief to his council-fire to make a treaty. Pometacom laughed scornfully, and sent him word that he disdained to treat with a subject. 'Let my brother Charles come over the big waters, and sit upon my mat,' said the chief; 'I will treat with him. Kings do not treat with subjects.'"

The orator then addressed himself to the various tribes that were represented before him, in those powerful and irresistible interrogatories, of which all historians agree in attributing to him the most perfect mastery. "Where are the Nipmucks, that once lived in their wigwams among the hills, and were many as the pigeons that flew in the woods? They are blown away, as the yellow leaves are whirled to the ground when the white frost settles on their stems. A few of the Nipmucks are here; let them say where are their lands. Words written in lying books, talking a strange language that the red man understands not, have

given them to men with white faces and crooked backs, whose eyes look upon the ground. Why does Canonchet sit like a squaw upon his mat, weaving baskets and stringing wampum? Why is his heart like the heart of the fawn, and his foot swifter than the stag's when he hears the sound of the white man's gun? It is because women, and boys, and chiefs too old to go to war, wrote their marks in a book when the great sachems of the tribe had gone out to hunt."

He paused a moment, as if to note the effect of these scornful interrogatories upon the minds of his auditory, and then went on with renewed energy:

"The Umpame men ordered Pometacom to bring them five heads of wolves. He will give them the teeth of five wolves in exchange for scalps covered with brown hair. Hobbomocko and Pometacom are one god."

He drew from his girdle, as he concluded, the beautiful scalping-knife of tortoise-shell, and casting it haughtily upon the ground, at a short distance from the place where he stood, asked, significantly, "What chief will dare to take it up? He shall be Pometacom's great captain. He shall bring to Pokanoket, before the full moon, ten scalps of 'the English.'

There was a long, breathless pause. Whoever should lay claim to this symbol of blood, and find himself opposed by the chiefs and warriors present in council, was sure to meet with the derision of his people; and whoever should take it up without such opposition, yet find himself unable to perform the condition of its acceptance, by presenting to Philip ten scalps of the enemy by the time appointed, must lose his own: so tyrannical were the exactions of this arbitrary chieftain.

The young chiefs looked at each other, and then at the

glittering weapon, with contending emotions of hope and doubt, but none dared to step forward and take it.

Philip darted a fierce glance upon the up-turned faces so intently bent upon him; and then, stepping down from the throne, walked deliberately to the spot, stooped slowly, picked up the scalping-knife, and, thrusting it again into his belt, smiled disdainfully, as he exclaimed, as if in answer to his own inquiry, "Pometacom alone is worthy to wear it!"

He then broke forth again in the daring, impetuous style so characteristic of his wild lineage:

"The Queen of the Wampanoags has gone with the son of Pometacom to the cabin of Canonchet. Her black eyes were bright, but they were filled with tears, when she left her chief at the top of the hill. Chiefs! every tear of the Queen of the Wampanoags shall be counted against a white man's scalp. The wild-cat will be abroad in the thicket when the Sachem of the Wampanoags reaches their cabins —the night will be dark—he will burn their wigwams—he will bring their daughters to Pokanoket with scalps in their hands. Chiefs! Pometacom will lead you to the dark woods."

He cast a defiant glance towards the north, as he spoke the last word, while a menacing gesture of the hand bespoke powerfully the energy and bitterness of his hereditary hate. He then stepped eagerly forth into the open space in front of the chiefs, and led a dance, moving from the right pretty nearly in the circumference of a circle, the centre of which was marked by a stout log of wood, driven perpendicularly into the ground, and rising about six feet above the surface. His majestic figure, notwithstanding its almost colossal proportions, seemed to float upon the air, so perfect was the ease and grace of his movements. As he passed around the ring, the chiefs, who were before seated under the pop-

lar-tree, hastily formed a circle, directly without the line of his path; and behind those the less noble warriors ranged themselves into a similar circle, of a larger diameter, and more densely thronged.

Meanwhile, about one-half of the squaws and young children had left the canoes; and having climbed to the top of the ledge that overlooked the dancing-ring, were already on tip-toe, with their heads bent forward and arms extended, to beat time to the hasty step of the performer. The remnant, still remaining in the canoes, huddled together like a flock of frightened sea-fowl in the act of mounting upon the wing, flung their broad paddles over the sides of their rocking barks, in like preparation for the cadence of the song. The chief, after moving two or three times around the ring, as if to curb his foot to the measure, began, in a loud, high key, to chant the valour of his ancestry and the glory of his tribe. Sometimes the step was quick, sometimes slow—in exact keeping with the burden of the chant. Every attitude of person, every variety of motion which the human frame is capable of assuming, every line of his expressive face, was taxed to the full extent to give force and vehemence to the recital.

At each pause, the lookers-on nodded their assent to the sentiment expressed; at the same time uttering the approving exclamation, "Yeh-yeh-yeh!" in a sharp guttural tone, more resembling the joyous yells which the damned spirits may be supposed to utter over torture mutually inflicted on each other, than any modification of the human voice. The song ended with the brief history of the chieftain's own exploits, together with a prediction of the total discomfiture of the English.

Philip was succeeded by Anawan and the three other sachems before described, who, each in his order, recounted

his past or foretold his future triumphs. As fast as they successively concluded, each glided to the centre of the circle, and struck a two-handed blow with his war-club against the upright post, which was done not only to show that the ring was now ready for a new occupant, but also as significant of a challenge for any one who should be audacious enough to call in question the truth of the recital.

After these monodies were over, the warriors all fell promiscuously into the ring, armed in full array, as if for battle; brandishing their tomahawks and stone axes in each other's faces, and shouting forth their shrill war-cries—while now to the right, and now to the left—now moving backward, and now forward—or scattered in apparent rout, they whirled themselves around the circle with a speed so dizzy as to render their forms almost invisible to the eye: yet so complete was their discipline, so accurate their aim, and so correct their feet to the measure, that though their footsteps, and the blows of their weapons, as they clashed against each other, shook the ground and bewildered the senses, yet every participator in the dance was as safe from the collision, as if he had slumbered upon the mat of his own wigwam.

When the dance was fairly completed, the guests were arranged for a feast, in a manner agreeable to the precedents of their respective nations; due regard being had to rank, as in all the preceding ceremonies of the evening. This feast was prepared and furnished by the great Philip himself, and was probably the most magnificent entertainment ever provided by the hospitality of a forest king. The provisions consisted mainly of venison and bear's meat, which serve to season and render palatable each other—"the venison being dry and hard, while the flesh of the bear is soft and juicy." There was also corn-bread, and a spe-

cies of pudding called "sopon," prepared with such skill as to possess a delicacy of flavour tempting even to the fastidious appetite of the European; and fish of every kind, with which the bays and rivers of the rich entertainer so copiously abounded.

These viands were brought forward by young Indian boys, appointed to the task, from a cleft or recess in the ledge, in astonishing profusion. They bore them in small wicker-baskets, and spread them in order upon the long table of mats that had been thrown upon the ground to receive them. The hand of woman, to which almost all the servile offices of savage life are usually considered to belong, had nothing to do in this solemn festival. Rum, or "occopeeches," as it was termed by the Indians—that ever-faithful attendant on all their disputes and disturbances, either among themselves or with the English—was present on this occasion, circulating freely in large gourds, but only offered to the chiefs, each taking a sip of the beverage until it had made its circuit, when the residue was thrown into the air by a priest, as an offering to the *God* of *Evil*.

The feasts of the Indians are not often marked by very notable exhibitions of abstemiousness, and on this occasion each warrior ate as if he graduated his own dignity according to the measure of meat consumed by him at a meal. The one man of all the throng who neither tasted food nor drank fire-water, was the mighty sachem at whose instigation this stupendous undertaking had been commenced, and to the prowess of whose arm all trusted with an undoubting confidence for its consummation. He sat apart from the rest, communing with his own thoughts, and revolving in his mind the bright visions or boding foreshadowings of the future.

The feast had lasted nearly two hours, and it was now past midnight. But the most important part of the ceremonial was yet to be celebrated. The sacrifices of the allied tribes were that night to be offered up to the dreaded Hobbomocko; to bribe, if possible, the favour of that capricious deity, and induce him to undertake their cause, and visit the English with his implacable wrath.

A few rods from the spring, and sloping downward to the bay, was a gentle declivity, covered with long grass, and interspersed here and there with large gnarled oaks, that had defied the winds and ice-storms of centuries, and had supplied many generations of the Wampanoags with their annual tribute of summer shade and autumnal acorns. Among these venerable half-decayed monuments of the vegetable world, the powas or priests were now busily employed for the reception of the grim God of Evil. A small square space was enclosed by short strong posts, driven into the ground after the manner of palisades, embracing an area of about twenty feet in diameter. This enclosed plat of ground was filled with dry logs and limbs of pine and oak, such as might compose a sudden and at the same time a durable fire. Near by were piled up in huge heaps the choicest furs, the most valuable implements of art and agriculture, belts of wampum, and weapons of war, with every other valuable thing known to an Indian that might be supposed to conciliate the favour or avert the anger of their fastidious divinity. Torches of birchen-bark and pine-knots were also fastened upon the boughs of the oaks in places most favourable for lighting the scene of the sacrifice.

By this time the Indians had all assembled near the altar—with the exception of the squaws and papooses, who had betaken themselves again to the boats—and now

stood motionless and silent, waiting for the powas to light the torches and kindle the flame.

The number of these priests was about forty. As they had remained inactive during the preceding deliberations of the evening, so now every thing was given over to their hands. Chiefs and private warriors were alike passive as the parts of a machine under the influence of the power that moves it. After the crowd had stood for a few moments in long, unmoving columns, silent as the dead in an Egyptian vault, at a given signal from the head powaw, made by a slow wave of the hand, every member of the sacred brotherhood lighted the coil of white birchen-bark which he held in his right hand, and then, gliding stealthily from tree to tree, quickly communicated the blaze to those which were stationary, until the whole forest seemed in flames. The breathless crowd now formed their ranks around the scene, but without even the sound of a footfall, closing in with their dark figures the ministers of the god, and awaiting, though without any visible signs of impatience, the completion of the rite. Just as the chief powaw was lifting his torch to kindle the altar, he was interrupted by a phenomenon of a most interesting, and, to an Indian, terrific character. Suddenly the northern sky was suffused with a faint blush, like the earliest indication of a summer's dawn: it deepened and grew every moment more fearfully distinct, as it spread to the east and west, like the flames of a burning prairie. Columns of light and shade, assuming a thousand spectral shapes, seemed to the terrified spectators to chase each other across the heavens in the wild encounter of battle. Now they joined in promiscuous slaughter—now an Englishman and an Indian brandished their weapons, and struggled in the death-grapple. The Indians stood a moment in amazement at this terrible

exhibition of nature. But the effect was too overpowering to be repressed; and instantaneously, as if from a single throat, the yell, or rather howl of terror, broke forth. It was not the triumphant scream, that signalizes a savage victory; nor the sharp, venomous cry of hate, that attends the bloody office of the scalping-knife; but a long continuous wail, the suppliant cry of superstition, deprecating a nocturnal and harmless phenomenon, as the demonstration of a wrath at once omnipotent and infernal. The women and children at the same time mingled their shrill voices with the louder, but less piercing, cry of the males, plunged into the water, and hurried precipitately toward the shore. Even nature, as if startled at the sight of her own revelations, repeated the mournful lamentation in many an echo to rock and hill.

This intemperate expression of fear at the supposed anger of a superhuman power, was, however, of short duration. Enthusiasm belongs to every great mind, as one of the elements of its very being; but superstition—though in the uncultivated savage it must necessarily have some dominion over the noblest mind—never quite subdues it. Besides, there is something in a spirit born for power, and accustomed to its exercise, that teaches it, like a kind of instinct, to check the exhibition at least, if not the impulses, of its own passions.

Philip had remained, during all this confusion, without the slightest manifestation of alarm. While the storm raged, he stood in the midst, like a statue of bronze standing in the market-place of a turbulent city, immoveable and calm. When the first agitation had a little subsided, he spent a moment in consultation with the priests, who in vain sought to persuade him that the shapes visible in the sky were fearful omens of his own defeat in the projected war

with the English. He broke hastily away from the poor suppliants, and turned to address the almost distracted throng that gathered hurriedly about him.

He cast a long, earnest look at the spectres that still danced in the sky, as if he read in the blue depths of the æther in which their uncertain forms were imaged the destiny of the Indian. Then, at a single gesture of his hand, the voice of wail was hushed, the distorted face rëassumed its wonted composure, and the passions of the savage multitude shrunk into annihilation before the eye of the king, that seemed to set at nought the elements and the gods that ruled them, as well as man.

At first his utterance, though sweet and musical, was low, and scarcely audible; but it gradually grew in compass and power, till its deep, full tones thrilled every nerve of the vast council, and bore them along in the current of the one grand purpose for which alone he lived, as a cluster of dry leaves is swayed in the northern blast. The startling, abrupt language, to which civilized life is a stranger, whirled on, in a torrent as rapid as it was turbid, the passions of those who hung upon his lips. Nor did that masterly insight into the secret springs of human nature, which he possessed even in a greater degree than his renowned father had ever done, forsake him on this occasion. He saw that he must work upon their minds through the medium of their superstitions: he spoke of the religious sacrifices and devotion of his fathers—of the power of the Spirit of Evil—and then turned the appearances in the heavens into omens of good to the Indian and of evil to the English.

"Pometacom bears the burden of his people, but Hobbomocko is more mighty than he. His arrow is deadly when it flies on the wings of the night. It strikes the heart of the pale-faces. The hunter comes for his game. Hobbo-

mocko and Pometacom are *one god*. Let the sacrifice be kindled. Let the wampum and the weapons of war be cast into the flame. Feast the soul of Hobomocko with *fire!*"

In a moment every man flew to the woods that still covered the steep sides of Mount Hope. But the council-ground did not long remain deserted. The swiftest and most eager soon reappeared, emerging from the thicket, heavily laden with branches of hemlock, pine, and other combustibles, which lay scattered over the rocks in profuse abundance. As they came up, one after another, the priests proceeded to arrange the fuel regularly upon the altar. It was so placed as to present the dryest and best-seasoned branches nearest the surface. The huge pile now towered above the reach of the tallest warriors. When the structure was completed, the chief powaw motioned them to their places, to witness the consummation of the ceremonial. The priests applied their torches to various parts of the pyre at the same time, and with the speed of thought it was wrapped in a broad conflagration. The flames rose without the least agitation from the wind, till they reached the highest boughs of the oak that stood nearest the spot, shrivelling with their hot breath the green leaves and crackling limbs with which they came in contact. Then, as if by universal consent, all brought forward their various offerings, and cast them into the fire. Beads and girdles—the carved war-club, and the axe of red stone—the bow and its flinty barb, winged for the most unerring flight—all things precious and of more common use among the worshippers, were mingled promiscuously in wasteful destruction, without a sigh of regret at the loss of property, the slow accumulation of so many years of toil.

During this part of the ceremony, the priests stood with outspread hands, and faces uplifted toward the north, in the silent attitude of devotion.

When the offerings were wholly exhausted, they again flung themselves into a ring about the fire, and closed with dance and song the honours of the feared yet hated Hobbomocko. His temple was the open sky, his altar was the wilderness, his ministers were the sons of nature. Let him who never bowed the knee to folly, nor worshipped an idol which his reason and conscience taught him to despise, chide the aborigine for his religion; but let him who cannot boast of such an indemnity, be the first to pity and the last to condemn.

CHAPTER VII.

"*Glencoe.* A spirited young Highlander in faith!
Let me enlist you in our troop; we teach
Some manners that you lack.
"*Alaster.* And let me lack them,
Ere I endure your teaching."
Ion.

In those early days, which may well be called the infancy of the colonies, the town of Boston was, as it has ever since remained, the centre of commerce and of every business enterprise in New England.

The face of the country where this now magnificent emporium looks off upon the sea, has been so much changed since that day by the construction of bridges and the unremitting efforts of the inhabitants—almost equalling those of the citizens of ancient Tyre to redeem the land from the encroaching dominion of the wave—that the metropolis of to-day might well seem to occupy another site than the circumscribed and uneven peninsula on which stood the Boston of the seventeenth century: which, to use the words of a quaint old author, was "environed with the brinish flood, saving one small Isthmus, which gives free access to the neighbouring towns by land on the south side, on the north-west and north-east." This peninsula was at that time about three miles in length, and contained seven hundred acres of land, rendered wild and uneven by numerous hills, then covered with a luxuriant burden of trees and undergrowth. Three eminences, higher than the rest, towered above that noble harbour, where the

united navies of Europe might have anchored securely, and into which the Mystic, Charles, Neponset, and other rivers, yet untrammelled by a single arch or pier, poured their abundant waters. These three eminences seemed the natural fortifications of the town. Two of them, rising out of the sea, formed the protection of the city; one of which was thoroughly fortified upon its summit with well-mounted guns, and the other was surmounted by a strong battery. Between these two hills lay a secluded cove, upon and around which the city was built, with another hill rising out of its midst, like the dome of an ancient cathedral. "All these," says the chronicler above quoted, "like over-topping towers, keep a constant watch to see the approach of foreign dangers, being furnished with a beacon and loud-babbling guns, to give notice by their rëdoubled echo to all the sister-towns." The large commercial business of the town had given the population some elements of character not possessed by the more provincial districts. There was in the general appearance of the citizens, as they walked the streets, or stood behind the counter, much of the ease of manner and facility of conversation which is acquired only by mingling with the men, and becoming conversant with the customs, of the various nations of the world.

At this time, on account of the rumours that were abroad of a threatened invasion from the Indians, the fort was kept in a state of defence, and the town in preparation for any sudden alarm.

On the 25th day of June, as the sun had nearly attained its meridian, and the busy hum of the town died away in the tranquillity of the hour, when nature as well as man seems to seek a brief interval of repose, the area of the fort upon the hill above described presented an appearance

which, however ill it might comport with our ideas of a modern fortification, would not have been without interest, even to the most careless spectator. Leaning against one of the guns that looked off upon the harbour, stood a dark-browed man, between fifty and sixty years of age, whose complexion seemed to bespeak a life passed under the intense heat of a tropical sun, and whose features, far from regular, bore the indelible traces of rough hardship and unremitting toil. His keen, dark eye, broad mouth, bold forehead, and a certain air of cool, determined courage, made it obvious at first sight that he was not a man who could be safely trifled with. His figure was rather under the middle height, but the chest was of uncommon breadth, and the whole person indicated great strength rather than activity. His voice was quick and authoritative, and his manner that of a man who brooks no contradiction, and who has been long used to hold in check the worst passions of the most desperate men. Such, as near as we can describe it, was the appearance of Samuel Moseley, a privateer then lately from Jamaica, who had long been familiar with sights of blood and carnage on the high seas, and who would have seen the hold of the ship that called him master filling with water, or an enemy boarding her in the flush of victory, and betrayed no token, nor felt a sensation of fear. Around him stood or sat, as best suited their convenience, about a dozen of his officers and men, all tried and true, knowing no law beyond his will—privateers of the true stamp, who would have cut the throats of the governor and all the council with the broad Spanish blades which they carried at their belts, had the captain signified it to be his good pleasure.

Opposite the captain, with his breast against the muzzle of another gun, and his arms half-embracing its iron neck,

stood a young man, who could not have been above two-and-twenty years of age, of a firmly-knit though slender figure, long dark hair, large gray eyes, features of perfect regularity, and of the most manly mould. There was little in his brown coat and plain seaman's cap to distinguish him from the rest of the privateers; but his address and bearing seemed to belong to the court and camp, rather than to the deck of a privateersman; and an eye well skilled in noting the various ranks and grades of life, would have recognised him at once as one who, as well by birth as breeding, could have little in common with the men in whose company he was found, and over whose destinies—with the free consent of the captain, of whom he was an especial favourite—he exercised no little controul.

For the present, he must pass under the name of Lieutenant Ashford, a name which he bore, not without some colour of right. Though his eye evinced something of the impetuosity of one who had known little restraint, yet it had nothing of the quick versatility too common among those who are called young men of parts, and which often is significant only of a playful and easy variety of powers, that lures the unhappy possessor into a thousand inextricable snares, and ends in hopeless lamentation over baffled projects, too rashly undertaken and too soon abandoned, or a life wasted in idle dreams. In him, this impetuosity of expression seemed only auxiliary to strong powers and a self-sustaining purpose, which would acquire new vigour from the obstacles that stood in the way of its ascent, as the muscles of the human frame become at the same time indurated and elastic by climbing over rough passes, and ascending steep and difficult eminences. He was proud and imperious; but so far from losing any thing of the good esteem of his comrades by these qualities, they were so happily blended with generosity and undisguised good-

nature, and softened by a natural and easy flow of rich and varied eloquence, that his character would have seemed imperfect, had it wanted them. Yet there were those who said they had seen him in moments of passion, when his eyes were dilated to an unnatural size, and burned like balls of fire; and that they verily thought the captain himself, on such occasions, had rather encounter the devil than his lieutenant. What was his parentage, where he was born, or why he had thrown away so many gifts upon so untoward and so unambitious a calling, no one knew. Even Captain Moseley could give no account of him, except that he had received him into his employ when a frolicksome madcap youth of sixteen, and that he dared take a sailor's oath that he was a gentleman born; and he used to add, with a sigh, that "if he could live till his smooth forehead could boast a few wrinkles, and those boyish locks that curled about his temples were dashed with a grain or two of silver; and if the good old times of the Protector could return, there was not a place in the kingdom but the dear lad might aspire to it." Although his stay in Boston had been short, he had already acquired a popularity not often awarded by that staid and sober-minded people to long-haired, cavalier-looking young gentlemen, and was understood to be in the confidence of Governor Leverett.

After sitting listlessly for some time, now looking with the habitual eye of a sailor to the bay, and then to the sky, as if to see whether the elements promised fair or adverse for the night, and now again glancing at the town with the apparent desire of seeing or hearing something that might relieve the dullness of the hour, by affording a theme for brief discourse, Captain Moseley turned suddenly to Ashford, and commenced a conversation in his usual abrupt style, of which the following is a fair illustration:

"What sayest thou, Billy Ashford, is not this sea-gull's life—half land and half water—ill to thy taste? Here we sit by the hour, watching here and there a solitary heron, or a flock of wild-fowl, fly across this silly neck of land, not so broad as a bowsprit, or, what is much to the same purpose, unless we shared in the traffic, here and there a bit of canvas—English, Dutch, Spanish, and mayhap Portuguese—fluttering into the harbour. By the bones of Oliver, I pine for the rough sea. What would'st thou say to a snug, tight-made frigate, a crew that will stand by the guns after main and mizzen are both splintered, and sails riddled with shot—or breezes of balm, and islands of the yam and the banana?"

"I am ready, captain, for any change, after I shall have accomplished a certain project which I have in hand. Then I will follow your prow into whatever sea it may venture, though it should ride a wave to rival Chimborazo!"

"And what is this urgent affair? I question not, it is some bubble of a woman that floats on the surface of that fancy of thine. Ah! Billy Ashford, silks and feathers will one day be the death of thee. And, now I bethink me, if those murderous savages, of whom the colonists seem to stand in such fear, would verify the apprehensions of the commissioners of the United Colonies, and make business for us privateers, I like the country and the people so well, that I would willingly spend my days among them; but we may wait till the tribes of the wilderness are extinct, before we shall have to deal with them. But, look yonder in the street: what a crowd of men and boys, hurrying backwards and forwards, and gathering in front of the commissioners' hall."

"And hark!" replied Ashford; "I hear the beat of a drum; and yonder is another crowd of citizens rushing towards the fort. My sword for a wager, there is news from Philip at last."

"Any news is good news," responded Moseley, impatiently; "but yonder is a member of his excellency's household, and I should know by his gait that he is the same silent little gentleman who has done the governor's bidding to us before."

"You are right, captain; and the fellow moves, for the first time in his life, as if he had forgotten that he represented the dignity of the magistrate, who, as he would say, 'beareth not the sword in vain.'"

"Tush! lieutenant, thou art not on the high seas, man; and, hark'ee! would it not be better to lay the axe a little to the root of that forest of long hair? This same magistrate may prune its clusters some day, and have the warrant of an apostle for that too."

"Nay, captain, I will dress as I please, and wear my hair as I please, laugh when I please, and be a good commonwealth's man for all that. Nay, it is possible I may make my poor services so much needed in this colony, that the authorities will be willing to excuse a slight deviation from the uniformity of their fashions."

"You do not know, perhaps, that I may have as close affinities with the long-haired party as if I had been cousin 'to the king.'"

The messenger, who had furnished matter for the above dialogue, now made his near approach to the place where the parties to it were awaiting his arrival, and proved to be no less a person than Mr. Ezekiel Stimpson, a dignitary of the town, as the constable's staff which he flourished in his right hand bore testimony, even had the excessive primness of his dress, the extreme shortness of his hair, and the freezing solemnity of his manner, failed to substantiate so important a claim. He pulled off his hat, and made a stiff, consequential bow, as he stepped within two yards of

the privateers, and seemed to expect the same salutation in return. But the captain still retained his seat on the gun, and replied only with an indifferent "Good morning to ye, worthy Constable Stimpson;" and the keen eye of Ashford darted on him such a glance of ill-disguised contempt as seemed to pierce for a moment the halo of official mystery with which the baton of office, like the wand of a conjuror, had invested him; heightened not a little by the consideration that he bore the governor's messages, and was concerned about affairs of state.

"His excellency," said the constable, after coughing and clearing his voice, by way of preliminary to what he was about to communicate, "has sent me, his humble servant, to ask the attendance of Captain Moseley in town immediately, on business of great importance to the commonwealth and to the people of God in his western churches."

"I will attend him without delay," replied the captain, starting up and preparing to go. "But what is the meaning of yonder beating of drums?"

"Ah! captain," replied Stimpson, with a groan, "the Philistines are upon us!"

Then, stepping close to Ashford, he slipped into his hand a small note, neatly sealed; and whispering in his ear a caution, that the contents must be kept secret as the place "where there is neither knowledge, device, nor invention," he bowed and withdrew.

"'How like a fawning publican he looks,'" muttered Ashford to himself, as he saw him turn to depart. I thank my God I have inherited the blood both of the independent and of the cavalier, without the cant of the one or the dissoluteness of the other. But what says this precious billet?" He broke the seal and read as follows:

"To Lieut. Ashford.

"Sir: In behalf of the Hon. Court of Commissioners, I am desired to say that business of moment, and requiring dispatch, has been intrusted to your hands, the performance of which may call you to a place more remote and through paths more dangerous than I could desire. If you dare do that with which we willingly entrust you, come to my lodgings at ten of the clock this evening. Provide a fleet horse, and all needful equipments for a long journey, and come armed. By so doing, you may put yourself in a way of mending your fortune, and may find that which you would not willingly lose, a friend, in

"Jno. Winthrop."

While Ashford was perusing the above epistle, and pondering over its contents, Captain Moseley hastened to join Governor Leverett, whom he found in full military dress, mounted on a spirited horse, and directing every thing for the intended expedition against the Indians, with great ability and address. The command of the enterprise was given to Moseley, and in less than three hours he had marshalled one hundred and ten men, well armed for the campaign, among whom were about a dozen of his privateers, men tried and true, and Cornelius, a Dutch pirate, who had been sentenced to death, but who was now pardoned on the promise of rendering faithful service in the approaching campaign. Of him, we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. Moseley had also in his charge several large blood-hounds, which he had brought with him from Jamaica, and which proved "excellent allies" in searching out the secret hiding-places of the enemy. The little army set out on their march early the next morning (the 26th of June), and arrived at Swansey on the 28th, a little before sunset.

It was precisely ten o'clock when Ashford knocked at

the door where Governor Winthrop had taken up his temporary abode. An Indian boy, dressed in the garb of an English servant, soon appeared, and ushered the young officer through a long low hall, and then up a narrow and steep stair-case; and, throwing open the first door at the top of the stairs, left him alone in the study of the great statesman and elegant courtier, whose praise was then in every mouth in America—the favoured friend of Charles the Second, the most capricious of monarchs that ever sat on the English throne, and the steady defender of every principle with which that monarch was at war. Ashford sat down in a high-backed oaken chair of the times of Queen Elizabeth, that stood in one corner of the room, and was busying himself with conjecturing what would be the result of the mysterious interview, when the governor entered the apartment.

"Precise at the moment, my bold privateer," said Governor Winthrop, stepping forward, and taking his visiter by the hand with that hearty freedom and openness of manner for which he was so distinguished in private life, and which bound to him with ties not easily broken the heart of every one with whom he ever formed an acquaintance.

"Your excellency's will is a law to me," replied the young gentleman. "I am come prepared to serve you, if your commands lie within the compass of my poor abilities."

The ingenuous smile and look of enthusiastic warmth that accompanied this declaration won instantly upon the regard of the old statesman. Although his sensibilities were readily awakened, yet they never outran his judgment, and few men have ever lived who have exhibited a more intuitive knowledge of character than John Winthrop of Connecticut. As he looked at the handsome features of the youth, lighted up with a smile, and glowing with the

prospect of some achievement that might give play to faculties that seemed to have rested long in repose, he felt that he could trust and love him: and as he surveyed the graceful yet sinewy figure, set off to the most favourable advantage by the tightly-fitting riding-dress in which he had presented himself ready equipped and prompt to obey orders, he thought that he had never seen a youth of so martial and at the same time so courtly a bearing, and one who so perfectly represented his *beau ideal* of a cavalier.

"I have sent for you," said Winthrop—as he removed the chair from which his visiter had arisen, and placed it by the table, at the same time motioning Ashford to be seated, while he drew his own large arm-chair familiarly near him—"I have sent for you, as the only person whom I knew to be qualified for a dangerous journey through an uninhabited wilderness, upon an errand of the last importance to the destinies of the New England colonies—one which, perhaps, involves their very existence."

"Speak on: I am breathless with anxiety to know my destination," said Ashford.

"In the enthusiasm of youth," resumed the venerable old man—a tear stealing down his cheek as he spoke—"I took upon me the care of nourishing an infant colony in the valley of the Connecticut—a retreat from the world which then seemed to me as lovely and secluded as ever recluse of the middle ages sought out for his retirement, or my loving friend, Mr. Milton, ever fancied to himself in the happiest moment of inspiration. In the care and protection of this colony I have spent my life. Through fair and rough weather, through evil and good fortune, I have been constant in my affection to this my adopted child, and she has requited all my labours with a filial confidence and a love that has known neither interruption nor satiety; and

now, in my old age, I look upon this colony with pride, as the safest hiding-place from the tyranny of the old world, and shall die—an event not very remote—in the full expectation that its people will go on as they have begun, and live for ages without commotion or revolution. It is now my purpose to send a letter to Major Treat, who has the command of the military forces of the colony, giving him instructions how to proceed in raising our quota of troops for the war that now threatens the total destruction of New England. I need despatch and secresy—a bold heart and a ready hand. The journey must be performed on horseback, and through a desolate wilderness inhabited by hostile Indians. What say you, my young friend—will you undertake to be the emissary?"

"With all my heart. Nothing but the total extinction of my life shall prevent the execution of your excellency's orders."

"When will you commence the journey?"

"At day-break."

"It is well. I shall have no fears of the mission in such hands. Stay a little, and I will give you written instructions for Major Treat. You will find him a stern old soldier in his exterior, but he has a gentle heart, and will give you a post of honour in his corps."

While the governor was writing this hasty epistle, Ashford had time to examine more minutely the dress and personal appearance of the writer. He was a little above the middle stature, with a figure remarkably well proportioned, though now somewhat bowed by age. The symmetrical, yet peculiarly English, forehead—the full, dark eye, shaded (as may still be seen in the portraits that remain of him) by eyebrows forming almost a gothic arch in their high curve—the lip and chin, so unlike the upper portions of the

face, classical as if they had been parts of an antique statue —the long, wavy, white hair, parted upon the brow and falling gracefully over the closely-fitting collar—above all, the expression of the countenance, so calm and thoughtful, and at the same time of such a benignant sweetness—might well seem to Ashford to represent the very Genius of self-government, divested of the superstition and rigid characteristics of the time, kindling with a noble enthusiasm at the contemplation of the brief history of the new world, and looking forward with an unwavering trust and prophetic eye to its future destinies. He wore a plain black velvet coat, shorts of the same material, a white satin waistcoat, and black silk stockings, with morocco shoes, fastened and at the same time almost hidden by the massive and ever-memorable shoe-buckle, then and long after a distinguishing mark of the better classes in New England. Such was the appearance and dress of the man who could one day amuse the most trivial and fastidious of English monarchs with humorous anecdotes of America, or playful common-places of every-day occurrence in the silken retreats of Buckingham Palace, while the boyish Stuart clapped his hands, and swore a kingly oath that he was a necromancer, and could coax him out of his crown-jewels, and ended by giving him permission to fill out his own charter to suit himself. Such was the man who could pass from the presence of royalty with a more profound reverence and equal assurance of welcome under the low porch of the cottage where the great Milton hid from the world his poverty and his wrongs, and mingled the deep tones of his voice with those of the organ, to tranquillize his spirit for a music that was one day to enchant the world: and such was the man whom all Americans vied with each other in

loving, and whom, from his infinite superiority over all others, none ever thought of envying.

"This little messenger," said the governor, as he presented the letter to Ashford, "will speed our business right earnestly. And now, my young friend," he added, playfully, taking Ashford's hand in his, and walking with him to the door of the chamber, I have one piece of advice for you, for I am a physician as well as a magistrate: take care of your health; youth and hope are nothing without the bounding play of the pulse: ride all night if you will, but never sleep under the open sky. God speed you, and farewell!"

"Farewell!" responded Ashford; and in a moment he was in the street. The lights had died away in the city, and it was twelve o'clock before he reached the inn where he was to pass the little that remained of the night.

CHAPTER VIII.

"From din and pageantry and strife,
Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
She treads the paths of purer life,
And in Affection's bosom reigns:
No fountain, scattering diamond-showers,
But the sweet streamlet edged with flowers!"

MONTGOMERY.

It was late in the afternoon when Anne Willoughby awoke from the profound slumber that followed the fatigue of her journey through the wilderness. The dark shadows of the trees mantled over the stream, that still remained swollen and turbid as it rushed into the pool below. She arose and looked around her for the Indians, whom she left sleeping upon the rock, but not one of them remained. A little further down the channel were three or four figures, dimly seen through the laurel and small hazel-bushes that grew close upon the bank, seated around a fire that sent up its slender column of thin white smoke, curling lazily among the tops of the trees. A little way off, upon the decayed trunk of a fallen pine, sat another Indian, smoking a long-stemmed pipe of red stone, with his eyes intently fixed on her; and by his side, his head resting upon his hand, sat a man apparently about forty years of age, who wore the dress and seemed to have the features of an Englishman. His head was uncovered, and his long black hair played carelessly about his forehead in the cool western breeze that wandered up the glen. A silver-mounted rifle rested against a small birch-tree that stood near his feet, upon a bough of which hung a black velvet

cap, a powder-horn, and a pair of heavy trooper's pistols. He soon started up, and walked slowly to the rock where the young lady was seated. He approached within two or three yards of her, and then stopped suddenly; and making a low bow, the humility of which comported but ill with the cynical expression of his countenance, thus addressed her:

"You see before you, fair lady, a humble servant of his most gracious majesty, who this morning left his temporary lodgings in a neighbouring town on a fool's-errand, hunting deer among these tangled woods. A fool's-errand I might well have called it, (for I have lost my way, and must pass the night upon a bed of wet leaves,) had I not found an angel in this dismal solitude. Pardon the interest which a stranger feels at sight of one so young and unprotected; for, surely, it cannot be pleasure or accident that has led thee to this lonely dell, in such company, and at nightfall. Tell me, freely, if I can aid thee."

Notwithstanding his soft voice, there was a tone of assumption and superiority in the manner of the stranger that offended the pride, and at the same time awakened the fears of the maiden. She felt that she would rather trust herself in the hands of those who had so adroitly decoyed her from her home, and were leading her she knew not whither, than accept the protection of the cold, sinister-looking cavalier, who had thus obtruded himself upon her solitude. Besides, there was in her mind a dim recollection that she had seen his features before, but where or when, she was unable to recall. She replied, doubtingly:

"I have not the honour, sir, of your acquaintance, and there is nothing in the condition in which your misfortune has placed you that can possibly alleviate my own. I am in the hands of savages, you are a benighted wanderer, and I can see no way in which I could receive assistance at

your hands without involving you in peril. Accept my thanks for your proffered kindness, and leave me to my fate."

"You are not to form so unfavourable a conclusion of my ability to aid you," continued the huntsman, with the same sinister smile. "I were but a poor cavalier, in sooth, to leave so lovely a jewel in such hands; and besides, I have more sway over these savages than you may have thought." And without waiting for a reply, he beckoned to the Indian who still sat upon the log watching them, with the same imperturbable gravity with which he had before kept his eyes upon the young lady when alone. He started up at this sign from the Englishman, and stepping to the place where the fire still sent up its little wreath of smoke, disappeared behind a wooded knoll. In a moment he returned, with about twenty other savages, and four men who wore the garb, but had neither the air nor gait of Indians. They came hastily up the bank of the stream, and stopped near the rock where the Englishman and young lady were standing.

"You see, my pretty maiden, that these captors of thine are not at liberty to disobey my orders," said the Englishman. "I can ransom thee, maiden; but, were I to say the word, I fear that I should scarcely have thy gratitude for my guerdon."

We have already said that the mind of Anne Willoughby was of a high and noble mould, and that education and habit had inured her to the dangers and privations of the wilderness. She had been carried away from her home, by a force which she could not resist, into this inhospitable region, by captors who were only acting in obedience to the laws of an uncultivated nature, and who, as fancy whispered, might be led to adopt this method of furthering some political or mercenary motive. But that

an Englishman, bound to her by the ties of common descent—one who spoke of himself as a cavalier, and who certainly had the appearance and address of a gentleman—should know the secret movements and hiding-places of these savages, and boast himself able to control their conduct towards herself, filled her mind with fearful apprehensions. Her face became pale as marble, as she looked in the cold, smiling face of the man who had mocked her with his protection, and who, she doubted not, had laid for her the very snare into which she had so artlessly fallen.

Observing her agitation, he hastened to her, and offered her his arm, to conduct her, as he said, to the fire, where refreshments were prepared for her; and at the same time protesting, in the most solemn manner, that he had been actuated by the kindliest intentions, and that he would soon explain every thing to her satisfaction.

This effort to calm her fears, quickened to a ten-fold degree the instinctive horror which she felt at the presence of the man, while it brought back to her cheek and brow a glow of indignant scorn.

"How is this, sir, that calling yourself a man and a servant to King Charles, you dare, by such instruments as these, to decoy from her home, in the dead of night, a subject of that gracious monarch? And how, with the name of honour fresh upon your lips, do you not blush that the dupe and victim of your cowardice is a woman?"

"Hear me—hear me but for a moment! and if I do not explain every thing as I have promised, I will give you leave to affix to my name the opprobrium of which you now seem to think it so deserving."

"Speak on then; I will listen."

"Know then, fair lady, that although you do not seem to recognise my features in this desolate place, yet I have

often gazed with rapture upon thine. I have now been in America six months, and had no other purpose, when I sailed from England, than to find out and bring to light, from their hiding-places among the hills, Edward Whalley and William Goffe, two of the principal actors in the mock trial and sacrilegious murder of our late sovereign lord, Charles the First. Some suspicious circumstances led me to hope that they might lurk in the neighbourhood of the little village where your uncle resides, and I therefore betook myself thither, in the hope of hearing some tidings of the murderers. I attended upon public worship on Sunday, and there saw for the first time that innocent, open brow, and drank in with rapture the radiance of those eyes. I was forced to leave the place the next morning, upon business of urgency, and departed without any settled purpose of ever returning; but the recollection of a loveliness such as never crossed my path in the old world haunted me, whether sleeping or waking, and drove all other objects from my mind. Still, I had never taken the step that now I confess justly awakens your indignation, had I not met you by the shore of the little lake that lies almost hidden among the hills that rise to the westward of your home, in company and familiar conversation with a dark-souled, bloody-handed privateer, who is my mortal enemy, and upon whom I am under a solemn oath to visit my vengeance, for an insult which he had the presumption to offer me soon after my arrival in this country. You will remember that you sat down upon the green bank under the beech-wood shade, and there talked of love; that he plighted you his faith with the fervour of young passion, and that you answered only with a sigh. Oh! if you could have known the keenness and bitterness of that jealousy which the mention of the name of Anne Willoughby murmured by such lips as his at that

sunset hour awakened in my heart, as I lay hidden behind the trunk of the tree that shaded you, or the agony with which I heard you breathe that sigh, surely I could not fail to be forgiven. I had watched you leave your little bower in the garden just before sunset alone, and followed your swift footsteps across the lawn and through the woods at such a safe distance that I knew I could not have been observed. It was my purpose, then, to have sought a brief interview with you, and implored you to share a heart that must, I knew, be ever dark and cold without the sunshine of those eyes. I would have proffered you wealth—power—ambition; the gay ostentations of the most princely court in Europe, with the favour of the most brilliant of all the Stuart line; or retirement, and a cottage in the loveliest dell that lies within the shadow of these wilds. But when I saw that puny springald, whose only rank is to wear a lieutenant's epaulets as he struts the deck of a pirate-ship, and whose sole accomplishment is to swear a sailor's oath, or sing in a maiden's ear some maundering love-ditty—when I saw that it was William Ashford who was my rival, and that he was approved—lady, I was resolved! Your pity is all that I can claim."

The change that the face of the young lady had undergone, since the commencement of this singular disclosure, was not such as to flatter the vanity or encourage the hope of the suiter. She no longer seemed the helpless, trembling girl, ready to sink into the earth at the perils that surrounded her. She stood erect and severe in her haughty beauty, as the poets represent their favourite sylvan goddess when about to pass sentence of death upon some rash intruder who had surprised her at her fountain. In her effort to avoid the assistance of this man, whom she had every reason to loathe and abhor, when he had offered his arm to

conduct her to a place where she might recline upon the bank, her long glossy hair had fallen unheeded about her slender figure, and still floated around it like a rich wavy mantle. Her arms were also bare, and, partly from contrast with her hair, seemed of an unearthly whiteness. It is impossible that features of such delicate and purely feminine mould should express a more determined, unalterable resolve; but it was a resolve mingled with scorn and indignation, mounting in the colour that suffused the oval cheek, and sparkling in the dark eye.

"Do you presume to talk to me of pity, night-robber as you are—to me, the victim and prisoner of this gallant expedition, undertaken by thirty savages, beginning and ending in the capture of one helpless girl—an expedition carried on under the guidance of an English *gentleman*, who boasts himself loyal to the king, and who offers to his captive—in exchange for liberty and a quiet home, of which he has deprived her—ambition, wealth, and the glitter of jewels!—Who tells her that he has no doubt she has accepted the proffers of another, and then is so kindly considerate of her sensibilities as to call the accepted one by ignominious and opprobrious names! Sir, this shall not avail you. Name not to me again the name of William Ashford. Do not presume to inquire into the secrets of a heart that can find a more congenial ear than thine, if it desired to communicate them. If you are yet the wiser for them, it is that you have not thought it beneath your nature, nor derogating from the character of a gentleman, to become an eaves-dropper."

The stranger seemed for a moment disconcerted and abashed at the words and manner of the young lady, but his habitual self-possession soon returned; and he replied, with the coolness of one who had marked out a course for

himself which he is well assured that he has the ability to carry out, "I have a single word to add, Miss Willoughby, but not by way of extenuation of conduct which I know best how to justify to myself. I have told you that I can introduce you to rank and power, and I feel sure that the name of Edward Randolph is sufficient guaranty for what I promise."

Without appearing to notice the shudder which shook the frame of the unhappy girl, at the mention of that name, so associated with tyranny and overreaching power in the mind of every colonist, he resumed:

"I have spoken to you of love; but ambition is my ruling passion. It needs but one crowning success, and my cup of fame will sparkle to the brim. Give me but the clue to one man, who I am told is connected to you by ties of blood—or, at least, by some political, if not family affinity—and I will send you safely home again to-morrow; or, if you choose it, this very evening. Give me, but by word or token, some knowledge of the lurking-place of William Goffe, and I will bid you go unharmed. Or, if you will frankly tell me that you have neither seen him nor heard where he is concealed, I pledge you my honour that I will not further detain you. Answer me, ay or no."

"Do your worst, bad man!—I tell you, plainly, that I will die rather than answer your question."

"Then I am to infer, either that you like my company better than that of your friends, or that you know something of the man whom I seek, which you mean to conceal from me. But mind, proud one! I will keep your *person* as a hostage for the secret."

He was interrupted by a yell from the Indian who stood nearest, who leapt high into the air, and fell dead at his feet. Instantaneously with the death-cry of the savage was heard the sharp report of a rifle from the opposite side

of the stream. The Indians, and the four Englishmen, who were painted so as to be not easily distinguished from their allies, darted up the steep bank, and flew each to his tree. But Randolph, confident that the assailants were the friends of Anne Willoughby, and that he was safe while near her person, threw himself directly in front of her, cocked his rifle, and stood facing the enemy. He had stood but a moment, when a tall, martial figure emerged from behind the boughs of a hemlock that stood a few feet from the stream, and, turning impatiently, addressed some words apparently to his followers, which Randolph could not distinguish on account of the roar of the torrent. Immediately not less than forty men, passing from behind the same covert, came into full view, and followed their leader to the brink of the stream. Notwithstanding its swift current, the old man stemmed it gallantly, lifting his rifle and powder-horn above his shoulder, that they might not be exposed to the water, and was soon on the firm dry rock of the opposite bank, and not far from the fire that had been kindled by the Indians. But his companions were not so successful, part of them being carried down with the current, and others compelled to support themselves in crossing by thrusting the butts of their guns in the water. Only thirty reached the shore, and but little more than half of them had kept their rifles dry. They had scarcely attained a firm footing, when a volley of four or five muskets, with a flight of arrows, killed three of their number and mortally wounded two others. The enemy was visible only for a moment, while they brought the long tubes of their pieces to bear upon the little party, and then fell behind their respective coverts as before. The old soldier rallied his forces, and led them on with difficulty over the sharp stones and tangled roots, directly

to the spot where Randolph still remained standing. Just as the old man ascended the platform of rock, Randolph took deliberate aim at his breast, and snapped his rifle; but it missed fire. He threw it down, and, uttering a fierce oath, drew his short-sword, and rushed furiously forward to encounter his antagonist. "I have found thee out at last!" exclaimed the king's pursuivant, gnashing his teeth, and making a thrust at the throat of the regicide. "Edward Randolph will yet wear the spurs of a knight. Peace, old dotard! Yield thee to the king's warrant, if thou canst set any value on that traitor's life of thine! William Goffe, I arrest thee in the name of Charles, Son of the Martyr!"

"Stand aside, vain boy!" replied the gray-haired hero of a hundred battles—parrying at the same time the well-aimed stroke of his adversary, while his stern voice rose above the din of the waterfall—"Stand aside, and give me possession of yonder maiden, or, wert thou the Stuart of whom thou vapourest, I would strike thee dead!"

By this time the party of Randolph had come out from their concealment, and were engaged hand to hand with that of Goffe. The four Englishmen who followed Randolph were skilful swordsmen, and made fearful havoc among the undisciplined ranks of the colonists, who were not only unpractised in that species of warfare, but were poorly provided with weapons for a close encounter. But they stood their ground bravely, and the occasional sound of a pistol told the fate of the savage, whose war-club availed him little against the more deadly weapons of civilization. Meanwhile, the contest remained doubtful between Goffe and Randolph. But the glittering spurs of knighthood and the visions of a successful political career, that danced before his excited imagination, made his head

giddy and his hand unsteady, when suddenly the sword of the regicide, in parrying one of his furious lunges, broke near the hilt. The old warrior stepped aside, and letting Randolph pass sheer by him, from the momentum imparted to his person by the effect of his own desperate blow, grasped him about the waist with the strength of a giant, and dashing him violently upon the rock, drew a dagger from the belt of the wounded man, and plunged it deep into his side. He had scarcely risen from the body of his adversary when he received a blow from behind, from the sword of one of the Englishmen, who seemed determined to take the place of his vanquished leader. Two other Englishmen took up the body of their master, and while the wounded regicide was defending himself with the remnant of his sword against the blows of their fellows, hurried with it up the bank, and disappeared. A yell of joy, blending fearfully with the agonized scream of Anne Willoughby, as a tall Indian bore her in his arms up the ledgy and uneven bank, and vanished in the dense laurel-bushes, was the too certain signal that the regicide, defeated and at the same time victorious, was left in undisputed possession of the field. His party scattered, and several of them slain, himself wounded, he saw that it would be madness to pursue, and immediately sounded a retreat. He had strictly enjoined upon Mr. Southworth not to attempt crossing the stream; and on returning with the fragment of his little band, he was surprised to find that the clergyman had disobeyed his orders, and that he had been severely wounded in the right shoulder by a rifle-ball from the volley fired by the enemy when they had first reached the western bank of the stream. Goffe found his friend pale and faint from the loss of blood. He took him gently in his arms, and carried him back across the stream.

"I gave you strict charge not to peril life in this encounter," said the old man, reproachingly, as he laid down his burden tenderly upon the dry leaves. "Scenes like this are not for such as thou."

"It is my part to defend my own household. Would'st thou have me show myself devoid of the common feelings of a man? Alas, my poor Anne!"

"Be calm, my son, and wait God's time. But what new messenger of evil have we here?"

As he spoke, a young Indian boy came gliding down the hill, who seemed to be known to Goffe; for he exclaimed, eagerly, "What sends you here? and what news do you bring?"

"Indian boy read no books," replied the runner; at the same time placing in the hands of the regicide an unsealed letter, written upon a small scrap of paper, the characters of which were so soiled as to be almost obliterated. The old man sighed heavily as he deciphered the following brief epistle:

"Loving Brother: Our dear old friend, Mr. R——, languishes and pines sorely since your departure. He utters scarcely a word to any member of the family, and moans bitterly in the night, so that it is with difficulty that we do sleep at all. He often mutters things of which we do not distinctly gather the meaning, and pines pitifully for his dear son. At other times, he speaks of you as of one dead, and then soon after smiles, and says, 'I am better now.' If he do not see you ere long, I doubt your next meeting will be in heaven. "Ever your loving Russell."

"We must gather up our forces, and hie us home," said Goffe, wiping away a tear from his eye as he concluded the letter. "General Whalley is ill: it will soon be over with him." And marshalling into good order his broken forces, the melancholy old man bent his way homeward.

CHAPTER IX.

"What strange words
Are these, which call my senses from the death
They were composed to welcome? Son! 'tis false—
I had but one, and the deep wave rolls o'er him."

Ion.

On a beautiful peninsula, formed by the most graceful curve which the Connecticut (the loveliest of all the rivers that gleam among the hills of the north) makes in its long winding journey to the ocean, stood the rural village of Hadley. It was situated upon the very point of the peninsula, with one main street running north and south, and abutting at either extremity upon the river. The settlement was then new, and had in it few houses; but most of them indicated, from their size and neatness, as well as from the degree of culture that surrounded them, the industry and comparative opulence of the inhabitants.

On the eastern side of the street, and about midway between the arms of the river, stood the large, well-built mansion of Mr. Russell, the parish clergyman, almost hidden behind the branches of two magnificent elms of primitive growth. In the rear of the house was a lawn covered with apple-trees.

It was about ten o'clock in the evening of the day mentioned in the preceding chapter, when a gentleman, closely enveloped in a long cloak that perfectly concealed his person, emerged from the tall forest-trees that skirted the river, and entered the orchard. At first, his step was rapid and

bold, but as he neared the house, he walked with more caution; and on arriving at the garden-gate he paused, with his hand upon the latch, and looked cautiously around him. Having apparently satisfied himself that he was unnoticed, he passed noiselessly through the garden, and stepped over the little low stile that separated it from the house, stopped suddenly, and stamped his foot upon the ground. The earth beneath him returned a hollow sound, and the traveller, kneeling upon his right knee, commenced removing the rubbish that had been thrown so artfully over the spot as to elude the vigilance of any eye not acquainted with the premises. After he had cleared a space of about two feet in diameter, the clear moonlight disclosed the entire surface of a small trap-door fastened by a strong padlock. He then pulled from his pocket a bunch of keys, tied together by a thong of deer-skin, and, selecting the one that seemed to suit his purpose, applied it to the lock, which yielded readily to his hand. Lifting the door upon its rusty hinges far enough to admit his person, he placed his foot upon a short ladder, letting the heavy door gently down as he descended. The pit in which he had thus voluntarily shut himself was about six feet in depth, and walled in like a well. At the west side, and near the bottom, was a narrow channel or passage, of sufficient size to admit a full-grown man, running horizontally westward with side-walls, and covered with large flat stones. Along this passage the mysterious night-wanderer crept softly until he came to another door, opening inward, and secured in a similar manner to the one that he had just passed. This he unlocked, and glided through the aperture, shutting and fastening the door carefully behind him. He was now in the cellar of the parsonage, which was so deep that he could stand upright without touching the timbers overhead. After groping

about in the dark for some moments, he discovered a small moveable staircase standing against the wall, and leading perpendicularly upwards. This he carefully ascended until he reached a third door, constructed of lighter materials than the others, which he easily raised with a slight pressure of the hand. He now found himself in a spacious closet, shut in with solid panels of oak. Letting the door noiselessly down, he stood a moment, and listened. Putting his ear to the wainscot, he could hear the indistinct murmur of voices in low but apparently earnest conversation. He heaved a deep sigh, and muttering to himself, "I pray God it be not too late," knocked distinctly with his heavy hand against the firm partition. The voices ceased, and he heard a light step cross the adjoining apartment, and then a knock against the wall corresponding to his own.

"Who waits there?" inquired a voice from within.

"Mr. Goldsmith," responded the stranger.

In a moment the door was partly opened from within by Mr. Russell, the proprietor of the mansion, who held a lighted candle in his hand, and who glanced stealthily into the closet, as if in doubt whether he could safely admit his visiter.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the clergyman, "my expectations have not deceived me: you are with us at last."

"Ay, my son; the wanderer has returned——But you look pale—I am too late—tell me if he yet lives?"

"He lives, but is fast sinking."

"And his mind?"

"Is still wandering; but there are intervals—I should rather say glimmerings of reason; he spoke incoherently but a moment since; but he replied not to my words, and whether he was sleeping or waking I could not tell. His eyes were closed."

"I must see him: lead the way." And opening wider the massive door, the gray-haired regicide entered the apartment of the invalid.

It was a small but comfortable chamber, neatly carpeted, and furnished with a table (covered with writing materials and a few books), three large oaken chairs, and two beds, in one of which, with his face turned to the wall, as if to avoid the trembling rays of the light that flickered upon the table, lay an old man, apparently about eighty-five years of age. As the evening was sultry, his only covering was a single linen sheet thrown loosely over him, from which his emaciated arm and small livid fingers had escaped, and lay languidly by his side. His high, straight forehead, and calm features, which, from their perfect outline, neither age nor disease had robbed of their serene beauty, were pale as marble. The window was partly open to admit the cool air from the river, and the night-breeze fanned gently the thin snow-white locks that still lingered about his temples. The tall form of Goffe bent over him, long and silently, while he read with mournful earnestness the ravages of superanuation and disease in every lineament and furrow of the venerable face of his friend. Then, turning to the clergyman, who still remained standing by the table, he asked, in a voice choked with grief, while a tear sparkled in his bright eye, "How long is it, my son, since he spoke intelligibly? Hath he inquired after me to-day?"

"About one o'clock, when I brought him his simple meal, he roused himself for a moment, and demanded of me if 'I had seen his dear major-general;' but when I sought to prolong the conversation, and asked if he would see Goffe, his beloved son-in-law, he smiled, and said 'Yes;' but added, soon after, 'No, no: I have no son, and Goffe died long ago.'"

"Alas!" replied Goffe—seating himself, and motioning the clergyman to a seat that stood near him—"alas! I fear that my fruitless journey hath taken from me the privilege I most prized on earth—the administering of consolation to the last moments of this more than father."

"You call it a fruitless journey, then? And did you hear no tidings of the long-lost son?"

"None: I have ridden over ground where the sound of my very name would have echoed treason; I have sought him out among men who, had they known the name of the seeker, would gladly have bought the royal favour by seizing and delivering over to the hands of the executioner the wasted, life-weary *regicide*. I have this very day encountered the mortal enemy of me and my race; but my arm struck down the wretch, as it has stricken down many a better man in the days of the Protector. He paid the price of his mad folly in the last debt to nature."

"An enemy! and slain! Have you, then, been discovered?"

"Ay, an enemy to God and man. But did I not tell thee that he was dead? Death is no betrayer of secrets: the hounds that scented my blood, bore off his mutilated remains, but they will gladly leave them in the wilderness to gorge the wolf and the raven."

"Who is this fallen enemy?"

"Edward Randolph."

"Edward Randolph! Have you met and slain Edward Randolph?"

"I have slain him. You look wild—you shudder. Dost think it a sin in the sight of Heaven to stop the breath of a murderer? You start at my words, and the minister of God may well shrink from the weapons which the servants of the Protector have grown old in wielding. But, Russell,

Justice always bears a sword, and Oliver only taught us to employ it as the meanest viper that crawls will use his envenomed tooth, to protect his writhing shape from the foot that crushes him."

"The weapons of our warfare are not carnal," interposed the clergyman.

"Self-defence is the first law of our nature, Russell. But self-defence, when roused against a tyrant, or the minions of a tyrant, and in behalf of a goaded and maddened people, to inspire them with hope and freedom, and lift their eyes to the pure light of heaven, is the sentiment of a Christian patriot, and God will approve it. But let us awaken our aged friend, and try if we can marshal his scattered thoughts for a last conflict with the enemy of man."

He walked the room a moment, to banish, by more tranquil thoughts, the frown that still lowered upon his brow and the gleam that had lighted his dark eye—the reflex of many a bloody field; and walking slowly up to the bed of the sick man, stooped over him, and passed his brawny hand over the pale forehead of the sleeper. "Awake, father, awake!—Dost thou not know that thy son has returned? Let me hear thy voice once again."

The invalid turned his face suddenly toward the light, and, opening his eyes, stared wildly at Goffe, but showed no signs of recognition.

"Speak, Whalley; do you know me?"

At the sound of his name, the old man started up, and rising upon his elbow, cried, in a voice that rang hollow as the echo of the sepulchre, "Who calls Whalley? Was it my Lord Cromwell? Was it the Lord General? Tell him that I am ready with two hundred good troopers that carry pistols at their holsters and swords at their girdles." Then raising his arm, with his small attenuated hand

clenched as if it grasped the weapon of which he raved, he continued with increased energy, "Up, my merry men! to horse! hew the roisterers down!—one more charge like that, and we drive them into the morass!—There again—it was well done—now they flounder man and horse in the dead pool—call off the men. They cry quarter—shame on ye—'tis murder to strike a fallen foe! But I wander. Who called Whalley? Sure I have heard that voice ere this."

"It is your son: it is Goffe."

"Peace, man! I know thee not. There *was* a Goffe, who stood once by my side in the armies of the Protector, and who sat with me in judgment upon the tyrant; but he was attainted of high-treason, and hanged—or, if not, he must have died in the tower. My memory is poor and treacherous: I am *old*, sir; but you look——"

"Hear me, father. Do you remember under whose charge the Stuart was placed at Hampton Court?"

"Do I *remember* it!" quoth he. "Ay do I, as if it were but a thing of yesterday. Yesterday! better than that. Sir, I have forgotten *yesterday* already: my thoughts live only in those glorious days; they are written on the tablets of the brain as with a diamond. But what was I saying? It has escaped me."

"The Stuart, father——"

"Who had the Stuart in charge at Hampton Court? *I* had him, and thought the game-bird would sooner have escaped from the talons of the falcon when poised on the wing, than he from me. But some knave played me false, and for love or gold let the tyrant slip through my hands. And, sir, to own the truth, he was a princely gentleman; and after his escape he wrote me a loving letter, with many thanks for my gentle courtesy and kindly care of him.

Yet his phantasy was ever running upon trifles: for in that very epistle he begged me to present in his name a trumpery dog as a keepsake to the Duke of Richmond. Had it not been for such light follies and an overweening tyranny, he might have ruled England to this hour."

Goffe now perceived that he had hit upon the right vein, and proceeded to ply him with reminiscences of his earlier manhood.

"Had you e'er a wife?"

"The wife of my youth was an angel. What of her, but that she is dead, and I desolate? Or who are you, that venture to thrust my grief upon me unasked. You tread upon the ashes of the dead!"

"Pardon me: I wound, that I may heal. Had you ever a daughter?"

"I had several, but I cannot recall their names. Yet I am sure there must have been more than one."

"Was not one of them made by your consent the wife of William Goffe?"

"Yes—why yes: Frances was the wife of Goffe—a gallant officer, and a faithful servant of God and the commonwealth. I mind him well now. He was a host in battle, but something rash, and of a hot temper. I thought to hear of his death at the end of every conflict with the cavaliers. He would ride a furlong in front of his troop in the rage of pursuit, if ever the enemy broke rank and fled."

"What became of him?"

"He died—no—it has all come back to me now. He came with me to America, and here in the rocks and caverns of this wilderness he has helped to hide me, with the tenderness of a bird for its unfledged young, through this my second infancy."

"Do you not know me now?" asked Goffe, affectionately taking his hand.

The old man fixed his mild blue eye, already beaming with the rays of returning intelligence, full upon the anxious face of his fellow-exile, and gazed long and intently, as if he would have read in his features some sign of an attempt to practise upon his credulity. Then the colour came back in a momentary glow to his cheeks, and tears flowed copiously over them, as he threw his arms around the iron form of Goffe, and smiled faintly as he faltered, "Alas the day—that I should live to forget thee, my more than son!"

The empire of reason was restored: and although afterwards it sometimes lost its sway in the chaos of the dim and shadowy images of the past, yet from that time to the day of his death, the jealous glance with which he followed the steps of the companion of his earlier and more prosperous days, as he moved noiselessly around the room—the warm grasp of the hand—the subdued patience of the sufferer—the oft-repeated endearing appellation "my son—my son"—were constant witnesses to the faithfulness of memory, when kindled and kept in exercise by gratitude and love.

CHAPTER X.

"Beneath the lab'rer's sun-browned hat,
There flashed a soldier's eye."

On the morning of the last day of that memorable June, within the limits of which our story has hitherto been confined, the inhabitants of Milford, though some vague rumours had reached them of a nature calculated to excite apprehension, pursued their usual avocations, in ignorance of the storm that was gathering in the sister-colonies. The farmer, it is true, as he passed his hoe through the light loam of those fertile fields that look off upon Long Island Sound, discussed earnestly with his fellow-labourer the signs of the times, and spoke doubtingly of laying aside the ploughshare and pruning-hook for the sword and spear. There was one field in particular (which, to judge from the number of its labourers and its high state of culture must have belonged to an opulent proprietor, and which lay about a mile out of the little village) where the politics of the neighbourhood and the dangers of an Indian invasion were freely canvassed. It was the season of hoeing Indian-corn; and nearest the highway, and apart from the others, was a middle-aged, stalwart-looking man busy at the plough. He walked steadily on between the plough-handles, with his head bent upon the ground, apparently wholly absorbed in his occupation, and did not seem to observe what his fellow-labourers had paused from their work to look upon—a gentleman mounted upon a powerful

black horse, and riding furiously down the road, as if life and death were hanging upon his errand.

"He brings news that will leave the plough rusting in the furrow, I fear," said one.

"So I am thinking," replied another; "for he rides as the storm rode the Sound on Monday."

"And see, he stops," said another; "we are fairly in for it. Look how his horse's sides are covered with foam."

"I wish I owned the horse, and could ride him as well," bawled a little boy, three or four rods in the rear of the others: "I would be as great a man as the major, and go to the wars."

By this time the rider had tied his steed to the fence opposite the ploughman, and clearing the rails with a bound, was close upon him in an instant; but the yeoman kept on his steady pace, unconscious of his presence.

"Stop a moment, my good fellow," said the stranger; but receiving no answer, he reiterated, in a voice that made the field ring again, "Stop a moment: I would have a word with you."

The man at the plough stopped his team, and turning round slowly in the furrow, with one hand still grasping the plough-handle, said, gravely, "Good morrow to you, sir. What would you with me?"

"I wish to find Major Treat," replied the stranger; "my business is urgent; I think I must trouble you to go with me, and point out his house; I will pay you better for your time than you can sell it at the plough-tail." And suiting the action to the word, he opened an embroidered purse, and proffered the man a guinea.

"I can save both of us that trouble, to say nothing of my time and your gold," said the ploughman, laughing good-naturedly. "For lack of a better man to answer to the

summons, I think you must call me Major Treat." And at the same time, he took off his hat, and bowed so soldierly, and presented his hand with such an easy freedom of manner, as left no room to doubt that he was no less a man.

"I am a blunderer," said the stranger, colouring with embarrassment; "I ought to have known better; but haste——"

"Tush, man! never mind a mistake that only ends in a joke. But what have we here?" he continued, looking sharply at the address of the letter which the stranger had thrust into his hand. "So—so; I should know that hand. Yes, it is the governor's, and his coat of arms too." And breaking the seal hastily, he glanced over its contents, and then said, abstractedly, "I could have expected as much. These red-skins must be crushed after all. Yes, Lieutenant Ashford—for so I think his excellency names you—yes, sir, we will attend to this business; if the weeds will over-top the corn, why then they must." Then facing round, as if he were already at the head of his troops, he called out in a thundering voice to his men, "Turn out, boys!—turn out! Leave the corn to take care of itself: we must to the harvest. John, hie thee home, my lad, and saddle me Pym on the instant; and you, Sammy, drive home the oxen, and turn them a-field."

"I am coming, sir," said the little laggard to whom this latter speech was addressed, and who had done nothing for the last five minutes but admire the elegant horse which his eyes so much coveted—"coming, sir."

Meanwhile, the major and his young friend walked arm-in-arm to the road. "You ride a mettlesome horse, sir," said the elder gentleman, as they came up to the gallant charger of Ashford: "and if you do not plead fatigue yourself, I think we may find further employment

for him before the day is spent. What say you to the recruiting service, my young friend? I will give you my sign-manual, and I think the General Court will ratify it."

"I await your orders, major."

"It is well; and now I call it to mind, there has recently gone from the coast a little colony to establish a plantation in a quiet, retired valley, about forty miles to the north, called Pomperauge; and, if I am not mistaken, there is a young gentleman here who is about to visit that settlement on business, and who will be an excellent guide. I think, if you will undertake to drill them a week, you may get plenty of soldiers there for the asking."

"With all my heart, sir. Introduce me to my guide, and we will set off in an hour."

"Not till we have dined, Mr. Ashford."

The distance was not far to the house of Major Treat, where Ashford was introduced to a young gentleman, of elegant manners and appearance, who was made known to him as Doctor Henry Sherman, and who offered not only to conduct him through the wilderness to the new settlement, but to lend him such aid as he could in raising volunteers for the campaign. The premises of their host were thronged, long before the dinner-hour was over, with neighbours and townsmen, eager to learn the news and to proffer their assistance. But Pym was already saddled, and champing the bit impatiently in front of the court-yard of the hospitable mansion; and the proprietor, following his guests, after their hasty meal was concluded, through the crowd, upon which he smiled good-naturedly as he passed —himself already booted and spurred, as if for a long journey—had only time to say to them, as he mounted and turned his horse's head towards the east, "I cannot spare the time for explanations now, my good friends; but when

I return, have gun and cartridge ready, and such as will, shall lend a hand to a bold game For the present, farewell. Before the sun sets, I shall be in Hartford. So—ho—can you never be quiet, Pym?" And as he gave the beautiful animal the rein, he started off at a brisk travelling trot, as if he was as well aware as his master that there was a long journey in prospect, and that his strength was not to be expended at the outset.

Ashford and his companion also at the same moment set out in a northerly direction, beguiling the way as they went with speculations and conjectures upon the one-absorbing topic, varied at times by those pleasant interludes to which the incidents of the journey, and those fancies which always come at the call of romantic youth, naturally gave rise, at every winding of the tangled and wooded path—decorated as it was with all the attractions of foliage and flower which nature lavishes upon the American forest in the prodigality of early summer, and softened while it was enlivened by the "native wood-note" of many a bird, and varied with the silvery thread of brook and rivulet winding softly through the valleys, or dashing swiftly against the sharp angles of the rocks that curbed them in.

Towards evening, the sound of distant waters, and the occasional glimpses through the trees of a beautiful valley, betokened their near approach to a river of considerable size; and on turning to the right of a high rock that rose like a tower, and lifted its naked head high above the tall pines that clustered thick around its sides, the river presented itself to view, almost at their feet, in a long-extended pool of about twelve rods in width, fringed with wild willows that dipped their long drooping branches in the water, as if to dispel, by the cool influences of the wave and the breeze that just dimpled its surface, the languor of the summer's heat.

"Yonder rock is Pomperauge's castle," said Sherman; "and here, at our feet, is the river that bears the name of his tribe. It is deep, but our horses will swim it with ease."

It was but the labour of a moment, and they found themselves safely landed on the opposite bank. A little way beyond the brink of the river, and running nearly parallel with it, stretched a high ridge or mound of nearly a mile in length, so regular in outline and so smooth in surface, that it seemed impossible that it could have been any other than the work of human hands. Under an immense tulip-tree, that lifted its upright shaft from the summit of the ridge, surrounded by its clustering cone-shaped branches, that waved their deep green leaves in the cool evening air, our travellers breathed their horses for a moment, and looked off upon the area of the beautiful valley with an admiration like that accorded by the "Red Cross Knight" to the lovely apparition that met his eye as he threaded the obscure labyrinth of Fairie Land. Scattered patches of cleared land, with primitive groves intervening, sometimes giving to full view and sometimes half-concealing the rough dwellings of the hardy pioneer, were bristling with Indian-corn, or waving with the rye which had now almost attained its full growth, and were enlivened by hundreds of little hills, covered with clumps of cedars and juniper-bushes—affording, in the green recesses of the vines that fastened among their boughs, the leafy retreat of the squirrel and the wood-pigeon.

The little river swept in graceful curves through the middle of the valley, disclosing here and there a solitary Indian in his birchen canoe, drifting idly down with the current, or overcoming its feeble resistance by the force of his muscular arm, as he plied the paddle to gain some point farther up the stream. To the north, the eye lost itself in the impenetrable forest; and the hills that rose

upon the west, and behind which the sun had already sunk, in the huge oaks and chestnuts that adorned their gentle acclivities, were as free from the ravages of the axe, as if the untamed savage were still the sole proprietor of the soil. But its eastern boundary gave to this sequestered nook its most picturesque charm. It was a perpendicular wall of rock, extending northerly as far as the eye could penetrate the indistinct shadows of the twilight that were now fast settling over it, with many a seam and rift in its gray front, and crowned with tall pines, that mingled their plaintive dirge with the lowing of the herds, the impatient voice of the cow-boy, and the wayward ripple of the stream.

"And is this the place that the inhabitants have called a wilderness?" inquired Ashford, after he had drank in with the true ardour of youth the beauties of the enchanting scene. "I have never seen in England or in the islands of the west, a place more sequestered and beautiful. With the maiden of my choice to cheer my lot, I could spend a life-time of happy days, decoying the trout from the brooks that sparkle in those meadows, or seeking the wild deer in yonder woods."

"It is indeed worthy of the praise that you have lavished upon it," said the other, "and the pioneer is as happy here as our insecure condition will permit. But the close neighbourhood of a powerful tribe of Indians detracts something from the charming features of the valley."

"Are not these Indians friendly, then? I had supposed that since the destruction of the Pequods, the tribes within the limits of this colony were easily controlled."

"They are for the most part more manageable than before, but the tribe that still keeps possession of yonder rock has committed many depredations upon the persons and property of the English within the last few weeks, and

we have good reason to believe that Philip or some of his runners has recently paid them a visit."

"I fear, then," replied Ashford, "that we shall have little chance of levying forces from this settlement. But we shall see."

"Let us descend to our lodgings," said the other; "for the cry of the wolf reminds me that night is already upon us."

A moment's ride brought them to a low-roofed, though rather capacious building, thatched with straw, standing at the southern extremity and almost in a rift of the precipice above described, with several large maples in front that almost hid it from the eye. Upon a stout branch of one of these trees a large oaken plank, swinging to and fro in the dim twilight, and creaking discordantly on its rusty hinges, presented to the eye of our weary travellers the significant word, "Accomodation," written in large black characters; and Ashford smiled at the simplicity of the sign and the rude handiwork of the artist who constructed it as he followed his companion over the threshold.

CHAPTER XI.

"She could look more than others could speak;
Yet her words were no laggards!"

THE proprietress of this mansion, which was known for miles around under the denomination of "The Pomperauge Public," met the young gentlemen at the very entrance, with eyes streaming in tears, and looks of the most wild and haggard grief. "Well-a-day, Master Sherman, it's good for the like of us poor souls that your honour's come at last: there's nothing but ill-luck from one end of the week to the other while you are away. May the Lord preserve us, but we are a sad people!" And she wept aloud.

"What means all this, Dame Doolittle? Calm yourself, good woman, and tell me what has happened."

"She's gone, sir—no news of her, sir!—it'll break my heart."

"Who has gone? what will break your heart? You must make yourself intelligible at least, if you expect my help."

"Emily Wilson, to be sure, it is. Who but she, sir? She left the 'Public' after dinner, to go out among the meadows by the place they call the 'Indian well,' close by the river, and since that nobody has heard of her. She's lost, she's lost—murdered at the very least. My poor sister's orphan child!" And Dame Doolittle wrung her hands in despair.

"Have none gone in search of her?" asked Sherman, anxiously. "She was a merry lass, and had many a friend among the stout lads of the settlement. Courage, good

woman; and give two hungry horsemen your best entertainment, and food for their horses, and in an hour's time we will try what can be done for you."

"Did your honour ask whether the boys had gone to look for her? Troth did they: twenty of them up the river and down, but not a word or a sign of poor Emily. But there has been a dance among the Indians of the castle to day, and at sunset they lighted a fire that would scare the wolves and owls for miles around. And your honour may hear their yells even now, as if they were so many born devils. But what was my crazy head running on, to forget your honour's orders! Jonathan!—Jonathan!" (This euphonious Hebrew appellation was addressed to the ear of a thick-skulled, awkward lad of fifteen, who sat behind the door upon a joint-stool, and showed by his frequent nodding that he was perfectly well satisfied with his present condition.) "Jonathan, I say!—What are ye dreaming of, idle loon as ye are? Up, lad—up!" And the landlady gave him a blow upon the ear with one of her long bony hands that evidently brought him back from the sweet forgetfulness in which his faculties were drowned. "Never rub your eyes, lad, till ye've led the gentlemen's horses to the stalls. Fill their mangers with hay, and make them beds of clean straw;—and then water, and then corn at bed time. D'ye hear what I say, Jonathan? Don't let the grass grow under your feet—scud along, sirrah." And she administered a parting salutation with the same delicate weapon, as he rubbed his eyes and yawned, as if scarcely yet conscious of her commands.

This second demonstration of authority acted like magic upon the poor fellow, who threw his overgrown body into the street with a desperate alacrity, that bespoke more plainly than words the absolute authority of his mistress in her own domicil.

The door was now opened into the kitchen, and the same voice was heard giving orders to Sally to prepare supper. "Stir up the fire under the kettle, and set on the cold venison; and now I think of it, a broiled trout would not come amiss; for the gentlemen have ridden hard, and, I dare warrant, either dined ill or not at all. And serve it up in a way that is genteel-like, Sally; for Dr. Sherman is a minister's son, and——" The rest was not distinctly audible, but the words "handsome gentleman," having reference doubtless to the other guest, certainly closed the sentence. To hear Miss Dorothy Doolitle, was always to obey. Every thing was done in silence on the part of the servants, and in vociferation on the part of the employer. But since the hands as well as the speaking-organs of that dignitary were in constant operation, it is but justice to confess that her share in the preparation was no sinecure. In the little bar-room of the "Public" were assembled some twenty sturdy young men, who all hailed Sherman with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. The lost maiden was of course the all-absorbing topic, and endless were the speculations and conjectures of the company as to her sudden disappearance.

"What say you," said Sherman, at length—addressing himself to a tall curly-haired lad of nineteen, supposed to be a suiter of Emily, and more smiled upon by her than by her aunt—"What say you, Dick Austin? will you go with this gentleman and myself to the castle this evening, and demand the girl of the chief?"

"That will I, gladly," said Dick Austin, solemnly. "But I doubt——"

He would have finished his reply, had not the appearance of the landlady, of whom he stood in great awe, choked his utterance. "Your honours' humble meal is ready," said the dame, "if ye will but follow."

They did follow, and were repaid by one of the most savoury suppers that ever smoked upon the board of that celebrated dining-room. Yes, a *supper:* not that stinted, modern meal called "tea," but a pioneer supper, such as two hungry men who have ridden fast and far, be they gentle or simple, always delight to honour.

The personal charms of Dorothy Doolittle, spinster, were by no means calculated to compose the muscles of the face. She was a keen-featured, withered lady, of about five-and-forty, who ranked herself among that numerous order of females known then, as now, under the happy denomination of "old maids from choice"—a class which, to the credit of the sisterhood, is by no means extinct. It is true, indeed, that the malicious sometimes charge them with inability to wed; but it is to be presumed that such slanderers are usually made up of those discarded lovers who fell victims to their earlier charms. She, at least—the darling theme of the present chapter—is too bright a luminary to be tarnished by such an imputation. She was lean and tall to the last degree, which peculiarities, designed doubtless to give solemnity to her countenance and dignity to her person, were set off to their fullest extent by a yellow gown of coarse, home-spun flannel, fitting so closely to her body and limbs, and maintaining so nearly the same scanty proportions from her neck to her ancles, that one was at a loss to conjecture how the economical dame had contrived, without loss of life or fracture of limb, to thrust herself into so narrow an enclosure.

"Upon my word, Mr. Sherman," whispered Ashford, as the dame passed in and out of the room—exhibiting in its full majesty this singular specimen of trans-Atlantic attire—"Upon my word, I have never before seen so sharp a sword in so snug a sheath,"

Her nose was long and slender, and, notwithstanding the convexity about the middle of the organ, extended far downward toward the chin, which latter, curving inward at the middle, was, to say the least, equally conspicuous. This deviation from a right line, as it could not be supposed to be owing to the burden of their own weight, may have been designed to represent what in modern days has been called the line of grace—certain it is, that these two features seemed to vie with each other alarmingly in length, and, as if aware that unity is the true source of the sublime, or instinctively conscious that kindred spirits find most pleasure in each other's society, they had, by encroachment upon the freehold originally vested in the mouth, arrived at such close neighbourhood as to be almost mistaken at a little distance for one and the same feature. Yet, in spite of this apparent lack of room for utterance, it is but due to her to acknowledge that she could make her shrill voice perfectly audible from back-kitchen to bar-room: at any rate, it is not handed down to us by tradition that either servant or guest ever complained of deafness. And when annoyed at child or man, servant or gentleman, her high treble seldom needed the auxiliary forces of fire-shovel or broom. However, even those who were most disposed to backbite her love of good order, were forced to admit, that in spite of her tongue she was a notable housekeeper, and that when her mandates were strictly obeyed, and every thing under her roof disposed to her own taste, she made few exhibitions of temper, unless those occasional squalls, to which people in her forlorn situation are often subjected, might be thought worthy of such an appellation. Such were a few of the excellencies of the worthy lady, who it is hoped will find favour in the eyes of the reader, as her character unfolds itself in the subsequent chapters.

CHAPTER XII.

"A clambering, unsuspected road."—*Lady of the Lake.*

It was but the walk of a few minutes, and the three young men had crossed the river, and were beginning to climb the path that led to the rock occupied by the chief and his tribe. The ascent, at first not very difficult, grew gradually more steep, and the long, bent grass, tufts of blackberry-bushes, and clusters of wild cherry trees, which they were compelled to encounter, made the way toilsome and uncertain. Huge and shapeless masses of rock, covered with a bristly screen of hemlock and dwarf-cedar, formed innumerable obstacles, and turned them aside into the channels of the wasted torrents, now dry and ledgy, along whose margin lay decayed trunks of trees, out of which grew luxuriantly the briars of the red raspberry, displaying to the eye, in the light of the birchen-torch which Austin carried in his hand, their tempting fruit on either side of the path. Following these labyrinthine water-courses, Austin led them on in silence, now leaping from one rock to another, or swinging themselves by the aid of small trees from ledge to ledge, until they arrived at a small level area, neatly carpeted with moss, and shaded by two white pines, the larger of them supporting with its low branches the prop or central pillar of an Indian wigwam. In this simple aboriginal dwelling were seated four or five young women, employed in weaving baskets from the splinters of the red-ash and oak, each one bent forward

intent upon her task, and measuring with a regular beat of her small moccasined foot the low-chanted strain of a female voice, which rang wild and sweet as a wind-harp from the interior of the wigwam. They were young, and from the natural gracefulness of their motions, as well as the neatness and taste displayed in the adjustment of their simple dress, it was easy to see that they belonged to the better class.

Sherman now took the torch from the hand of Austin, and approached towards the entrance of the hut. As he presented himself, the voice that had been so carelessly employed in singing was suddenly changed into an eager cry of recognition as a female, more tall than any who had been before discovered, darted from a covert nook, and met him at the threshold.

No welcome was ever more heartfelt and artless than that proffered by Taloola, the bride of the chief, to the man whom her husband regarded with more respect than any of the other English who visited the settlement.

"Let not Taloola tremble," said he, addressing her in the soft guttural language of her tribe: "the medicine-man seeks the chief. Can the Lily of the Rock tell him where the chief sits in council?"

She replied by a gesture, pointing with her fore-finger to the top of the rock, and led the way up the acclivity with as much apparent ease as if nature had interposed no obstacle to her progress.

They now came to the foot of a huge projection from the main rock, that branched off towards the south, presenting a rough barrier of nearly twenty feet in height, and apparently insurmountable. But Taloola grasped firmly a large vine that clung to a tree by its edge, and as quick as thought drew her slender figure to the top. Her guests

followed as well as they were able, and on reaching the height of this natural wall, found themselves upon a solid platform of earth, overgrown with matted grass, and so high that they could look down upon the tops of the tallest trees, and spy through the openings of their ever-green foliage the windings of the river as it glittered in the moonlight.

From this point of elevation the rock, or "castle," as it was called, rose bald and bare, presenting its weather-worn sides to the war of wind and storm, and overlooking and lighting up with its blazing beacon the length and breadth of the valley. Directly to the south of this natural fortress, and beneath its very shadow, were seen scattered over the surface of the hill about twenty wigwams of different sizes, in and around which stood, reclined, or sat—as business or leisure prompted—the members of the tribe, of either sex, and of all ages and conditions: here sat the warrior, polishing and shaping into the war-club or the bow, the rough stick of iron-wood or white oak; here the papoose let fly his puny arrow, and threw his little tomahawk in miniature combat; here, silent and submissive, the solitary squaw knelt over the mortar, as she plied the maize with her rude pestle of stone.

Apart sat a group of the wise men of the tribe, in earnest conversation. Among them was a young warrior, about thirty years of age, whom Sherman addressed as the chief. He arose, and met his visiters with the dignity peculiar to the "stoic of the woods."

"What would the medicine-man with the Beaver?"

Sherman unfolded in a few words the cause of their visit.

The chief shook his head solemnly, as he said, "Six sons of Philip came to the wigwam of the Beaver when the sun cast no shadow. They brought the red hatchet, but the Beaver took it not up, and they went away with

dark looks: *they* have stolen the blue-eyed maiden."—The tone of the chief was such as satisfied the sagacious mind of Sherman that he was innocent of the crime himself, and there was great probability of the truth of his conjecture as to the fate of Emily Wilson. He accordingly proposed to the chief an alliance for the approaching war, and found, to his surprise, that Pomperauge was eager to accept it.

"When will the son of the Beaver be ready to march against Philip?" asked Sherman, when they had settled the terms of the campaign.

"When the moon is full-grown," responded the savage, laconically.

"All shall be ready," rejoined Sherman; and the conference ended.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I prythee have a care, and walk with wary eye:
There 's mischief in the woods!"

It was on the morning of the 18th of September, when Captain Lathrop, with a detachment of about eighty fighting men under his command, wound slowly along the bank of the Connecticut towards what is now the village of Deerfield. He had been sent with his company, the very flower of Essex county, say the historians, to bring to the relief of the garrison at Hadley a large quantity of wheat that had been left standing in stacks upon the Deerfield meadows. The wheat had been threshed in the open field, put into bags, and placed in heavy wagons drawn by horses, without any interruption from the Indians, and the party were now on their march to Hadley.

Early in the morning of that day, Philip, who had been lurking in the woods for several days, and was well apprised of every step taken by the English, stationed himself in ambuscade, with about seven hundred men, on either side of a morass through which he knew Lathrop and his party would be obliged to pass, and where they would be able to make a less vigorous resistance with their cavalry and heavily-laden wagons than upon the firm upland.

Many reverses and delays had hitherto attended the enterprise of the great Indian chief, and although they had only seemed to stimulate his daring and ambitious spirit with more determined purposes of vengeance, they had disheart-

ened the various tribes which had espoused a cause that they now began to shrink from as insecure and tottering. The emergency seemed to call for the exercise of all the address and moral courage of the sachem, to prevent the desertion of his followers at an hour when he felt secure that he could redeem his name and arms from the infamy that began to attach to them.

At day-break he called the chiefs about him, and communicated to them the road that the enemy must take, and the ease with which they might be overpowered by numbers, in the uncertain footing of a morass, surrounded with the heavy trunks and the thick foliage of the trees, from behind which the Indians might discharge their muskets and let fly their arrows with unerring aim, and little chance of injury to themselves. He found several of the chiefs timid and incredulous, and some of them ventured to recount in detail many of the disasters that had attended them during the progress of the war. One of the inferior Nipmuck chiefs even dared to hint that Philip was the cause of all the calamities that hung over the heads of the red-men. Scarcely had the insulting taunt escaped his lips, when a blow from the war-club of the enraged king dashed him to the earth in the very midst of the council-ring. This sudden act of violence, and the assurance of Philip that he would treat in a similar manner every sagamore who presumed to talk of fear or flight, together with his proud, imperious manner, and the spell that attached to his name, silenced all complaints, and left him as usual the absolute master of their destinies. But Philip was too profound a politician, and too deeply schooled in the motives that govern the actions of men, not to know that he needed in this crisis the good-will and hearts of his warriors, as well as the strength of their hands. He took up the body of the

fallen chief, and hurling it without the ring with as much ease as he would have cast his own tomahawk at an enemy in the heat of battle, took off his rich coat of wampum, and cutting it into as many fragments as there were different tribes present, gave to every chief a piece. This reward calmed the angry discontent of the savages, and they forgot alike the defeats and the haughty pride of their master in the munificence of his gift. Anawan alone refused to accept a present which robbed royalty of its distinguishing marks, and which, when he remembered that his old chief Massasoit had once worn the garment, seemed to him a shameful desecration.

"The rattlesnake bears a deadly tooth," said the old captain, with great solemnity, "but he carries not the feathers of the eagle."

Philip smiled at the disinterestedness of his gray-haired counsellor, and looking him full in the face, asked, "What is the word of Captain Anawan? does the chief say he will fight?"

"I-oo-tash" (stand to it), replied the warrior, with aboriginal brevity.

Seconded by the prowess and wisdom of Anawan, Philip now set about stationing his men on the south side of a brook that crept languidly through the swamp, and served to drain it of its waters in the summer months, so that usually the ground over which the road passed where it crossed the stream was dry and safe for public travel.

By seven o'clock in the morning, Philip had sent out his runners to reconnoitre, and advise him of the approach of the English; and his warriors were already safely crouched in their leafy hiding-places in the form of a new moon, which was divided about midway by the slender line of the grass-grown road, bordered so closely with bushes, that the

savages on either side of the path might have almost touched each other with the barrels of their muskets. In this position he knew that he could pour his deadly fire into the face of the English, without exposing his own men to injury from each other's weapons. All these preparations were completed long before Lathrop and his men had started upon their journey.

But there were destined to be other actors in the stirring scenes of the day, of whose proximity to the well-selected field the wary Indian was not aware. About five miles off, in the midst of a retired dell, which had been partially cleared of bushes, so as to afford a convenient place of encampment for his cavalry, the daring privateer Moseley, with his company, had passed the night. The dell was shut in and screened by sharp barren hills of red sandstone that could scarcely have offered a covert for an enemy. At the first peep of dawn, Moseley, who had passed the night with little inclination to sleep, arose, and climbed to the top of the high hill that stood to the north of the camp, to see if the sentinel who was stationed there was still on duty at his post. As he approached softly within about two rods of the summit, he saw the short fat figure of Cornelius the Dutchman, sitting bolt upright against a rock that formed a projection or shoulder of the hill, and could perceive through the gray light of the morning the gleam of the musket as he brought it to his shoulder.

"Stand vare pe!" said Cornelius, cocking his piece, and bringing it to bear upon the person of the intruder, "or mein Gott I vill plow your prains out."

"Hold! wait a bit," said the captain, not doubting that if he remained in disguise the sentinel would put his benevolent intention into execution; "I am the captain, Cornelius. Sure, you would not shoot Captain Moseley."

"I vill shoot te tuyvil, if he pe vidout de vord!" responded the uncompromising watchman.

"'Boston,' then, you rascal. Have you forgotten my voice, or did you think I was the devil in good earnest?"

"How could she know vedder de captain was von evil spirit vidout de vord?"

"You are a faithful servant, Cornelius; and I think I can safely trust you after this proof of fidelity. Have you seen or heard any thing of the Indians?"

"Vell—no—put I hear him now."

"Hear, villain! what do you hear?"

"Von step in de try leaves."

Moseley put his hand to his ear, and listened. At first he could distinguish no sound; but soon a slight rustling of leaves on the northern slope of the hill, and near its base, was sufficiently audible.

"It is a wolf," whispered Moseley; but, after listening a moment longer, he added, "no: the step is too cautious for a wolf; it is an Indian: there are several Indians. Stand to your post bravely, good Cornelius, till the day dawns, and we will ferret the red-skins out."

"Yaw, goot Captain Moseley, I vill do vat you call it—my pest."

The dialogue ended just as the rays of the sun began to fleck the eastern clouds with the first glimmerings of day-break. Moseley hastened down the cliff, and had scarcely reached the level of the little valley, when the increasing light, mingling dimly with the shadows of the surrounding hills, and giving to view the outlines of the encampment, admonished him that he had little time to lose if he would follow the Indians, who, as he believed, had just crept by him, and were now on their journey to join the main body of their allies under the command of Philip.

A wild spectacle in the morning twilight was that little band of hardy men, stretched upon the ground under the open sky, with their faces and hair steeped in the chill dews that had fallen upon them during the night, struggling vainly to break the deep slumbers of the tired soldier. Around them stood their horses, tied to the stinted saplings that had escaped the axe of the woodman, devouring eagerly the corn that their owners had brought with them from Hadley, or the long grass that had been industriously gathered on the preceding evening from a neighbouring marsh. His two lieutenants, Savage and Pickering, were already on their feet, and came forward to meet him.

"You keep early hours, my blithe boys! I would I had been blessed with a brace of such lads when I had that brisk scuffle with the Seamew off Jamaica this very day two years agone. It was just at this hour in the morning. By the Protector's bones, had it not been for my sweet Billy Ashford, whom I must still from courtesy call my lieutenant in spite of ye both, I'd had a sore day of it. You should have seen him when we had got our grappling-irons fairly hold of the enemy: never did panther scale a forest-tree in these woods with such fierce agility as he darted to their deck. As I live to tell the tale, I saw the stripling knock the sabres from the hands of two Spaniards, each a giant, without receiving so much as a scratch of a hurt, and then sling them overboard into the cold sea as if they had been bits of remainder biscuit.—But give us a tap of the drum, Savage, if we have e'er a drummer in the camp. It will throw the Indians off their guard, for they will readily infer from it that we have not discovered them. But I will attend to that myself."

At the same time he stepped to the place where Mr. Stimpson was still drinking copious draughts from the

fountain of forgetfulness; and giving him an abrupt salutation with his foot between the shoulders, said, sharply, "Up, Stimpson, whose Christian name is Ezekiel!—up, I say! the Philistines are upon thee!"

"Even at the gates of Gaza," said the frightened constable, starting to his feet, and rubbing his eyes. "But, unworthy as I am, I will be an humble instrument in the hands of your excellency."

"Open thine eyes, worthy Ezekiel, and put those drumsticks of thine in motion, or I will bring thee to thy senses in good earnest. What dost thou consider thyself to be, man?"

"Firstly, I am a constable for the commonwealth, and carry the baton of the law that is a terror to evil-doers; and secondly, I am a servant of your excellency the governor."

"There is little excellency about me, save what lies in the length of a truncheon-blade; and for the baton, thou hast now two instead of one. Ply thy trade, man, and do it with zeal, or I will turn the constable's staff into a drumstick for the nonce, and beat a tattoo upon thy back."

Thus challenged, the quandam constable soon aroused the troops, who were not long in making their hasty breakfast, and putting themselves in readiness for their day's march.

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The only entrance to the little valley where they had passed the night was toward the south, and this was guarded by a round, grass-covered knoll, shaded here and there by a few pines, and which commanded a view of the camp.

Just as the party were about to set out upon their march, they were surprised by the appearance of a company of English and Indians, the leaders of whom were at first visible as they ascended the hill that formed the southern

boundary of the valley. They paused upon its brow a moment, as if to reconnoitre, and then, followed by about fifty English and one hundred Indians, descended into the dell, directly towards the spot where the forces of Moseley were drawn up in marching order. The gallant privateer was the first to observe them, and immediately recognised in the closely-built figure and easy horsemanship of the young gentleman who rode among the foremost of the party the person of his darling lieutenant, whose absence he had just been deploring. He put spurs to his horse, and galloped forth eagerly to meet him. They both alighted, and with paternal affection the warm-hearted captain embraced his favourite as fondly as if he had been an only son.

"Thou art a truant, Billy Ashford, and I am resolved to have thee disciplined soundly. What sayest thou to a homily from worthy Mr. Stimpson? His text shall be the prodigal son!"

"If I am to be reprimanded, I would prefer to take the rebuke from the lips of my superior officer," replied Ashford, smiling.

"On account of past services, I will commute the punishment.—But whom have we here? By my faith, a tight-made, genteel-looking lad as need be—make me his acquaintance."

"Captain Mosely, I have the honour to present to you my newly acquired but much esteemed friend, Mr. Sherman, who has consented to serve in this campaign in the capacity of surgeon."

"Sir," said Moseley, in reply to the obeisance of the young surgeon, "I am happy to commence an acquaintance which I hope the perils of the war will cement, and the repose that may follow it will enable us to perfect. But, surely, I have seen your features ere this, or is it a family likeness that I detect in them? May I ask if you

bear any relationship to that reverend clergyman and profound scholar, John Sherman, of this colony?"

"So near and dear, sir, that I have the honour to be his son."

"It is an honour, sir; and the resemblance to him that is so strongly stamped upon your face has much of promise in it. I know the family well. They are of high repute and gentle breeding.—But," he continued, addressing himself to Ashford, "what two-edged weapon in petticoats have you brought us here? By the right hand of Oliver, and mounted, too, like Semiramis or Clorinda of old! She is a perfect god-send in her way; for if ever that cunning savage whom they call Philip should once get sight of this heroine, he would seek refuge in the Canadas."

The two young gentlemen laughed heartily, and Ashford lost no time in replying, "I am rejoiced at the good opinion which you seem to entertain of the prowess of our female companion, and I can assure you that your confidence is not misplaced. But it is time that you heard her name and the sound of her maidenly voice." And leading the way to the place where the fair Amazon still remained, administering the fragment of a hickory rod to her worn and jaded steed, that seemed already desirous of going into winter-quarters, and throwing back his large flapping ears, and rolling up the whites of his eyes, manifested as settled a determination to remain stationary, as was exhibited on the part of his resolute mistress in urging him forward. At length, just as the three gentlemen came up, the recusant animal reared so high in the air as seemed to endanger the life of the rider; but Dame Doolittle, seeing that her position in the saddle was no longer tenable, and regardless of the alarming elevation to which she was climbing, sprang forward with the agility of a wild-cat;

and throwing her withered arms around the neck of poor Davie, continued suspended in mid-air until he yielded either to her weight, or (as that was not ponderous) more probably to the fears of a flagellation that seemed likely to be the consequence of his rebellion. She had no sooner come within reaching distance of the ground, than the captain, who was the very nonpareil of gallantry in all his conduct towards her sex, caught her firmly around her waist (if, indeed, she could be said to have any), and, detaching her clenched hands from Davie's mane, placed her gently on her feet. But she sprang from him with a scream, which the privateer at first mistook for offended modesty, but soon saw that it was only disappointed rage at being robbed of her victim; for without once deigning to bestow a look of approval upon her chivalrous protector, and even turning her back upon him, she seized the bit of Davie's bridle, and concentrated all her powers of mind and body in plying the beast with the whip over head and ears, until she was compelled to desist, apparently rather from exhaustion than from having dealt out to him what she deemed an adequate measure of retributive justice. Davie bore the punishment with that heroic fortitude with which long experience of the ills of life endues both men and animals—only protesting against its severity by shutting his eyes, shaking his ears violently, and lifting his head as high in the air as possible. The faint but shrill exclamation of "There, ye ring-boned, unsightly rack, take that for this time, and rest content!"—signified to Davie that he might again open his eyes in safety, and look around him.

The hue of exercise, and perhaps of shame, at being surprised by a stranger in such a paroxysm of rage, had not left the cheek of the dame, when Dr. Sherman, who knew all her moods, and from his ill-disguised merriment

evidently enjoyed the exhibition, and looked forward with high glee to the approaching introduction, said, with great assumed gravity, "Captain Moseley, I have the pleasure of introducing to you an old friend of mine, Miss Dorothy Doolittle, the proprietress of one of the best 'Publics' in the whole colony of Connecticut."

No man ever enjoyed a joke when he felt that it inflicted no pain upon another, more heartily than Moseley. He lifted his cap, and bowed as profoundly as if the landlady of the Pomperauge Public had been the Duchess of Kent, and had possessed all the personal attractions of the fairest heroine that ever graced the pages of romance. He responded to the presentation, by saying that he "was proud of such an ally in the campaign, but regretted the necessity, whatever it was, that had subjected her to so toilsome and perilous a journey.

"La! your honour, and ye may well say so, seeing that I have shut up the Public, and exposed my life to the arrows and tomahawks of these infernal salvages. But how could I help it? There was poor Emily, that was the very apple of my bereaved eyes, torn from me by the copper-headed varmints in the very midst of the strawberry season! What should I do but saddle Davie, and follow after my sweet darling? Life is nothing without Emily, your honour. Who but she could make the fires, and stamp the butter with her pretty white hands, and water the flowers in the garden-patch, and run wherever I sent her of errands from one end of the valley to the other, as daintily as a fawn, without ever fearing wolf or rattlesnake? Oh, sir! it's a doleful thing to die; but I had almost rather have died, than have lost the sweet young bird."

This rhapsody, so oddly made up of self-interest and real

affection, was literally strangled by a storm of grief that shook the frame of Mrs. Doolittle, and showered its drops copiously over her hard, forbidding features.—Such exhibitions of sorrow are not always becoming, unless the subject of them possesses rare personal attractions; but they are always embarrassing to third parties, and seldom fail to awaken our sensibilities.

Captain Moseley had not been able to gather from what his informant had so abruptly and vaguely communicated to him, any thing of the particulars of her affliction; but readily gleaned from what she said that a young female in whom she was interested had fallen a prey to the depredations of the savages, then of so common occurrence; and inferred, from finding her in the army, that Philip or some one of his adherents was privy to the transaction.—He therefore replied, with heartfelt sympathy, "Cheer up, good Mistress Doolittle, and put a better face upon the matter. I have no doubt we shall be able to rescue your young friend. She will suffer no other harm than belongs to the rough exposure and coarse fare which the Indians will share in common with her. I hope soon to have Philip in my own power, and it shall go hard with me but I will make him deliver her up safely into your hands."

At the mention of Philip's name, the face of the afflicted woman underwent a total change of expression. A moment before, she had been the very imbodiment of despair, but now her features were suddenly distorted with the most vindictive fury. "Philip—yes, the black-a-moor Philip!—that is the name of the wretch that stole away my poor niece.—Catch him, quoth he? *If* you catch him, captain, I pray your honour to give me the handling of him. I'll tell him what I think of him to his face, I trow! If his whole tribe should yell in my ears, they will never drown

the voice of Dorothea Doolittle when she calls him a thief—a liar—a vagabond—a black heathen devil! And then give me but the hanging of him, your honour, he shall swing upon a gallows higher than Haman's?"

"You shall be consulted as to the mode of his execution, good dame," said Moseley, with difficulty suppressing a laugh at the vehement manner in which she enunciated her sanguinary purposes. "But where is Billy Ashford?"

"Here he is!" shouted a dozen privateer voices at once.

"Here I am, as ready to fight in a just cause as when I walked the deck of our good ship," replied Ashford.

"Come aside with me a moment under this pine: I would confer with you."

They withdrew a little apart from the others, and Moseley then recounted to his young friend what he had heard from the top of the hill, and made known to him his suspicions that the rustling of the dry leaves was caused by Indians creeping upon their hands and knees, and that he had good reason to suppose that it might have been Philip or some one of his allies. "For," added he, "I am sure that the crafty fox is lurking somewhere within the range of half a dozen miles. What say you, shall we go over the hill, and put Pedro's nose upon the track?"

"That were the surest way of solving our doubts, captain."

"Pedro is a sulky hound, and will snuff no track, were it that of a fiend of hell, save at my own bidding. Ashford, what say you, shall I have an escort?"

Ashford now chose half a dozen men to secure them from ambush or sudden surprise, and Moseley commanded Cornelius to unchain Pedro with the other hounds, and accompany them.

"I vill not dare meet Pedro vid de more nine hoonds, no

more as I meet so many vicked night-spirit," said Cornelius, deprecatingly. "I has no sorrow to meet twenty Kings Philips, put I fear te hoonds and te spirits."

"And if you do not fear the halter more than either, Sir Scape-grace, you will loose Pedro immediately," said the captain, sternly.

This allusion to the well-merited rope which Cornelius had escaped, only on consideration of his rendering extraordinary personal services during the campaign, overcame all his other scruples; and he proceeded to the spot where the dreaded blood-hounds were fastened, each to a tree, at such distance from each other that they could only show their mutual hostility by an occasional growl, or by the morose expression of their sullen faces and malignant eyes. Cornelius feared Pedro more than all the other dogs, both on account of his size and the fierceness of his disposition, which fell little short of that of the worst spirit which his tortured imagination could conjure up. It was also obvious that the dislike was reciprocated on the part of Pedro; for no sooner had the Dutchman arrived within a few feet of him, than he uttered a deep growl, and sprang like a rattlesnake the entire length of his chain, with the intention doubtless of fixing his muzzle in the throat of the intermeddler.

"You are right for once, Cornelius," said Moseley; "stay a minute, and I will do the office with my own hand. Down, Pedro! down, dog!—hush, I say! There's game for thee not far distant, old boy."

The hound submitted sullenly to the directions of his master, drawing nearer to the tree to which he was bound, and lying passive until he was liberated. Then dropping his head, he walked close by the side of Moseley, until the party reached the close neighbourhood of the place which the Dutchman pointed out as the spot whence the rustling sound had proceeded.

"It vas here vare I hear't te leaves rattle and shake, mine goot captain."

They all looked intently upon the ground, but not a leaf seemed to have been displaced, nor was there a vestige of a human footstep.

"It cannot be," said Moseley, doubtingly, "that we are deceived, after all the precautions taken by us both to mark the locality. By my soul, I begin to question if the step was not that of thy bugbear spirits, Cornelius! Come, Pedro! wake up, man!—show us the red-skins, good Pedro."

The hound seemed now for the first time to manifest some interest in the sport; for he dropped his head, and walked cautiously in a different direction from that indicated by his master's hand, a distance of several rods; then stopped, placed his nose close to the ground, gave one eager cry, and started off, followed by the other hounds at a quickened pace and in a very circuitous course, awaking the echoes of the woods as they threaded the crooked trail with that deep terrible cry, so startling and horrible to the ears of the ill-fated victim who knows that his track is beset by that most indefatigable and unrelenting of all man-hunters.

All was now bustle and excitement. Moseley's eye kindled at the prospect of the stirring adventure; and turning to Savage, who stood near him, he said, "Pedro is right, lieutenant: his nose never misleads him; we need never doubt there's game ahead. Hark again!—the red-skins are at bay e'en now: bring up the troops, Savage. Ashford and the rest will follow in due time." And vaulting into his saddle, he led the way in the direction taken by his blood-thirsty pioneers. They had scarcely ridden fifty rods, when they heard the report of a musket, and

then the maddened cry of the dogs, followed by three or four dropping shots in quick succession.

"He has them," said the privateer, addressing himself to Ashford, and at the same time plunging the spurs deeper into the sides of his horse—"he has them; but, poor fellow! I fear some one of those bullets has let his life out. No; hark again! his voice rings loud and clear as a bugle's. But, as I live, there is an Indian directly before me, running as if for his life. Stop: I can shoot him as he runs."

"Hold, captain! for the love of God, hold! It is Pomperauge, a friendly Indian, and one of my own company," shouted Ashford.

Moseley dropped the carbine upon the pommel of his saddle, still keeping it cocked, however, for the expected struggle, which he had good reason to think would be a desperate one; and reining up his horse, waited a moment, until he saw that the main body of the troops, under the command of Savage, had filed out of the dale, and were fast approaching, so that they could be employed, should the enemy prove too numerous. On looking around to resume his conversation with Ashford, he saw that he had left his side, and was only able to obtain a passing glimpse of his friend just as he turned the projection of a rock that hid both man and horse from his view. "There is neither discipline nor prudence in that fool-hardy boy," muttered the captain; he would lose his own life, and think it pastime, to save a hair of the head of yon nimble-footed savage." His meditations were interrupted by the report of a musket, and as he gained the rock behind which Ashford had disappeared, the whole scene was in full view.

Pomperauge was standing behind a tree, rëloading his gun, which he had just discharged; and Ashford, having dismounted, stood behind a clump of laurel-bushes, and

appeared to be reconnoitering the enemy. Six Indians, perched among the boughs of as many leafy oaks, at a safe distance from the blood-hounds, looked off upon their pursuers, and one lay dead at the feet of Pedro—the mark undoubtedly at which the friendly chief had just directed his unerring aim. One of the dogs lay dead near the body of the Indian; two of them were engaged in a fierce and mortal duel over their booty; old Pedro was still upon his feet, and three of the other hounds were wounded; but they all joined in the deep-voiced, merciless chorus with which the whole forest resounded.

"Speak to them in your own language, and tell them if they will drop their guns and surrender, they shall not be hurt," said Moseley, addressing himself to the friendly Indian.

"Wampanoag no understand Pomperauge," replied the chief, in broken English.

The words were scarcely uttered, when the savage who occupied the tree nearest the laurel-bushes, through which the form of Ashford could be distinctly seen, rose erect, and taking deliberate aim at the breast of his enemy, discharged his piece. The ball, which else must have taken fatal effect, struck one of the hard, firm limbs of the shrub, and glanced off, inflicting only a slight flesh-wound in the left arm, a little below the shoulder. Stung with the smart of the injury, and ignorant of its extent, he rushed out from behind his imperfect screen, and returned the shot, in spite of the remonstrances of his superior officer. The ball evidently took effect; for the Indian dropped his gun, and writhed upon the branch to which he clung; but, as if from very instinct, did not fall to the ground.

"Let my white brother take to his shelter," said Pomperauge: "be two more guns in the trees, and Pomperauge will bring down one of them."

With a deadly aim he again brought his gun to his shoulder, and on the instant one of the armed Indians dropped dead from his tree into the jaws of the pitiless hounds, now grown so frantic and ungovernable from the taste of blood, that although the remaining Indians, who still occupied their places among the branches at a safe elevation, now asked for quarter, neither threats nor blows could prevail on them to relinquish their lifeless booty, while a trace remained of the features and forms that had been so lately animated with the passions and moved by the impulses of a living soul. And even after these terrible auxiliaries of the English arms had yielded, from mere exhaustion of their powers, their thirst remained unslaked, and they lay panting upon the ground, looking jealously at each other, and snarling angrily at the lacerated trophies of their victory. But the stern voice of Moseley—"Down, Cortez, down!—hush, Pedro! fie—for shame!"—seconded by the severe blows which he dealt upon their heads and backs—at length restored them to discipline; but so terrible was the dread inspired in the minds of the surviving savages at sight of these monsters, whom they believed to be the agents and ministers of their god Hobbomocko, that it was not until they saw them safely secured with chains, and led into the rear of the English troops, that they consented to trust themselves to the ground, and surrender at the discretion of their conqueror.

It is but due to Moseley and his officers to state, that no living enemy had been consigned to the tender mercies of these tormentors, and that all possible exertions were used to prevent this cruel mutilation of the dead.

The last of the Indians to deliver himself up to the victors was an old, weather-beaten, war-worn savage, who stood upright upon a branch of the tree to which he had

resorted, coolly surveying the field, with his musket cocked, in the attitude of a man determined to sell his life upon the dearest terms. When called upon by Moseley to drop his gun, and come down from the tree, he replied, with perfect composure and in very good English—at the same time pointing to the hounds—"Let the white captain lead the children of Hobomocko further off, and tie them to that tree by the rock, and the chief will come down." This reasonable request having been complied with, he fired his piece over his head into the air, and dropped it. Then walking leisurely along the limb, without steadying himself in the least with his hands, until he felt his slender support bending with his weight, he grasped it firmly, and dexterously let himself down to the ground, within a few feet of the spot where Moseley was standing. He then folded his arms, and said, with great dignity of manner, "The chief is the prisoner of the bad children of the god of evil."

"What is your name?"

"Tatoson."

"To what tribe do you belong?"

"Wampanoags."

"Where is Philip?"

"Tatoson cannot tell where the great sagamore is: think he be in the woods."

"When did you last see him?"

"Tatoson cannot tell that. Wampanoag chief not remember what day he see Philip," replied the chief, doggedly.

"You must remember," said Moseley, cocking his pistol, "or die."

The captive passed the fore-finger of his right hand rapidly around the crown of his head, as he answered, "Let the white captain take chief's scalp: he knows, but he will not tell."

The lofty tone of the savage, the utter fearlessness with which he seemed to look upon death, the frankness with which he had confessed his knowledge of the hiding-place of his sachem, and the unalterable resolve that was so plainly stamped upon his face not to betray the man to whom he had plighted his allegiance, awakened instantly the sensibilities of the generous-hearted privateer.

"Take the prisoner into custody, and see that he is kindly cared for," said he, addressing himself to Pickering.

Pickering took the chief by the arm, and leading him into the centre of the little army, was about to consign him to the charge of Cornelius and one of the friendly Indians. But as the Dutchman advanced in the attitude of "carry arms" to take his captive in charge, he looked scornfully upon the fat corporal, and struck the firelock to the earth with such violence that it was bent almost double in its fall; at the same time, pointing to Ashford, and exclaiming, haughtily, "Tatoson will walk with that chief: little pale-face and little red-man not fit to touch great chief."

"*Little!*" replied Cornelius, with great emphasis—not comprehending the sense in which the word was used, and at the same time surveying his largely-developed proportions with evident complacency—"*little!*—'tis pigger as fife of him."

"Give him his way," said Moseley, laughing at the ludicrous rage of his corporal. "Ashford, will you take custody of Tatoson?"

"Yes, captain."

The chief smiled at the arrangement, and seemed perfectly satisfied. The party now commenced their march in an easterly direction, sending forward videttes, and spying out the way with great caution, to avoid the possibility of surprise.

Meanwhile, Lathrop and his men, with their heavy team-wagons and horses laden with bags of wheat, wound slowly along the bank of the Connecticut, keeping a narrow and crooked path that could have been scarcely called a road, so closely did the trees and bushes encroach upon its thread-like trail through the woods and lowlands that skirted the river. They were evidently not anticipating any danger from sudden attack or ambuscade; for the troops marched a good way in front of the wagons, and not drawn up with any pretensions to battle order or even discipline—straggling leisurely along, and moving, on account of the narrowness of the path, either two abreast or in Indian file; some of them were well mounted, but most of the escort was made up of infantry, and carried only heavy, unwieldy muskets. The woods echoed blithely with the cries of the teamsters and the merry shouts of the soldiers, and many a joke, at the expense of Philip and his hair-brained enterprise, was responded to in hearty, unrestrained bursts of laughter. For the distance of nearly half a mile, the road now ran parallel with the morass above described, and almost upon its very border. This morass was thickly covered with alders, and interspersed here and there with the yellow birch, red ash, soft maple, and a few other kinds of forest-trees, such as usually abound in low marshy ground. Upon either side of the road, rambling in every direction among the boughs of the trees, innumerable grape-vines spread their leaves so luxuriantly as almost to hide from view the less ostentatious foliage of the branches to which they clung for support, and exhibiting in the hot September sun their purple clusters temptingly to the eye of the thirsty soldiers. The sight was irresistible. The whole party halted; and while the younger and more active climbed the trees to their very tops to secure the largest

and ripest clusters, those who remained upon the ground caught the fruit as it was dropped into their hands. After having slaked their thirst with this crude fare, they moved leisurely on as before; and crossing the brook that served to drain the morass, they again halted under the shade of the tall trees that grew close upon the bank, to await the arrival of the heavily-laden wagons, that had met with some delay in crossing the miry bed of the stream. It was now ten o'clock, and the rays of the sun, intense as those of a harvest morning, gleamed oppressively through the openings of the trees; not a leaf waved in the still air to dispel the dead, smothered heat; the hum of the horse-fly, hovering about the horses as they stood in the pool, and the chatter of a few small birds as they hopped from branch to branch, were the only sounds that interrupted the silence to which nature seemed abandoned. Little did Lathrop and his men dream that the trees rising at random on either side of the path in front of them, wherever the caprice of the autumn winds had cast the acorn or the chestnut, concealed behind their trunks hundreds of wild and desperate savages, many of whom were better armed than themselves, and all impatient to dart like panthers upon their prey.

Philip had stationed himself behind an oak that grew not a yard from the east line of the path; and on its opposite side, concealed from view by a rock, lay the stern old warrior Anawan—his musket in his right hand, and his eye bent upon the sachem. No sooner did the Indians see the plume that adorned the head of their chief rising slowly behind the tree that hid him from the English, than they rose as one man; and pouring a deadly volley of bullets and arrows along their whole line upon either side of the path into the ranks of their astonished enemy, rushed impetuously upon them with their tomahawks and war-clubs,

at the same time uttering their terrific war-whoop, that pierced the deepest recesses of the woods with notes more wild than the cry of the most untameable beast of prey that inhabits the wilderness.

But those who made up the little company of Lathrop, amounting to eighty in number, were bold, hardy men—the flower of Essex county, who, in the language of the historians, "were not ashamed to meet the enemy in the gates." They returned the fire of the Indians with spirit and effect, and disputed the ground desperately, inch by inch, as they retreated into the bed of the brook, falling back to cover their wagons. But, as we have before mentioned, they had few weapons except their guns, which availed them little in their hand-to-hand conflict with adversaries more athletic than they, whose heavy clubs and stone axes might have felled to the earth a whole legion of Roman infantry.

Philip threw himself into the foremost rank of the enemy, wielding his immense war-club with a well-directed force, and sinking his sharp tomahawk deep into the skulls of those who encountered him. Captain Lathrop was soon driven into the pool, on the other side of which Anawan, with two or three inferior chiefs at his side, stood in the midst of the narrow path, and opposed his gigantic bulk to any further retreat. Philip pursued Lathrop into the middle of the brook, and the two leaders met at close hand-fight, standing knee-deep in the mud and water. Lathrop fought with the prowess with which despair always inspires the brave, standing firmly at bay, and turning the point of his sword (already crimsoned with the heart's-blood of more than one savage) against the sachem; but every blow of the sword glanced from the polished surface of the black war-club as if it had been plated with steel; and at length,

forcing his antagonist against the wheel of a wagon that stretched across the brook, the chief wrested his weapon from his grasp; and seizing him by the throat with his left hand, and raising his tomahawk with his right, signified to him in English that if he would surrender, his life should be spared. The strangled man, unable to speak, shook his head, and at the same time raised his clenched hand menacingly, when the tomahawk was buried deep in his forehead, and he fell, bubbling out his last breath in the sediment of the pool, into which the infuriated Indian stamped him with his feet.

The slaughter now became general. The savages fought like so many devils, crowding around the border of the brook to preclude all chances of escape, and dealing deadly blows, every one of which told upon the disordered and now almost unresisting colonists.

Then commenced the indiscriminate butchery of the wounded, protracted with all the ingenious contrivances of savage torture.

The little stream flowed red with the life-current of the mangled bodies that choked its waters, or augmented its scanty volume with the tide that gushed from their veins as they lay gasping upon its banks, giving it for the first time the appellation which it will bear as long as the memory of this fatal ambuscade shall live in history or tradition—"The Bloody Brook." Only seven of Lathrop's men escaped the general massacre.

Just at the close of this indiscriminate butchery, and as the conquerors were beginning to strip the bodies of the slain, the front ranks of Moseley's corps filed out from behind the trees at a little distance from the stream, and advanced steadily upon the enemy.

The Indians sprang to their arms, and immediately pre-

pared to receive them. Philip, flushed with the success of his recent victory, facing the enemy, and brandishing his tomahawk, cried, tauntingly, "Come, Moseley, come! you seek Indians—you want Indians—here be Indians enough for you!" At the same time, as if to verify his words, he pointed exultingly to the seven hundred painted warriors that filled the road, and lowered among the foliage of the bushes that lined its sides. In reply to this significant appeal to their numbers and ferocity, the savages set up a joyful, triumphant yell. But not a gun was fired. The prudent Moseley sounded a halt before coming within fair musket-shot, and calling Ashford, with his two lieutenants, Savage and Pickering, to his side, quietly examined the ground and the position of the enemy.

"The black devils have shown some skill in choosing their ground," said the captain, with as much coolness and apparent indifference as if he was about to be an idle spectator of a bull-fight. "What course would'st thou take, Ashford, if the management of this little frolic were turned over to thy hands?"

"What course would I take, captain? I would rush down upon them at the head of my men, and brush them into the morass as heartily as I would board a ship when I came alongside her."

"What mode of attack would Lieutenant Savage adopt?" inquired Moseley, smiling at the characteristic answer of his favourite.

Savage looked intently at the enemy, and shaking his head, replied, gravely, "There must be a thousand of them, captain, and we have scarcely a tenth-part their number of effective men. Might I venture to differ from Mr. Ashford, I should say that we had better fight Indians after the Indian fashion, and betake ourselves every man to

his tree. We can soon cut down the chiefs, and then we may fight at close hand with better success."

"You are both right and both wrong," replied the captain, promptly; "but our first care is to dispose of the horses; for now that they have safely brought us here, they will but cumber the ground.—Cornelius!"

"I pe here, goot captain," responded the scape-gallows, rolling his round bulk within fair speaking distance; "I pe just vat you call him right here, put te cursed salvages do howl so like ten hoondret cat of te moontain tat I can no more as hear vat you say."

"Hush! we have no time for speeches from the like of you. Mark what I have to say: take the young lad Austin, with ten good Pomperauge men, and guard the horses with Dame Doolittle on yonder knoll. Die a hard death, Cornelius, but mind you, never give up your charge."

"Moseley then glanced again at the Indians, who still continued to hold the same taunting language as before; a few of the chiefs dancing backward and forward in front of the main body, and pointing to the dead bodies of Lathrop's men that lay scattered over the field, with that intense scorn which none but the features and gestures of the North American Indian can express—his eye finally rested on Ashford. "Take Pomperauge and his men, with six of our privateers, and file to the right under yonder tall pine; and you, Savage, take twenty good men, and file to the left an equal distance. Pickering will stay with me. Then we will all rush boldly up within two rods of their chiefs, and after we have received their shot, fire upon them."

The arrangements were made in a moment, and the three companies—Moseley keeping the road, and consequently most exposed to the enemy's shot—began their

march, all verging toward the main body of the savages, who, still confident of an easy victory, remained near the brook. But the wily Philip, probably conscious that his new enemy were better armed with muskets than his own party, or resolving to reserve his fire for some subsequent stage of the battle, advanced to meet Moseley with about two hundred well-chosen warriors, having committed all their guns to the charge of those who remained behind, and bearing only the terrible weapons of a close conflict hand to hand. An open encounter was not what Moseley expected from the rumours which he had heard of Indian warfare, nor did Philip often practise it; but he was now intoxicated with the recent triumph of his arms over the routed and almost annihilated forces of Lathrop, and hurried recklessly on to meet an enemy that scarcely seemed superior to the former in numbers or position.

But he had evidently a man of quite different mould to contend against. Moseley had disposed his men in compact columns, with instructions that each rank as it discharged its shot should fall into the rear and rëload, and thus bring the guns of the next succeeding column to bear upon the Indians. Both parties now moved rapidly on, the savages almost running, and brandishing their ponderous clubs and axes; while the forces of Moseley kept the steady determined pace of well-disciplined English soldiers. Moseley marched a little to the right of the front rank upon the eastern line of the road, his keen eye fixed on the enemy, and his swarthy features rigid and grim as those of the implacable sachem whom he saw advancing towards him. When the hostile parties had come within about three rods of each other, Moseley, sounded A HALT. Philip, who was easily distinguishable from the other chiefs, not only by the hereditary plumes which he wore, but by his gigantic

stature and the loftiness of his bearing, brought his warriors also to a sudden stand, and addressing Moseley by name, commanded him in English to surrender himself. The word "*Fire!*" that broke from the iron lips of the old privateer, followed by a discharge of musketry along his whole front line, attended with the most deadly effect, was the only answer to the summons. Philip did not wait for a second shot; and before the file of soldiers who had discharged their pieces could give place to another, the war-whoop had pierced to the very heart of the forest, and ere its echoes had died upon the summer air, the blade of steel and the black war-club were in fearful collision.

The English withstood this terrible assault gallantly, and wherever the sharp voice of their captain was distinguishable above the confused din of blows and the yells of the Indians, there the handful of privateers who fought desperately near his person dealt their deadliest blows. All discipline was now comparatively at an end, and Englishmen and savages were mingled confusedly together—some fighting with their weapons, and others, clenched in mortal struggle, rolled upon the ground. It was not until the savages, from their superior numbers and dexterity, had gained a decided advantage, and were likely to overwhelm his little company, that Moseley ordered them to retreat behind the trees that stood close at hand. Philip and his men also provided for their own security in a similar manner, when another company of Indians under Tyasque, with a supply of muskets and bows and arrows, came to their relief. Then began one of those terrible trials of sharp shooting with which the annals of our early history abound, enlivened by scattering shots from tree to tree and copse to copse, wherever an enemy had found a lodgement Every man was thrown upon his own resources, and obliged to trust to his own skill and prowess.

As might have been expected, in so promiscuous a contest, it was difficult to distinguish the covert of a friend from that of an enemy; and no one knew, when he had retired behind his lurking-place, but that his side or back might be exposed to the eye of some hostile marksman who lay concealed behind the nearest tree.

Lieutenant Savage, who had been stationed on the left side of the road, advanced to the brook, and soon succeeded in compelling the savages to take to the woods, where he easily kept them at bay by the same species of irregular warfare.

At the very outset of the battle, and while Moseley was engaged in close combat with Philip, Ashford proceeded with his few English and Indians, in pursuance of the plan marked out by the captain, toward the brook. But he soon saw that the order of the fight had been changed by the unexpected mode of attack of the sachem, and that a large body of Indians, under an old gray-haired chief, was moving briskly toward him. He determined not to be anticipated in the attack; and committing all the friendly Indians to the exclusive care of Pomperauge, and gathering his handful of privateers, who avowed their readiness to die for him, he rushed through the bushes with the impetuosity that characterized all his movements full upon the Indians. For this precipitate onslaught the savages seemed ill prepared, and began to scatter to seek out their usual hiding-places behind the trees. But the old chief turned about, and shaking his steel hatchet in his right hand, and pointing to the English, who had now approached within fair pistol-shot, shouted, fiercely, "I-oo-tash! I-oo-tash!" which was answered by a repetition of the word by a hundred savage voices, as his emboldened followers rallied and pressed stoutly on. The privateers

knew, from the fire that lighted up Ashford's eye, and the swollen veins that seemed almost bursting upon his forehead, that there was wild work in hand, and grasped their swords and clenched their teeth as they had been accustomed to do on seaboard when scaling the sides of an enemy's ship. In striking contrast to the joyous exultation that lighted up the features of the young privateer at the prospect of an encounter with the far-famed Anawan, were the slender figure, calm blue eye, and cool courage of Sherman, as he moved forward, keeping close by the side of his headstrong companion.

The Indians met their charge boldly, responding to the significant war-cry of Anawan, and almost surrounding their assailants with more than double their number of effective men; for although Pomperauge fought with great bravery, yet not half his men could be brought into combat with the enemy, when once they had learned that the dreaded Anawan, whose fame had found its way to every wigwam in the limits of the colonies, was in the field.

But the struggle was soon ended; for while Ashford was engaged in a desperate grapple with the old chief, and seemed likely to fall a victim to a blow of his axe, Sherman, by the timely discharge of a pistol, broke the arm of the savage while his weapon was still poised in the air, and, both rushing upon him at the same instant, made him their prisoner without further resistance, and immediately placed him under guard.

The capture of Anawan was the signal of retreat for his men, and was followed by a volley of well-aimed shot from the English, and a flight of arrows from the few friendly Indians that still stood their ground. Anawan was conducted to a rock near by, where Sherman attended upon him without delay, restoring the fragments of the shattered

bone to their places, and binding the disabled arm carefully with ligaments to keep the parts in their natural position. The wounded savage looked gravely on without moving a muscle of his face, and without evincing the slightest sensation of pain or the least concern at the success or failure of the operation.

A rambling fight was kept up in various parts of the ill-defined field throughout the remainder of the day with various success—the scene of the conflict shifting from place to place as fortune lent a faint and transient smile to either party. In spite of her remonstrances and threats of vengeance upon the head of Philip, the Indians under Tyasque had already possessed themselves of Dame Doolittle and all the horses, together with the person of Dick Austin. The valorous Cornelius was also a prisoner.

It was now nearly sunset; and Philip, in high spirits at the result of the contest, and fearing no further attack from the exhausted English, returned with all his men, carrying with them their own dead and wounded, and those of the enemy, to the place where the bodies of Lathrop and his companions lay scattered about the bank of the brook or floating on its bloody pool, and recommenced their work of stripping and scalping the slain; offering at the same time the most horrible indignities to the dead, suspending their bodies upon trees with the head downward, or cutting off the limbs of the wounded, and then holding them up to the view of Moseley and his men.

After they had completely sated their thirst for blood, they proceeded to the wagons, still laden with the wheat that Lathrop had tried in vain to guard, and that still filled the road with their long train; and with that recklessness of the future so peculiar to the Indian character, knocked the horses upon the head, and cutting open the bags of

grain, scattered their contents wantonly among the dry leaves that strewed the surface of the woods.

Moseley, shocked and enraged at the barbarities which he had thus been compelled to witness, addressed himself to Ashford: "I neither can nor will remain longer a silent spectator of this horrible scene. What say you, Ashford —shall we turn prudence out of doors, and try another hazard with these monsters? Five to one is a fearful odds."

"Let us dislodge them from the field or die," replied Ashford, springing to his feet.

The troops were soon led against the savages, who met them with renewed zeal. Ashford had no sooner reached the spot where Lathrop had fallen, than he was met by Philip, and after a severe struggle, was struck senseless to the earth by a blow from the tomahawk of the chief, and borne instantly into the midst of the enemy; at the same moment Anawan, knocking down the soldiers who had him in charge, fled from the English in defiance of the muskets that were brought to bear upon him, and, crossing the stream, joined his warriors.

The savage yell that greeted the return of the old sagamore was interrupted by the roll of a drum; and on looking around, the Indians saw, to their astonishment, that a new and more formidable enemy was in the field.

It was indeed a joyful sight to Moseley and his men as Major Treat, with one hundred hardy men from Connecticut, and sixty Mohegan Indians, filed out of the woods into full view, and marched briskly down to their rescue. They halted for a moment, while the invincible old farmer dismounted, and tied his faithful Pym to a tree that stood near the road, notwithstanding his remonstrating against the indignity by snorting and pawing up the withered leaves,

and then moved on again. He held a short consultation with Moseley; and drawing up his forces upon the bank of the stream, commenced a general fire upon the Indians, every shot of which told with fatal effect. Philip saw that the scale of victory had turned; and returning the fire with the last volley of his exhausted magazine of powder and ball, fled with his whole train into the fastnesses of the woods, leaving the colonists in undisturbed possession of the field, and of the bodies of one hundred of his bravest and most faithful allies.

CHAPTER XIV.

"A dream—that was not all a dream."—Byron.

With that disregard of the ordinary processes of locomotion which is permitted to the author of such a work as the present, we must now rëtrace our steps, and try if we can discover any thing of the fair young captive who plays so important a part in our narrative. The reader has witnessed the struggle on the part of her friends to rescue her from the hands of Randolph, and its fruitless termination. After the conflict was over, she was led by the savages and such of the English as had escaped the sword of the assailing (for we can hardly call them the victorious) party, still in a northerly direction, but whither she was unable to determine.

The party usually travelled during the night with great caution, and rested during the day in the most secluded places that the woods afforded. The third day after the fall of Randolph, they had continued their march until nearly mid-day, and then, turning abruptly from their course to a solitary hill-side covered with a variety of forest-trees, among which the pine predominated, halted near a spring that bubbled up from the shelter of a black-browed rock, around the rugged sides of which three or four large pines had contrived to fasten their roots in the soil. The waters of the fountain rippled softly down the declivity, partly hidden by the green grass that marked their rambling course, till they were swallowed in the

current of a swift brook that swept through the adjacent valley.

Anne Willoughby had wandered many a weary mile, and was faint from fatigue and the oppressive heat of the sun that seemed smothered beneath the close foliage of the pines. After bathing her forehead and temples in the dimpled surface of the spring, and sharing with the savages their scanty meal of venison and corn, she laid herself down beneath the shade of the trees, and yielded her mind to the images which their moaning sound, blended with the trickling of the flowing water, could not fail to awaken, till she gradually sank into a deep slumber.

It was not the sweet sleep that had so often restored her exhausted powers in the garden-bower or in the cottage-chamber where the honey-suckle climbed the lattice; but it was broken and disturbed with phantoms, which were not the less horrible that they were uncertain and indistinct in their outline.

She dreamed over again the innocent hours of childhood. Associations long forgotten or imperfectly remembered—associations checkered with some of those dark clouds that overshadowed her family during the struggle between the Protector and the monarch—came crowding upon her mind. Now a mother's soft voice mingled strangely with the death-shriek of a brother, and the next moment the pale face of a murdered father, the blood still welling from the wound inflicted by the poniard, seemed to smile faintly on her as it was borne by in friendly arms.

With that almost supernatural activity with which sleep wings the faculties, all the events of her life, and all the hopes and fancies, illusory or rational, that ever flitted around her, seemed to throng the avenues of that unquiet hour.

There was distinguishable among them the open brow and loving eye of William Ashford; and suddenly the flush that had suffused her young cheek at the sight of the loved one, was succeeded by death-like paleness at the hated appearance of his false-hearted calumniator and pretended rival. She started with horror from the spectacle, and awoke. Could it be that the maiden's mind was still haunted with the lingering shadows of sleep—or had the grave been robbed of its victim? For there by the fountain, glaring fixedly upon her with those cold, scornful eyes, stood or seemed to stand the hated Edward Randolph. The rock that shaded the fountain was thickly overgrown with moss, and upon this natural pillow she had rested her head as she slept. Starting up suddenly, and brushing away from her forehead the luxuriant brown hair that had been disarranged by the sportings of the breeze, she pressed her small hand against her temple, as if to reassure herself that she was fully restored to consciousness. She gazed at the emaciated apparition until her eye quailed from its merciless glance.

She would have screamed, but a thirst like that which attends the offices of death choked her utterance. She would have addressed it, but her lips were chill and immoveable. The superstition of the age, which had never before fettered her reason, had now fastened its iron fangs upon it. There were the sable curls, each of which might have been a serpent; there was the shadowy form, the scornful lip, the eye that seemed to reflect the fiery malice of the prison which it had left on its yet unrevealed errand—yes, it must be the ghost of her tormentor! It moved towards her; but scarcely had it advanced a step, when the poor victim shrank writhing from its presence, and would have fled, but her limbs were palsied as her lips.

It stopped, and laughed at her fear—an ironical, hollow laugh.

"What means all this alarm, maiden? Have I the look of a monster—a devil—that you fly at my approach? I wished but a word with you. Speak, Anne: have I alarmed you?"

She replied not, but kept her eyes bent upon the interrogator.

"I am about to go back to the country from which I have been so long a voluntary exile. I repeat my proposition, once proffered, and spurned by you. Will you be mine, and fly like a bird to the lovely nest whither I will lead you? Decide, for I must away."

"Away!" faltered the maiden: "Poor spirit, is your time, then, so short in the upper air?"

"Silly, priest-taught girl! have you to learn that I am alive! The slayer of kings has not slain Edward Randolph. His palsied arm did indeed steal a weapon that belonged to a better hand, and leave the marks of its imbecility in a flesh-cut in my side. I own I have lost some blood, and may-be am a shade more pale for the encounter. But your heroic defender is better furnished for the mockery of a judicial murder than for the handling of steel. If he could not write his name, he could make his mark. But, thank God!—in all verity I say it—I am reduced to no such vulgar necessity as to become a ghost." And again Randolph laughed bitterly.

Anne Willoughby had now recovered the full possession of her faculties, and answered him in a tone as far removed from fear as from anger. "A full expression of my views of your conduct, so unworthy of a cavalier, and so devoid of the sentiments that are thought to dwell in the breast of a man of honour, I have already given you, and hoped that

the lesson taught you by adversity might have brought you the discretion with which years have failed to endow you. You call me young, and therefore perchance you deem me wavering in principle and fickle in purpose. But, sir cavalier, the surface of this fountain does not more faithfully reflect the lichens that overhang it, than does this face, that has known no falsehood, and until it met yours was scarcely acquainted with sorrow, give back the resolve that is deeply seated in my bosom. I hate not with angry hatred, but I loathe and scorn you."

"Then," resumed Randolph, in the phrase of the court of which he aspired to be a principal ornament, "continue to wander, fair damsel-errant, in those groves of Fairieland. I go to merry England—*merry* England now; for its long prayers and psalm-singing glories, that you have made the basis of your faith, are no more. But, remember, I shall return with the knightly spur upon my heel, and if wild beasts or dwarfs have not then devoured my adorable Una, I will myself lead the way to the 'Bower of Bliss.'"

"Begone, base man! The wild beast does not prowl in this wilderness that should not be a welcome substitute for such as thou art."

"By Heavens, she queens it over me as if I were a suppliant for her favour, and not her master! But it is angelically done: no royalist damsel at St. James's could have enacted it better. My gracious sovereign would kneel and sue to this puritan, could he see her carry it so majestically. But I have lost blood. I am weak—and—there may be—there shall be—do you hear, Anne?—I say there *shall* be a time——"

The sentence and the interview was cut off at once; for Anne Willoughby waved her hand impatiently; and bowing coldly, as an offended queen might dismiss an impertinent

courtier, turned proudly from him, and withdrew behind the screen of the rock.

Randolph paused, and looked at her beautiful figure and snow-white neck until they were hidden from his view, and then walked with an irresolute, disconcerted step, to a little mound where one of his comrades was seated—held a brief conference with him—and then shaking him hastily by the hand, bade him farewell. In a week, the ship that awaited his leisure in Boston harbour, had weighed anchor for England.

CHAPTER XV.

"I must make a rude departure."—Ben Jonson.

The journey of Anne Willoughby through the woods, combined with the painful incidents that had attended it, hitherto had robbed her cheek of the rose-hue of health, and substituted for the smile that had once played upon her lip, betokening a blithe and lightsome heart, the settled serenity of womanhood. Nor had her appearance suffered any thing by the change. She had gradually awakened from the unsubstantial dreams that had been the companions of her retired home; their air-castles had melted into the clear atmosphere of the sober autumn that now chilled the New England woods, and shook their withered leaves one by one from the boughs. True it is, that the short-lived Indian-summer, with its soft, smoky drapery hovering in the south-west—the aboriginal heaven—had still its charms for her eye; true it is, that her imagination peopled with inhabitants bright as ever the hues of the sunset and the tinge of the morning sky; but her character had taken the sober, thoughtful tone of womanhood.

Little could the playmates of her childhood, who had so often complained of her waywardness and wild morning rambles, have traced in the lofty step of the young lady, as she trod the solitudes of nature in company with her dusky guides, any resemblance to the frolicksome ease with which she had only a few years before left her foot-

prints in the dew, as she flew with well-dissembled fright to hide herself at their approach.

Little resemblance would they have traced between the merry tones and bright eyes of the little maiden, and the rich voice, the dark, speaking glance of the now fully-developed woman. And yet there was a resemblance, natural and beautiful as time had ever kept alive in the human face and form. The infantine expression of the features was gone, but the same delicate shading of the forehead with the wavy brown hair, the same slender neck, the same white, fairy-like hand, bespoke the identity; and yet they had all been subjected to the finish of that great artist, Time. She, too, was conscious of the change—not of the external, but of that within. That her mind, that her purposes had unfolded into a new beauty, she knew and felt; but so far from inflating her heart with a foolish pride, it gave her humility, while it gave her confidence. A few months ago, and she had shrunk with sensitive pain from collision with the rough world, as if its blasts were too piercing for sensibilities so delicately harmonized. Then the very thought of wandering in the wilderness unprotected, in the midst of faces alien to every association of her tender nurture, would have driven her almost frantic. *Then* the very recital of the insulting language of Randolph would have congealed her blood with a death-like fear. But *now* she could bear all these changes with a resignation, a cheerfulness that sometimes almost startled her, for she half fancied it might be indifference. But there was one sentiment that lived with such an anxious presence in her breast, giving a keener relish to her joys and a sharper pang to her every apprehension, that seemed to merge in itself all the other attributes of her nature—indifference, surely, never cast its shadow over that secluded

shrine where dwelt her heart's secret, shared with but one! And that one—where was he? Why, she sometimes asked herself, did he not come to her rescue, and bear her hence to the home from which she had been sundered? The next moment, she would reproach herself with the thought that she had, she well knew, done him cruel wrong.

Day after day passed, and the immoveable faces of the Indians, with their routine of dull, idle wanderings and the other common-places of existence—for life it could not be called—were scarcely heeded, so lost was she in the thoughts with which her captivity, otherwise a misfortune, had endowed her. She had once fancied herself capable of discharging only the ordinary round of a woman's duties; but the discovery of higher powers, that could meet and grapple with danger, was like a new mine of wealth, which, but for the accident that robbed her of home and friends, might have remained a latent power for ever concealed in her bosom. At last, a thought kindred to these reflections burst upon her mind. "I have hitherto shown only fortitude: Have I developed my whole nature? Fortitude is passive. Do I not possess that active property called courage? Dare I be free? I will reflect upon it, and decide to-morrow whether I have the strength of purpose to effect my escape. If I prove to possess it, my next step shall be to inquire whether I have the invention to devise the means."

She was absorbed in these reflections until the sun was going down over the illimitable forest, that seemed like a sea without a shore; when suddenly, looking upward to the brow of a small hill, she saw between herself and the sun a sight that startled her, though it seemed in the uncertain light to be what her favourite poet has described, as one of those

"Gay creatures of the element,
"That in the colours of the rainbow live,
"And play in the plighted clouds."

It beckoned to her, and then wrung its hands as if in despair. She looked again more intently, and saw a dark figure, erect and tall, painted against the verge of the sky. This latter was obviously an Indian, and not unknown to her own company; for they relaxed their iron features into an expression of pleased recognition as the savage, followed by two or three others, led his pretty prize into their midst.

Pretty indeed she was, with bright golden hair curling about her forehead, a plump cheek, embrowned by exposure to the sun, and a dimple in her chin, that seemed to laugh, even now, in spite of the tears that glistened in her blue eyes. She was below the middle stature of woman, but of full, perhaps even rather more than full proportions, and looked much less the thing of a poet's fancy at a near view, than when she stood with the unclouded sky for a back-ground, and the faint red sunshine blending with the softer tint of her hair.

She approached the place where the taller and more stately captive was standing; and contemplating her with a bashful fear, such as might become a simple country girl when brought into the presence of the May Queen, said, with perfect simplicity, but with an earnestness that brought into play every feature, "Lady, beautiful lady! are you too a prisoner?"

"I am, poor child, a captive like yourself. But why do you weep so piteously, as if your heart was breaking? Have the savages been rough to one so young and innocent?"

"My home—I am torn from my home, lady; I have been led far away, I cannot tell how many hundred miles. I shall never, never return."

"Where is your home?"

"In a pretty valley in the colony of Connecticut. I was by the river side, gathering berries, when they fouud me, and hurried me away."

"What is your name, maiden?"

"Emily—Emily Wilson. I am an orphan."

"Take courage," said the young lady, gently smoothing the neglected tresses of her new companion. "I will be an elder sister to thee. Thou and I will both yet return to our friends. Take courage, Emily; grief doth not become a young brow like thine. Let me see thee smile."

There was something so kindly sympathetic in her tone and manner towards the young stranger, that she threw herself at the feet of what now seemed her guardian-angel, and wept convulsively, as if the sorrows of months, that had been hoarded up in her heart, had found a sweet utterance in that one joyful flood of tears. Then rising, and kissing the hands of Miss Willoughby, she looked up in her face, and smiled. Every feature smiled as if it never again could reflect the image of grief. But for the tears that still sparkled in her eyes, and showed their traces on her cheeks, she would have seemed ignorant from infancy of the very name of sorrow. And now that the shadows were cleared up from her face, she was the most merry, blithe little creature in the world. It seemed as if care could not dwell in her neighbourhood—her mirth was so natural, her flow of spirits so sparkling and exhaustless, her offices were so kind and business-like, without the least approach to obtrusiveness or familiarity. She seemed to worship, rather than love her fellow-captive, as a superior being, and never left her for a moment.

In this way they journeyed on for days, softening the harsh features of the wild woods that were at once their

prison and their retreat, with discourse about familiar objects of common interest to both. Still, Emily Wilson would insist on being the handmaid of the other young lady, and would have acknowledged no equality, had it been thrust upon her—so deeply-traced were the lines of rank and gentle nurture in the minds of that stern generation that inhabited New England in the olden time.

All this while, the idea that the young lady had entertained of effecting an escape, gained strength in her mind, and grew into a fixed purpose.

At length, as they were winding one afternoon down the bank of a small river that must be, as she judged, a tributary of the Connecticut, she made known her intention to Emily. The girl clapped her hands with the eagerness of a child at the discovery of some long-sought object of curiosity.

"Tell me in what way it can be done, Mistress Anne? I can fly like a wood-pigeon; I can take all the burden of the labour, if you will but point the way, and direct me how I can be useful to you."

"Hush, child! you will alarm the Indians. I see Tuspaquin fixing his black, suspicious eyes on us even now. Carry him and the other savages their venison, and get them water from the stream. They will erect their lodges here to-night, I fancy, as we have now travelled many hours without sleep. Art thou not weary, Emily?"

"I was weary a moment ago, Mistress Anne; but what you have put in my head has made it light as a daisy."

Their supper served, and their temporary wigwam erected, with its great blazing fire in the centre, the Indians lay down to sleep, with their feet to the fire, and the prisoners in their midst.

It was a little more than an hour before day-break when

Miss Willoughby, who had not slept since they entered the lodge, though her eyes had been closed, clasped the hand of Emily gently in her own, to see if she was awake, and ready for the enterprise. It returned no response, and the free, quiet breathing of the girl showed also plainly enough that captivity and escape were now alike to her. The young lady dared not whisper for fear of awaking the Indians. She took one of the curls of the little maiden, and trailed it gently over her cheek and parted lips. The lips trembled and the blue eyes opened slowly. A smile that disturbed even the dimple that indented her chin, now bespoke a clear and perfect wakefulness. Miss Willoughby shook her head in token of silence, and when the smile was repeated, she arose and looked around her. The fire burned languidly, with now and then a fitful blaze, followed by almost total darkness, that gave to the dark faces and long scalp-locks of the sleepers around it a frightful gleam. Tuspaquin himself lay stretched across the entrance of the wigwam. Once she thought she saw upon his features the suspicious smile with which he had regarded her during the interview with Emily in the afternoon. But she soon became satisfied that he as well as the other savages were in a deep, secure sleep; and summoning all her courage and presence of mind, just at the time when the flickering light of the fire had once more gone out in darkness, she moved forward, and stepped over the breast of the chief, and found herself in the open air. She scarcely breathed until she took the hand of Emily Wilson, as she stepped, pale but still smiling, from the mat that lay at the door of the cabin. Even then the yellow, frost-besprinkled leaves crisped so sharply beneath their feet as they stole around the side of the lodge, that her heart beat violently with fear. But a strong autumn blast now swept past the wig-

wam, flinging the dry leaves around its sides, and lulling its inmates to a deeper repose.

"We are safe, Emily! Heaven be praised, we are safe! Now let us keep up the stream—up the stream a full hour—and then cross it; for the Indians will follow our footprints as easily as if they were a beaten trail."

Emily followed in silence. They kept close upon the border of the stream until it branched off into another that came in from the east, brawling angrily among the rocks and loose stones that fretted its current. Here the young lady stopped to wait for her companion, who had been unable to keep pace with her, but soon came up, breathless and exhausted.

"The stream is shallow just above, where the swifter brook rushes into it, Emily. We must cross here. But, alas, poor child! you look ill suited to grapple with a mountain-torrent. Give me your hand. Now we will ford it in very sport." But the current was stronger than she had thought; and Emily, who seemed to have lost all spirit from the moment that she stepped over the body of the sleeping chief, placing her foot upon a mossy stone that arose above the surface, slipped, and fell into the water. Miss Willoughby caught hold of her hand, and pulled her, wet and shivering, to the bank.

"Courage," she said; "we have crossed it: now let us hurry on. The sun will soon come over the hills, and dry your chill garments. Cheer up, Emily; look how yonder flecked clouds give promise of his approach: hie thee on."

They hastened up the stream with as much celerity as they could command, but Emily was pierced with every blast of the November wind that went by. The sun soon arose, and presented his broad disc from behind the deep red clouds; but the softness of the Indian-summer was

gone, and his rays, though welcome, had no longer that vivifying warmth which they had diffused two weeks before. There was upon the very brink of the stream a high bank, or shoulder, against which the spring and autumn floods had long raved in vain, that presented an easy slope toward the east, and afforded a pleasant exposure to the sun. It was also secured from observation by alders and other bushes; so that it seemed to offer every inducement for a hiding-place. "Let us stop here, and wait until our pursuers have given up the search," said the young lady. "We shall only have to retrace our steps, if we proceed further in this direction, for our way lies through yonder woods towards the west."

They accordingly sought refuge among the bushes, lying close to the earth, so that it seemed impossible that they should be detected at a yard's distance.

As the elder of the fugitives had anticipated, the Indians were soon seen following their footsteps up the river, but when they came to the point where they had crossed, the savages stopped, and seemed to waver, uncertain of the course that they had taken. One of them, indeed, crossed the stream; but as they had taken the precaution to walk upon the stones that formed the border of its channel for a distance of several rods, the Indian was evidently baffled; for after searching for some time in vain for the lost trail, he turned back to join his companions.

"They have given us over for lost," said Emily. But scarcely had she spoken, when they heard a splashing sound in the water, and then a rustling of the bushes over their heads. On looking up, Anne Willoughby perceived lowering over her the tall figure of Tuspaquin, with his eyes fastened sternly upon her, and his mouth expressive

of an implacable ferocity, as if he knew that she was the sole mover in the enterprise.

"Come, white squaw, come! Little pale-face will follow." He struck her cheek with the palm of his hand as he spoke, and, taking her by the arm, led her hastily through the brook.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I'll ride ne'er a horse in Christendom at thy bidding."

The two months next succeeding the battle of Bloody Brook were passed by the Indians and their prisoners in those irregular wanderings in the woods that seemed necessary to the very existence of the savage. They made short marches of only a few miles, and usually erected their temporary wigwams either in or near a dense swamp, carrying all their provisions and effects with them. They seldom stayed more than two or three days in the same rendezvous. The captives had as yet sustained little bodily harm, except that they had been compelled to bear heavy burdens and submit to the severities of the famine which the improvidence of the savages had brought upon them, and which hovered more and more darkly over them as the approaches of winter began to be visible in the terrible storms that swept the leaves from the trees, and the thin glazed ice that formed in the night upon the borders of the lakes and streams.

Ashford, as the captive of Philip's own hand, had been subjected to no indignity, and, though closely watched, had been treated by his master rather as a friend than as a prisoner.

Under the cabalistic care of Philip's medicine men, he was now thoroughly cured of his wounds; but the restraint imposed upon his limbs, together with the uncertainty in which his future was involved, fell with a crushing weight upon his spirit. From earliest childhood accus-

tomed to danger, and for most of his brief and eventful life the sport of war, either in the convulsed and troubled island that gave him birth, or upon the tempest-tossed seas, liberty was to him more than life. He could have met death at any time with more courage than is ordinarily allotted to man in the conflict with that invisible enemy; and in the flushed hour of battle on land or sea he might have rushed on his destruction with that blind philosophy which Experience in her school of discipline teaches as her first stern lesson to her children. But servitude, to a restless, fiery spirit like Ashford's, was the most oppressive of all burdens.

Love, too, had brought along with it a throng of apprehensions and painful conjectures. "These are wild, troublous times," he would say to himself; "and no eye can foresee at whose heart the shaft of the Indian may be aimed, or whose dwelling may light up the night-air as a beacon of his vengeance! Heaven guard thee, gentle Anne, from the darkness that surrounds the fate of one who, even now, mingles perchance with thy hopes and prayers!"—Still, Ashford was in total ignorance of her captivity, and in his day-dreams still saw her beneath the garden-bower, or walking along the beach that whitened the border of the "Haunted Lake"—haunted indeed to him with the thousand delightful associations that people the cloud-land of early love. Ashford was neither a poet nor a scholar. The realities of life had been his only school-master—the austere pages of the world had been his book; but his manly character had blended with its stronger features the softer and more graceful lineaments that give to the domestic and social circle their most endearing charm. With every gift of mind and person that fascinates the lovelier sex, and from early youth a stranger to the influence of European society,

he had known but one object of affection; and although that object was surrounded with the atmosphere of an imagination that had been quickened into growth by the warmth of a tropical sun, still his imagination seemed less a captive than his heart.

But in the face of the uncertainty that settled over his path, and notwithstanding the throbbing of his heart at the thought of Anne Willoughby, exposed to the accidents that beset a thinly populated provincial town, in such a war of extermination as now raged throughout the colonies, Ashford's buoyant mind was not without some objects of interest, and even of amazement.

The mode of life led by the Indians—their turbulent, vindictive temper—their child-like credulity—the tyrannical superstition that reigned with such absolute dominion over them—their total neglect of many of the decencies that are regarded as indispensable to the existence of civilized life, contrasted so quaintly with their slavish observance of the minutest points of patriarchal etiquette—all afforded him abundant topics for observation.

Dame Doolittle and Cornelius, who had fallen into the hands of Tyasque, and who bore little of the marks of having occupied a place in life that entitled them to much consideration, were treated as menials scarcely fit to do the humblest offices.

They had spent several days in the close neighbourhood of the Connecticut, engaged in maturing their plans for the further prosecution of the campaign that now unfolded its wide map to the view of Philip and his captains.

At length, on a bright, frosty morning, as the Indians were encamped on the western bank of the river, Philip was suddenly called away with Anawan, who had already sufficiently recovered his strength to accompany his master,

to some remote district, and upon some errand too grave to be communicated to the other chieftains.

The captives were committed to the care of the implacable Tyasque, with the exception of Ashford, who was placed in the hands of Tatoson, who had not long before been his prisoner. Ashford had therefore no apprehension of danger, for the old chief seemed to regard him rather as a son than as a prisoner. He even made him the keeper of his secrets, and with an ominous shake of the head, while he pointed first at Tyasque, and then at Dame Doolittle and Cornelius, communicated to him that the absence of the great sachem would bring harm to the captives who were under his peculiar charge.

It turned out as Tatoson had prophesied; for the sun had scarcely risen high enough to melt the frost from the leaves, when Tyasque summoned the warriors to council. Several hundred were soon assembled. Dame Doolittle and the unfortunate Dutchman were placed in their midst, and their cruel master then called on the chiefs present to suggest what appeared to each one the most suitable mode of torture. Long and loud were the speeches of the warriors, and many were the passages of angry debate that fell upon the ears of the captives in an unknown tongue, that conveyed to them no meaning, except in the dread accompaniment of look and gesture that marked them as the objects of that demoniac sport which is the daintiest morsel of an Indian's revenge. Seeing a woman in the ring, the squaws and sannups crowded densely around them, mingling with the warriors, and pointing their fingers scornfully at the two victims.

It was the lot of Cornelius to commence the entertainment. There stretched along the river a level plain for the distance of a quarter of a mile; and quick as thought,

upon the breaking up of the council, the savages of both sexes and all ages formed themselves in two parallel lines, with sufficient space intervening to give them easy access to the Dutchman with their weapons, which were as diverse and unequal in their capacity of inflicting injury as were the disposition and power of the promiscuous tormentors who were to wield them.

Ashford, who was compelled to be an eye-witness of the spectacle, could hardly suppress a smile at the utter dismay of the poor pirate, as the Indian who had him in charge now pointed down the vista of the arena, and signified to him—for he could speak no English—to run.

Cornelius looked in blank, stupid amazement, first at the savage, and then at the two formidable and almost interminable ranks of Indians that stretched out before his eye. His look evinced terror—horror; but no sign of comprehension of the part that he was expected to play in the unintelligible game. At length, Tyasque stepped up haughtily to him; and pointing in the same direction as the other Indian had done, said, abruptly, "Run, Englishman—run!"

"Goot Master Ashford," said Cornelius, catching eagerly at the word Englishman, that seemed the only oasis in the desert before him, "I find it to pe te pleasure of the goot salvage Tyasque, tat you poot into use your long legs and slim pody, and run."

"Run!" said the chief, still keeping his penetrating eye upon Cornelius.

"Goot Shief Tyasque, I tell you vat is true: I pe just no Englishman at all, put only von poor Tuchman; and, pesides, I am able, if I could put stay out of te hands of te Pilgrim Faders, to do te great and goot Injin no harm at all."

"Run!" screamed an elfish savage in miniature, striking the renegade in the face with his tiny bow-string, while in

the very midst of forswearing his allegiance to his former masters.

"Tere is von more reason, goot Tyasque," said Corlius, doggedly—still remaining apparently as immoveable as if his feet were imbedded in the soil—"te fact is, I pe so svelled vid fat and blubber tat I can run noting at all." And in verification of what he said, he drew in his breath, and threw forward his enormous rotundity of person, until it came in near proximity to the dignitary whose mercy he was supplicating. A hiss, as if all the adders of the continent had concentrated their breath into one angry note of alarm, the prelude of their venomous revenge, and piercing his ear with a premonition that could admit of but one interpretation, followed by the repeated, ominous word "Run!" turned the scale of his resolution. He sighed, looked once more at his huge trunk and short duck-legs, then at the formidable array of his enemies, and then gathering up all his energies in one mighty effort, started with such speed as he could command. A shout, mingling in one all the voices of the savages, was the signal for the commencement of the sport. It was obviously the intention of the Indians to inflict only a temporary injury upon him; for the warriors dealt only blows with their fists, or with the unstrung bow, leaving it to the squaws and the smaller representatives of Hobbomocko to exert all their strength, which they did right heartily—spitting in his face, pricking his body with sharp sticks, clinging to his legs and ample nether garments, and pulling out his coarse grizzled hair by handfuls. But the race was soon ended; for before he had advanced a dozen rods, either from lack of breath, or from the weight of the encumbrances that had fastened themselves to his limbs, the luckless runner rolled upon the ground. He was immediately taken up by as many of

his persecutors as could find a place to lay hold of his surface, and borne from the field of his short-lived achievement—a bleeding, ghastly object, as even a savage could desire to look on.

Scarcely had this cruel farce been brought to a close, when the savages again formed as before, only parting at the place occupied by the chiefs to make room for a new-comer, in the shape of Mrs. Doolittle's white steed, as he came reluctantly into their midst, urged along by three or four Indian boys, who tugged at his bridle lustily, plying him with such weapons as were best adapted to enforce their authority, and seconded by the zeal of more haggish-looking squaws pressing upon his flank and rear than could bring their sticks and clubs to bear upon him. They came to a stand near where Dame Doolittle was stationed; and before she was fully aware of their intentions, a tall, athletic Indian had seized her, and mounted her safely on Davie's back. Tyasque, looking her full in the face, with as much gravity as one of the old Vikings would have assumed in pronouncing doom upon a deserter from his ship, and pointing down the grim avenue walled in by the heterogeneous mass of her persecutors, said, abruptly, "Ride!"

The martyr of the moment was armed with the same fragment of hickory that had never left her hand since the morning of the fight of Bloody Brook, and Davie had so vivid a recollection of its hard knots and ponderous weight, that it is most likely he would have needed little persuasion to lead off the dance at once. But his mistress had no such intention. On the other hand, by a singular dexterity of horsemanship—the combined result of a sudden twist of the bit and a blow upon the flank of the beast with the knotted stick—Davie wheeled with the celerity of a sea-bird, and brought his head with such force against the

breast of the savage who had placed his mistress in the saddle, that he dropped to the earth as suddenly as if his skull had been cleft by a hatchet. Then, facing about, she made a similar pass at Tyasque, who only escaped a like overthrow by darting aside and suffering her to pass by him. He then sprang toward her furiously; but whether with the design of pulling her to the ground, or of turning her horse's head in the direction which he designed he should travel, was never made clear; for a blow from the hickory bough, dealt with something more than a woman's energy, met him as he advanced, and, leaving its mark transversely across the entire breadth of his cheek and chin, sent him staggering a distance of several feet. "Get back, ye black varmint!" shouted, or rather screamed, the enraged dame—her wrinkled features blackened with all the hatred that the last twenty years of her life had accumulated against the Indians, while her formidable weapon made fearful circles in the air—"Get back, ye copper-skinned, long-haired scullions, or I'll be the death o' ye all! *Ride?* Ride, in troth will I, over the carcases of every squaw's son. Ye are not to think, because ye can play your tantrums and cantrips with my sister's child, that ye can do the like to Dorothy Doolittle! There is a difference between the aunt and the niece, I trow. To be captivated by such vile reptiles is doleful enough, though a decent captivity might be borne. But such infernal capers and devilish doings (may the Lord forgive me!) are not to be exercised on a woman of spirit. I'll ride ye down, squaw and Injin, to the earth e'en now." And flourishing her stick about the head and ears of Davie, she rode headlong into the midst of her tormentors. The momentum of Davie, as well as the more than aboriginal ferocity of the good Dame's features, that seemed to be instinct with a rage almost super-

natural, drove the squaws and papooses from her with a shrill scream. At the same instant Davie, inspired for the moment with the valour of his mistress, left the impress of his iron shoe in the forehead of a young sannup, and laid him sprawling on the green turf. "Ride?" continued the Amazon; "Dorothea Doolittle will not ride, I trow, at your bidding." And she was as good as her word; for neither the yells of the crowd, nor the commands of the warriors, who had now seized hold of both horse and rider, could shake her from her purpose.

The chiefs consulted a minute, and then bound her fast to the back of Davie with cords and twisted belts of deer-skin; and dragging both dame and horse, who now might be said to constitute one animal, to a little distance, tied the neck of the charger to the trunk of a tree. Six warriors then took their tomahawks, and, retiring to a point far enough removed from their target, faced about, when one of them poised his weapon in the air, and cast it with a deadly force at the head of the refractory captive. But, lithe as a serpent, she threw herself obliquely backward upon Davie's flank, and pointed mockingly at the hatchet as it buried its head in the sward.

Ashford now remonstrated with Tatoson. "This is murder," said he; "savage murder. Cannot great chief stop it?"

Tatoson pointed to Tyasque, and shook his head.

But Dame Doolittle had heard the remonstrance, and called out to Ashford, "Murder?—thou art right, young gentleman; it is salvage, mortal murder. Thy murder, as well as their's! If thou hadst but as much valour in thee as would slay a wren, thou would'st stop it thyself."

"My arms are pinioned behind me, good woman," said Ashford; "but shake your medicine-bag in their faces, and may-be they will desist."

The dame took the hint on the instant. She untied the provision-bag that hung about her neck, and had been the repository of all the bear's-meat and parched corn with which she had regaled herself for weeks, and flourished it high in the air. "Medicine! medicine!" shrieked Mrs. Doolittle, in a voice that had more of despair than faith in it.

The superstition of the savages completed her triumph; for after a moment's consultation with his warriors, in which Tatoson joined, Tyasque proclaimed that "she was the squaw medicine of the great fire sachem, Hobbomocko;" and commanded that she should be set free from her confinement, and led to the medicine lodge.

From that day forth, until her final release from captivity, the authority of Mrs. Dorothy Doolittle was equal in the tribe to that of the chief paniese himself.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Mine enemy is my deliverer."

A FEW days after the triumph of Mrs. Doolittle in the Indian camp, Tatoson had been summoned by a messenger from Philip to take leave of his prisoner, for the exercise of his prowess in some other part of the field. He departed, not without apprehension of danger to the young pale-face, and even warned him with great earnestness not to awaken the resentment of Tyasque, who, he said, of all Philip's chief sachems, was the most cruel and tyrannical. Ashford soon saw that he had fallen into hands less likely to respect his claims to kind treatment; for the old chief had scarcely left the encampment, when he was taken into the custody of two powerful warriors, who drew the ligatures with which he was bound so tightly about his arms, that they soon became so swollen as to give him excruciating pain. The pain, however, was of short duration; for that palsied numbness consequent upon the want of circulation of blood, soon succeeded. The next day they marched up the Connecticut, never departing more than a mile from the river, and for the most part keeping close upon its bank. About ten o'clock, they heard the stunning sound of a cataract; and Ashford soon saw, as they neared the high, rocky bank, that they had passed the precipice where the beautiful river took its fearful leap into a gulf that seemed beyond the power of the line and plummet to fathom.

The channel above the fall into which this vast volume of waters was compressed, preparatory to its final plunge, was so narrow, that he fancied, from the ledgy elevation from which he viewed it, that he could have almost stepped across the convulsed and whitened waters, as they rushed along with the speed of an arrow.

All the magnificence of rock and plumed ever-green that form the outworks of nature's wildest and most awe-inspiring retreats, frowned over that current, so immeasurably deep, so irresistibly strong with accumulated forces, the tribute of mountains that hide their heads in the clouds, or lakes that lie cool and limpid at their feet.

Whiling away the time with his own bitter thoughts, he soon perceived that they had passed the narrow space in the channel, and had arrived at a wide pool where the river lay spread out before them, and that he was himself standing just opposite the line where the waters began to whiten with the strength of the current that quickened as it descended, until it formed the rapids just described; and even above this line, the water was whirled around in circles that indicated the power of the under-current, and the presence of vast masses of rock that lay beneath the treacherous surface.

It was now noon, and the party halted, apparently for some purpose that involved some permanent stay; for he soon saw that they were gathering fuel in large quantities around the trunk of a small tree, as he supposed for the purpose of a religious ceremonial. Their wigwams were also built in a semi-circle near the tree.

Tyasque now called a council, in which he was the first to harangue the savages. All this was so much after their usual manner, that Ashford looked on as an idle spectator, until he observed the orator pointing with his hand men-

acingly at him, and noticed that the eyes of the Indians were instantly directed toward him. This gesture, and their vindictive looks, awakened in his mind suspicions that he was the sole object of the speech, as well as of the sacrifice which he doubted not would soon wreathe its flames around him. A shudder passed over his frame at the sight of this mock exhibition of a judicial trial, where the awful preparations for the execution stared the triers themselves in the face, as if to forestall the doom before it had passed their lips. He knew enough, however, of the characteristics of his judges to feel assured that any exhibition of alarm on his part would but bring on him their derision, without taking away any thing from the rigours of the sentence. He resolved, therefore, to command every muscle of his face—to meet every indignity heaped upon him with the stoical coldness which he was aware was at once the religion and philosophy of the Indian warrior.

Little time was allowed him for deliberation before the two warriors who had attended him since the departure of Tatoson came up to him, laid hold of his person, and dragged him into the midst of the council. As he was hurried along, he observed that several of the Indians were arranging the fuel around the tree in that fatal circle from which so few that pass it ever escape, until their spirits exhale in the flames that reduce the blackened remains to ashes. But it was only a momentary glance that he bestowed on it, as he turned to confront the bloody-minded chief, who, with eyes that seemed to prëfigure in their intense glare the consuming malice of the fire that was not yet kindled, said, in a sneering, half-ironical tone, "Does the pale captain know that he must feed the god of fire?"

"I am ready to die, chief," replied Ashford, calmly.

"It is long before the god will finish his feast, pale face:

he loves Umpame blood; it is sweet to his lips; he will drink it slow."

"I can wait till he has made his meal," said Ashford: "I laugh at your god; I laugh at Tyasque. He is a fawn. He has swift feet. Women leave their mark in the chief's face."

This was more than the torturer could bear. He sprang against the body of the Englishman with such force that he fell to the ground, unable as he was to support himself with his arms tied behind him. The chief raised him by taking hold of both his swollen hands, and lifting him slowly, so as to prolong the keen anguish that the operation inflicted. He then looked scrutinizingly into his face for the traces of suffering. But the lip did not quiver, the veins did not swell upon the temple, nor did the perspiration start upon the forehead. The privateer even smiled, as if the sensation was grateful to his nerves. Tyasque glanced first at the calm face and then at the crowd that looked on in astonishment.

"Pale-skin has no blood in his body. Let chief see," said Tyasque. He drew a long steel knife from his girdle as he spoke, and thrust it into the muscular part of Ashford's arm, a little above the elbow, and below the ligature. The knife must have severed a vein, for the blood spouted in a lively jet into the face of the chief as he withdrew it.

"The great Tyasque is weak," said Ashford; "his arm is weak, and his knife is dull. Let him call some other warrior."

The enraged savage made no reply, but pointed to the two tall Indians, and then to the already-finished pyre. They seized the devoted man each by the shoulder, and hurried him along, lifting him with no gentle application of force over the piled up fuel that encircled the death-tree;

they then bound him fast, his back against the tree and his face toward the river. The priest who was to do the final office of executioner, then walked slowly from a wigwam, bringing a small lighted coil of birch-bark in his hand, which he carried with great caution, lest the breeze that now blew freshly from the water should extinguish it. With a suppressed, eager curiosity, the long-haired spectators, who might have represented the Druids of ancient Britain in more than one feature of resemblance, crowded around the spot in several circles, the warriors nearest the tree. A dance was to be performed around the fire, according to the Indian custom, while the execution was going forward. The priest had scarcely dropped upon his knee to apply the half-consumed coil to the structure, when a cry, shrill and piercing as it had been the utterance of a wo too mighty for the heart to bear—a female cry—arrested his hands, and turned every eye in the direction whence it proceeded.

Not far from the place where the council had assembled was a small party of Indians advancing towards them, and in front of the savages a young female, hurrying forward with such speed that she seemed to fly rather than run toward the fatal spot. The astonished Indians made way for her to pass into the inner ring; and before the priest, who had been so unexpectedly surprised at his rite, could arrest her progress, she had climbed over the high barrier of wood that had been built up as if to shut out time from eternity, and drawing a small dagger from the silver scabbard that had been artfully concealed in her dress, passed its keen edge through the thongs that bound Ashford to the stake, severing them with such dexterity that the bark of the tree was cleft as if a lightning flash had shot down its surface to the ground. She was the first to speak:

"Fly, William Ashford! fly, for the love of Heaven! They will not harm a woman: leave me to the care of the God who has always befriended me. You have not a moment to lose. But no: it is in vain; you bleed: you have already felt the stroke that hath slain both you and me." She fell at his feet, as if she had indeed received the point of the knife in her own bosom.

Stunned by the suddenness of the interference that seemed to call back his spirit from the other world, Ashford stood an instant as if he had just been awakened from a troubled dream. But it was indeed a reality, more threatening and fearful at that moment than a thousand deaths. The idol of his breast was in the hands of the same remorseless men who had doomed him to perish in the flames for their mere diversion; at best, for the gratification of a revenge that was answerable to no law and subjected to no limit. She had stood, though but for a moment, between him and the element that was to consume him. And would they spare even her life? He stooped, and raised her from the earth. Her head fell upon his breast lifelessly, and her cheek, except where the warm blood that flowed from his own wound had besprinkled it, was of a death-like paleness.

"The spirit has left its crushed and ruined habitation," said Ashford: "those eyes have no light; those lips betray no smile. Death shall be more welcome to me now than was ever sleep after toil."

He felt himself grasped, as if in a vice, as he spoke, and saw the brawny hand of Tyasque as he disengaged the maiden from his arms, and threw her upon the earth with a ferocity that seemed designed to put beyond doubt what her mental agony appeared to have rendered but too certain. The old savage smiled grimly at the marks of anguish that

were now so visible in the features of one who had so long foiled his ingenious attempts to call forth some expression of pain, as he drew with a ten-fold vigour the knots of the cords and withes that secured the captive to the tree. When he had completed the task, he looked first at the young and beautiful figure that lay motionless at his feet, and then in the face of her lôver.

"Pale squaw not yet dead: will breathe and smile on white captain before he flies away in smoke. See!"

It was indeed true. She opened her eyes slowly as he spoke; but before she could extricate her reason from the maze in which the horrors of the scene had involved it, Tuspaquin had taken her up, and carried her without the enclosure. While she was gradually returning to consciousness, Tuspaquin addressed Tyasque in language that may be translated as follows:

"The chief of the quiver came from the south through the woods with this little Umpame girl who now sits by the side of the white squaw with the tears in eyes that are blue as the sky of the south-west. The chief met a Nipmuck sagamore with the white squaw, going to seek Philip. Tuspaquin took her into his tent. She sat by the blaze of his fire. In the night she led away the child from the Wampanoags into the woods. Tuspaquin bounded across the brook like the wolf, and found them lying side by side among the bushes. He brought them to the great Tyasque. He seeks for revenge. He has spoken."

"Chief," said Tyasque, "our warriors sing a song of a great squaw-sachem who went in her canoe down the white foam of the river, where the rocks are so close on either side that the panther can spring across the mist, and arrived safely in the land of the good Krichtan. The pale squaw with the dark eye shall follow her to the spirit-lake. It is good. I have spoken."

We have said that the river at the place where the council was held was wide, and, though not chafed into foam as below, was impelled by a strong current. It was visible from the place where Ashford stood for nearly a mile, until it was lost behind the ever-greens that crowned the hills that were reflected in its bosom.

Unable to turn his head, Ashford soon saw the young lady carried swiftly by him in the arms of an Indian, who, as he reached the brink of the river, was joined by several others, two of whom had already lifted out of the water a canoe of white birchen-bark, and now assisted in fastening the maiden to its slight frame-work. They then embarked with her, turned the prow up the stream, and paddled off from the shore.

The little boat trembled as it passed athwart the whirling eddies that lay in its course; but kept on its track with a steady resistance to the current, that bespoke the skill and strength of those who impelled it. Point after point in the windings of the wayward channel was passed by. Image after image of oak or pine that lay sleeping on the polished mirror was broken into fragments by the stroke of the paddles; but still the little boat kept steadily on. A wild bee, homeward bound to her forest-tree, could not have trusted to her instinct with the certainty of arriving at her destination by a more direct line than that along which it passed, making directly for a rock that rose above the surface of the water about midway in the stream.

Ashford stood bound and motionless watching its progress, without even once turning his eyes from the object so long and so fondly loved, until the gradually diminishing figure that occupied the centre of the canoe, and was visible between the shoulders of the Indians, became a speck barely distinguishable from a diamond water-drop in the distance.

Ashford's mind, now fully collected, took in at one view all the horrors of the scene before him. Forgetful of his own fate, he saw—he thought only of her. The Indians leapt upon the rock; and turning about the canoe, now freighted with its slight burden, committed it to the tender mercies of the strong flood, and swam leisurely toward the western bank to join the crowd of savages that stood breathless around the young privateer, now no longer an object of attraction, all looking intently—but with feelings how different!—on the doomed bark, which left to the sport of the element, began to gather strength as it glided on. At first, it shot gracefully down, yielding to the will of the current as lightly as if it had been the feather of a wood-pigeon that had fallen from her ruffled neck as she flew across the river; but soon its course was interrupted by a sudden breeze that struck it transversely, and threw it into one of the small whirlpools just described, where it went spinning around dizzily with the short, quick eddies for a moment, and then, regaining the prevailing current, darted on with renewed celerity. Its course was more than once impeded in this manner; so that it seemed endowed not only with wings, but with actual intelligence, flitting to and fro upon the surface of the water like a fire-fly dancing in the uncertain twilight of a summer evening, but still tending towards the jaws of the chasm that was gaping to swallow it up.

The combustible fuel that had been piled high around the other captive had by this time been kindled, and the flames, nearly free of smoke, running from the windward, began to curl in ruddy wreaths around the borders of the enclosure, gathering volume and strength from the fitful breath of the breeze. Already had the heat penetrated to the tree around which it glowed; already had it thrown its

suffocating glare over the features of the privateer; yet he heard not the crackling sound that admonished him of its approach—saw not the spires as they shot exultingly above him—felt not the flame. The broad sweeping tide—the little boat—the pale, still, helpless maiden, now brought so near him that he could see the outline of her face bent upon him—the small twinkling hand that waved in token of the final separation—these he saw, and these alone. A single whoop that broke from the crowd, denoting surprise or recognition rather than exultation or fear, answered from the opposite shore, arrested his attention. He looked, and beheld a solitary Indian, his scalp-lock adorned with the feathers of the gray eagle, dashing aside the low pine boughs that impeded his steps, and running rapidly toward the river. He stopped a moment on the bank, threw aside the otter cloak that encumbered his shoulders, cast off the wampum belt from his loins, and the bow from his back; and plunging into the stream below the boat, struck out boldly from the shore. The haughty bird whose plumes mingled with his coal-black hair, could scarcely, when in the pride of life he darted from his cliff, have cleft the air with more bold and sinewy strokes than those with which the strong swimmer stemmed the river, turning his head while he swam, to mark the progress of the canoe, and then hurrying farther out into the current that seemed already bearing him down. The strife was one of fearful inequality; for the momentum which the canoe, though light, had acquired in its descent, together with the power of the current, already whitened with streaks of foam, seemed too great for the unassisted strength of a single arm. He reached forth his hand to grasp the prow, but the slippery bark glided through his fingers, and rubbed against his forehead as he disappeared from view behind it. Suddenly it quivered and

stopped in mid course. The swarthy hand of the Indian was visible upon the stern, and then the plumed head could be seen making for the western shore. The canoe yielded like a wreath of foam to his gigantic strength, as slowly he drew it from the current, and then, heading it about, pushed it before him to the shore. As soon as it struck the sand, he took it up in his arms with its burden, and placed it high upon the bank. Without stopping to liberate the captive maiden, he ran hurriedly toward the crowd, which gave way on either hand at his approach, bounded over the burning wood, and with a steel hatchet which he had hastily snatched up in his progress, cut the tough thongs of deer-skin and wooden withes with which Ashford had been so securely bound, and bore him from the flames. Then pointing to the canoe, and addressing Tuspaquin, he said, angrily, "Bring the pale maiden to the arms of the white captain. Pometacom has a wife. The great son of Massasoit points not the arrows of flint against the long-haired maiden. I have spoken."

Tuspaquin slowly and sullenly cut the cords that confined Anne Willoughby to the canoe. In a moment the lovers stood side by side with the great sachem in his wigwam.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear."

Winter now began to exhibit its more forbidding features, binding the streams in fetters of ice and darkening the sky with storms. The snows had already fallen heavily over the whole surface of the country, hiding every feature of the upland and the valley in undistinguishable obscurity. In the midst of this dead uniformity of nature, the fears of the colonists increased to a tenfold degree. It appeared to them as if the smiles of Providence had been withdrawn with the departure of the singing birds and the summer sun; that the blasts and snows were the natural companions and kindred spirits of the savages, who, securely cabined and provisioned in the recesses of impenetrable swamps, lent to the storm a voice and spirit more fearful than its own.

The Narragansets had not as yet taken a very active part against the English. Indeed, the colonists had, as early as July of that year, extorted from four Indians of the tribe what they called a treaty; in which it was agreed on the part of the Indians that they would employ all possible means of hostility against Philip and his subjects, kill them wherever they could be found, and deliver them up to the English alive or dead. The Indians who signed this pretended treaty were not sachems, nor had they either from birth or prowess any power to bind the tribe or to make good their promise. This transaction was a farce of the most ridiculous character, and reflects even less

honour upon those who fraudulently procured it than upon the dupes who thus assumed prerogatives that had never belonged to them.

The Narragansets were now making preparations either for offensive or defensive warfare upon a scale that might well excite alarm in the minds of the colonial commissioners, and, after long consultation, they resolved on raising a force adequate to crush this powerful tribe at a single blow. This army consisted of one thousand men, of whom Massachusetts furnished five hundred and twenty-seven; Plymouth, one hundred and fifty-eight; and Connecticut, three hundred and fifteen. It was commanded by Josiah Winslow, governor of Plymouth colony, already known to the reader as a gentleman of family, and one of the most accomplished scholars of that day, who possessed many qualities that rendered him prëeminent as a military officer. Those from Massachusetts were under the command of Major Appleton, and next him in place the gallant Moseley with four other captains, one of whom, Captain Prentice, had charge of a company of cavalry. The Connecticut forces were under the direction of Major Treat: they were sub-divided into five companies, under Captains Seely, Gallup, Mason, Watts and Marshall;—while the small quota furnished by Plymouth consisted of two companies under Major Bradford and Captain Gorham.

Prentice's dragoons on the seventeenth of December penetrated the Indian country as far as Pettyquamscott, which, to their surprise, they found a mass of ruins. Fifteen of the inhabitants, terribly mangled and scalped, lay scattered among the rubbish of their homes. The next day the Massachusetts and Plymouth forces advanced to this place, and were soon joined by Treat and his men. The army had expected to find comfortable quarters there,

and Winslow was sorely disappointed to find that Bull's garrison, a place that had been considered impregnable, and would have afforded an excellent shelter, was in common with the village totally destroyed. Thus deprived of shelter from the winds and snows, the army was exposed through the whole night to the fierce extremities of winter. The horses suffered even more intensely than the men, for the corn which was to have supplied their supper at the garrison was totally consumed. Several of the soldiers had their feet frozen during the night, and most of them slept but little.

The Narragansets were well aware of what was going forward, and were prepared for the expected encounter, by every precaution that skill in fortification and their limited knowledge of the mode of warfare practiced by their formidable enemy could suggest. They were under the direction of Canonchet, better known by the name Nanuntenoo, a chief no less distinguished for his daring than for his caution, who felt all the wrongs which the assailants had inflicted upon him and his tribe, increased a thousandfold in intensity from the consciousness that he had spared no pains to keep himself and his subjects free from the entanglements of war, in which Philip had long sought in vain to involve him. But the memory of the cruel death of his father Miantunamoh, and, perhaps, more than all else, the mock treaty which had been forced upon his tribe without his consent, had succeeded in consummating what the masterly address of Philip had failed to bring about—an entire change in the chieftain's views and policy. He had now thrown off his disguise (if such it was) of neutrality, and appeared in open arms against the English.

He was already apprised by his runners of the close proximity of the English to his fort, and now anxiously

awaited the appearance of Philip with the rëinforcement which he was expected to bring in aid of the defence of the spot where his tribe had held their principal seat for many generations, and which had been gradually fortified by successive sachems, until he might well deem it impregnable.

This fort was situated upon an island or upland plain, containing about six acres of ground, in the midst of a vast cedar swamp, so dense in its foliage and fibrous brushwood that the winds and snows that howled around it could scarcely penetrate its depths, and the very approach of any footsteps, save that of the wolf or of the savage men who had chosen it for their retreat, seemed impossible.

Around this elevated platform strong palisades of cedar had been driven into the ground, and lashed together with withes of hickory; and this was surrounded with a hedge of ever-green boughs, so closely matted together by the weight of heavy logs, and masses of stone that had been piled upon them, as to make a high, solid defence, almost as firm as a wall of brick or stone, and nearly a rod in thickness.

Through this "rude abattis," as one of our historians has very properly denominated it, there was but a single entrance, and this was over an immense log, five or six feet from the ground, that stretched across a stream too deep to be forded. This opening, if such it could be called, was "commanded in front by a log-house, and on the left by a flanker." In the summer, this little oasis in the midst of the waste that surrounded it would have presented, with its freshly-springing flowers, its long grass, and luxuriant foliage, walled in with the cedars and bushes that lined its green margin, and covered with its wigwams of clay scattered at random under the few tall maples and ash-trees that had shot their roots downward and their branches

upward until every roof-tree had become a monument to mark some traditionary tale memorable in the history of the tribe, might have afforded a spectacle wild and primitive to the eye as any of those fairy-haunted dells with which the earlier English poets garnish their beloved island.

The side-saddle plant—the water-lily, with its white bosom and aromatic perfume—might have been seen swimming in the water without the palisades; and within, the pride of the meadow rising above the tall bent grass that concealed the arbutus or the native wild-rose. But now, in the dead of winter, its whole appearance was sombre and solitary. The very foliage of the cedars looked even more gloomy than the bare trunks and naked limbs of the ash and maple that intercepted the dun smoke as it ascended from an hundred wigwams.

The lodge of Nanuntenoo stood in the midst of the enclosure, upon the highest point of ground, and was of dimensions to accommodate a council of two hundred warriors. The dry-wood fire that occupied its centre on that December evening blazed high, diffusing a welcome warmth to the very matting that formed its simple walls.

Near the entrance, at some distance from the fire, sat the chief of the Narragansets, in the midst of a small company of his sachems and warriors, in consultation. To judge from the fiery looks of those who surrounded him, it was evidently a fierce debate; but the chief's eye, as seen by the uncertain light of the fire, was indicative of no anticipated triumph. His large angular features, high and marked, even to an unusual degree, with the projection of the cheek-bone that is said to characterize the aboriginal races, were passive and calm as those of a philosopher of the stoic school. His voice also was grave, and free alike from enthusiasm and passion. With a complexion a shade

darker than that of the other Indians, his black hair fell down upon his shoulders in heavy masses, while upon the frontal part of the head it stood up erect and bristling, as if every individual hair had been a fibre of iron. The whole of this polled or shaven surface was ornamented with the feathers of the ospray, the same that Miantunnamoh had worn by many a council-fire. He wore moccasins and leggins of deer-skin, and a coat with gilt buttons, purchased probably of the English, in exchange for skins or wampum. His neck was entirely bare, and the coat being open, gave to view what savages are seldom ambitious to conceal—a throat and chest, the muscles of which, naturally fine, were so well distended by toil and rough exposure, as to differ little in hardness from the bones which they concealed. The statue of an aboriginal god, wrought of the hardest stone, could not have expressed more of the powers of stern, passive endurance than was delineated in the face and figure of this chieftain.

On the other side of the fire, and against the wall of the wigwam, sat a group of Indian women, in the midst of whom, with the long hair falling about her shoulders, and reaching even to her small feet, sat the queen of the Wampanoags, screening from the light of the fire the last descendant of the line of Massasoit, and looking earnestly into the face of the child as he slept upon her bosom, forgetful of his tiny bow and quiver. The expression of pride, that belongs of right to the features of every Indian, was in the eye and upon the brow of Wookenuske, softened and qualified by a mournful solicitude, as if the curtain of the future had been uplifted, and the dark events that lay behind it suddenly disclosed to her vision. It was currently believed among the Indians that she possessed the power of prophesy, on which account she was treated with a double

reverence. If this was indeed true, the leaves of fate were never intrusted to a sybil who had a purer soul or a more darkly-rolling eye.

"Why comes not the chief of the eagle's plume?" said the queen to herself, looking anxiously toward the door of the lodge. "It is late; the sky is lighted with the white ashes of the sacrifice that the god of evil has scattered upon the winds. But the snows are not good; the queen likes them not."

A single whoop, like a horn-blast blown before the gate of a castle, now sent its thrill to her ear. She would have known its faintest echo as it died among the tree-tops. It had cheered her heart a thousand times in days that were past, and had mingled its sound with the swift foot-steps of the young warrior-chief as he flew to her arms, laden with the trophies of victory. But now no echo followed the premonitory note that fell like a spent arrow against the walls of the lodge. It was the voice of Pometacom.

"The chief of the Wampanoags is at the door of the cabin of the son of Miantunnamoh," said Nanuntenoo: "there are many steps upon the snow; he has many people with him."

A crackling sound succeeded, as of footsteps among the bushes; and then, passing along the high log that formed the only entrance, the sachem leaped into the fort, followed in single file by more than three hundred warriors, and having in charge the white prisoners of whom the reader has already made the acquaintance. He stepped boldly up to Canonchet, and waved his hand in response to the welcome of the Narraganset.

Never were two men placed side by side whose features and bearing presented a more striking contrast. The eye of the Wampanoag, already kindled with the impending

battle, gleamed wildly as the flames of the fire that gave his high forehead and strongly-marked, though graceful lineaments to view. His look expressed at once all the enthusiasm, all the strength of will, all the pride, both of intellect and descent, that marked every action of his life, and have still left their indelible traces upon the history of the war of which he was the author and the soul. On the other hand, Nanuntenoo stood calm and cold, as if the tides of battle had never flowed in his veins.

"Welcome!" said he, addressing his visiter. "The sachem of the woods beyond the waters is welcome to the lodge of the chief of the Narragansets."

"Are the warriors of Canonchet ready?" asked Philip, impetuously; "have they sacrificed to their god? are the strings of their bows new? are their arrows sharp?"

The son of Miantunamoh has new sinews of deer tied to his bow, and his arrows have wings of the feathers of the ospray," replied the Narraganset, briefly.

"It is good: to-morrow the pale-faces come; they sleep in the snows to-night; they shall sleep in the snows until the spring melts the flesh from their bones. Where is the queen of the Wampanoags?"

Canonchet pointed to the opposite side of the lodge.

Philip passed around the fire, and kneeling so as not to disturb the sleep of the boy, placed one hand gently upon his head and the other upon the brow of his queen. He smiled as he whispered in her ear, "The son of Metacom sleeps, and Kenuske is his good spirit—she is his dream."

"He will open his dark eyes in the morning," replied the mother; "he will draw his bow, and show that he is the son of a great chief."

Philip now placed Ashford and Cornelius under guard; and, with the same kindness which had governed all his

conduct toward Miss Willoughby and Emily since he had first met them, and snatched the former from a watery grave, he then led them forward, and spread their mats with his own hand near that of his wife and child. He then retired to the other side of the lodge, and motioned to Mrs. Doolittle to follow. But the dame only replied, as she drew more closely around her the bear-skin in which she had already bestowed herself—

"Does the black imp of Sathan think I cannot go to sleep without his gallavanting and politeness? He had better attend to his own squaw and sannup; Dorothea Doolittle can find a place to lay an honest head upon, without the help of the like of him. Beckon and motion to me indeed! If once you did the like of that in any room in the Pomperauge Public, a kettle of boiling water, poured over the black face of ye, would be the mildest treatment ye should get at my hands!"—As she concluded, she covered her face with a corner of the bear-skin, in token of the inexpressible contempt which his interference had awakened.

The chief turned away from her with an exclamation of astonishment at conduct which he was totally unable to understand.

Before the fire died away in the lodge, the chieftain and his prisoners were wrapped in profound sleep.

CHAPTER XIX.

"A mass of ashes slaked with blood."—Scott.

Little repose had Winslow and his men as they lay pillowed upon the snows that fell throughout the greater part of that long, dreary night. With the first peep of dawn they were aroused, and commenced their march towards the enemy, who were still distant from them about fifteen miles. The Massachusetts forces, under Moseley, marched in front; General Winslow, with the two companies from Plymouth, formed the centre; and the troops from Connecticut, under Major Treat, brought up the rear. Without food, except what they snatched up hastily on their march, without fire, without even the requisite amount of clothing to protect them from the severity of the weather, and wading through the deep snow, the army still made the best of their way onward, and, notwithstanding the difficulties that beset them at every step, kept up their flagging spirits for many a weary mile. About one o'clock, they entered the outskirts of the swamp, and had not marched many rods before they fell in with an advanced party of the enemy.

Moseley, who was in the van, immediately directed his men to fire on them. Their shot was evidently not without effect; for the enemy, although they returned it, retreated with precipitation until they had led their pursuers to the entrance of the fort which we have before described. Moseley did not wait for the other troops to join him, but led his men one by one past the block-house, and along the

log into the enclosure. The Indians who had just retreated before him, now opened a deadly fire from the block-house, which was seconded from the fort with such zeal in every direction, that he was compelled to retreat. The main body of the army now pressed stoutly on, but the dense bushes, laden heavily with snow that fell in their faces as they brushed them aside, blinded their eyes, and greatly impeded their march. Captains Johnson and Davenport, with several of the best men under Moseley's command, were already killed, and many others wounded.

Philip and about fifty of his best warriors were stationed in the lodge, where he had passed the night, and poured their fire into the enemy, unprotected as they were, with fatal effect.

Meanwhile, Nanuntenoo, who had stationed himself, with about one hundred warriors, without the fort, and, as he supposed, beyond the reach of the English, opened a murderous fire upon those who had entered it. Captain Gardner, of Salem, was shot through the head first, as Church, who was acting in the capacity of aid-de-camp to the general, had entered the fortification. Church instantly perceiving that the ball came from the upland without the palisades, sent a messenger to General Winslow, and communicated the fact to him, requesting that he might be permitted to fall in the rear, and dislodge the enemy. As soon as he found that his request was granted, he left the fort with his small company, and soon struck into a broad, bloody trail, along which the Indians had dragged their dead and wounded.

It was not long before he espied Canonchet and his warriors, lying close behind the bushes, and gave orders to his party that the instant they saw the Indians rise to fire into the fort, they should consider that as the signal to fire

upon them. This was done with such well-directed aim, that more than thirty Indians were killed at the first shot. The rest, stunned and astonished to find an enemy in their rear, rushed, some into the fastnesses of the swamp, and others through the bushes and over the palisades, hotly pursued by the English. The fugitives concealed themselves as well as they were able in a wigwam that stood near the palisades. The Connecticut troops, under Major Treat, had already effected an entrance, and were now in close contact with the Indians. Moseley rushed forward to the lodge, where Philip and his bravest men still fought with desperate courage, projecting the barrels of their muskets through the crevices in the wall, and taking deliberate aim at the officers, with comparative security to themselves. Every wigwam in the fort had its little garrison armed with guns or bows and arrows that sent forth secretly their messengers of death from behind every obstacle that could offer a screen to the marksman. Of course, the English could pursue no regular method of warfare. They went in detached parties of three or four men from wigwam to wigwam, driving the Indians before them, or closing in mortal struggle with the inmates. Church passed from lodge to lodge, cheering on his men, and striking to the earth all who opposed him, with that total disregard of the lives or limbs of the enemy with which long experience of the habits of Indians, and long practice in hunting them in the woods, had endowed him. This promiscuous species of warfare was to him a natural element. The twang of the bow-string, the flight of the arrow, the yells from a thousand throats—blended with the mighty voice of the winter wind as it swept around the borders of the dreary swamp, moaning among the ever-greens that surrounded the scene of conflict, like the distant wail of the ocean after a storm—were music blithe as that of a holiday to his ear.

Nearly all the English troops had now entered the fort, and the work of destruction was going forward from so many points of attack and defence over its whole area, that both parties were exposed as well to the fire of their friends as to that of their enemies. The flakes of snow that loaded the sky seemed scarcely more uncertain of the objects upon which they were to alight in their hovering descent, than the numberless balls and missiles of the besiegers and the besieged, as they passed by and crossed each other's track through the air; sometimes piercing the bodies of the combatants, and sometimes quivering in the posts of the wigwams that arrested their misdirected flight.

The battle had now raged full three hours with unabated fury, and many of the bravest of the English officers were lying dead upon the snow. Church had already been carried off from the field, dangerously wounded, and still the great central wigwam or council lodge of Nanuntenoo, where Philip fought with a ferocity that would have dismayed spirits less daring than those of Moseley and Treat, sent forth its shafts and bullets from every orifice with which the shot of the assailants had perforated it.

The prisoners, whose presence was not yet known to their friends, by lying flat upon the ground, had sustained no serious injury, although the bullets whistled not a foot over their heads, and a stray arrow had already passed through the gray hair of Mrs. Doolittle as she lay upon her face, severing from her head a large share of those locks already sufficiently thinned by time. The accident must have shocked the nerves of the good lady; for she passed her hand across the denuded part with a rueful expression of countenance, and then reaching forth to the arrow that stood fastened in the side of the lodge, plucked it out, and broke it into as many pieces as her limited

space for exercising her strength with safety would permit; at the same time muttering between the seven teeth that still retained their position in her mouth—

"Lord of mercy! had I been of the age of Emily, I should have cried my eyes out; but it is the least of my troubles now. Nothing, Mr. Ashford—nothing, Miss Willoughby, like being forced to shut up the Public. Ah, thrift, thrift!—there is little thrift, I trow, where these sooty devils—once more may I be forgiven for the use of wicked words!—are screeching, and wauling, and shooting their diabolical stones and feathers into the faces and eyes of Christian people! Just to look at that black-a-moor Philip! I have never had a rational experience of the very incarnate *evil one* till now. How the painted wretch lays about him with his club, and his great stone axe, and his other salvage clap-traps, just for nothing but the pure love of mischief! I wish, with all my heart, and soul to boot, Mr. Ashford, they had forgot to tie your legs and arms in that heathenish way, for then you could give him a blow in the back that would send him reeling, as I have seen old Tyasque before now when he was drunk with occopeeches, as the barbarous creature calls it. You would fight, sir, if they would give you a chance: I know it well by the flash of your eye. And if Cornelius were untied, he might do something; but no, sir; there aint a drop of blood that runs in his lazy veins—he's as well bound as loose after all. He's a coward, from his great pudding-head to his knees, I trow! But what dreadful racket is this at the hither-end of the wigwam? They'll tear the crazy thing down, and murther us all in cold blood."

It was indeed true that the northern end of the wigwam, near which the prisoners lay, and which had not before been subjected to attack, was now assailed with great

violence. About one half of the Indians who had been fighting by Philip's side immediately came up with guns, clubs, and bows and arrows, to defend the breach, which it appeared, from the weakness of the structure at this point, must inevitably be made in it. Even Philip looked back towards the spot where his beautiful queen and darling son seemed exposed to new dangers, as if doubting whether he had not better lend his own gigantic arm to the other scale of the doubtful enterprise. But the blows near the place where he stood were now renewed with redoubled fury; and the stern old privateer, followed by several of his most reckless companions, at that moment bursting into the lodge, determined his course. Almost at the same instant, an opening was forced at the northern extremity of the lodge, and immediately Treat, with a score of hardy Connecticut troops—among the foremost of whom Ashford immediately recognised the slender form and calm, resolute face of Sherman—came swarming through the breach, that widened every moment as they pressed in.

With a quiet smile, and without uttering a word, Sherman freed Ashford of the thongs that had hitherto prevented him from sharing in the *meleé*, and placed in his hands a cutlass and one of his own pistols. Scarcely had the entrance of Treat been effected, when Canonchet from a neighbouring wigwam came with a large body of warriors to the relief of Philip, following hard upon Treat and his men through the passage.

"Face about!" said the old farmer; "face about, and clear the tent of them, my merry men! Give them blows, but no bullets, for the love of Heaven, for here are prisoners, and, on my life, women too!—Strike them home!"

Most of Treat's officers had already been either killed or wounded; but every private had the spirit of a hero,

and would have died at any moment, much more in the heat of battle, to oblige the major. With Ashford and Sherman at their head, they did indeed strike them home with such fatal effect that Canonchet was soon forced to withdraw, but not until he had possessed himself of the queen and son of Philip. Both were carried out rather as prisoners than as friends—the boy struggling in vain for liberty, and Wookenuske, in the agony of her sorrow, begging the chief that he would leave her to perish with Philip.

"Take the young sachem to bear the bow for the children of the eagle!" she exclaimed, extending her hands in the attitude of supplication, "but leave Wookenuske to go to the spirit-lake with Pometacom!" But the request was unheeded as if made to an inanimate object. Impassive as a rock, Canonchet grasped her slender waist, and bore her off with friendly violence.

Meanwhile, Philip and Moseley were engaged in a struggle for the possession of the wigwam, that seemed of very doubtful issue. Philip was surrounded by some of his most tried warriors, all men of athletic proportions and prodigious personal strength. On the other hand, the privateers, their blood now fairly up, seemed more ferocious than the savages themselves; so that the encounter was like that of an equal number of beasts of prey, goaded to madness with hunger, when food is unexpectedly thrown into their midst. The smothered report of the pistol in the confined enclosure of the wigwam scarcely equalled the stunning sound of the heavy war-club, as it came in contact with the skull of the assailant. Moseley had in vain sought, from the time that he had first entered the lodge, to grapple with Philip, and try title with him by a close conflict hand to hand. This opportunity now presented itself; for while the chief was

in the act of raising his club to strike an Englishman who stood near, one of the privateers, taking advantage of a cloud of smoke that followed the discharge of a pistol, grasped the club with both his hands, and wrested it from him. At the same instant Moseley sprang forward, and threw his arms about the body of the sachem. Philip immediately closed with him, throwing his brawny arms around him with a force that must have broken the ribs of a less powerful antagonist. This trial of strength brought the other parties to the combat to a stand, and all looked on with breathless interest to see what would be the result. The Englishman was short and clumsy, but muscular, and hardened with toil and exposure to such a degree that his whole frame seemed constructed of iron. The Indian, tall, and at the same time powerfully made, combined, with the agility of his race, the strength of a Greek wrestler, practiced in the hardiest school.

There could be little doubt what must be the result of the struggle; at least so thought Cornelius, who, knowing that he was now exposed to little danger, and feeling a hearty attachment for the privateer, to whose intercession he owed his life, came rolling up just at the moment when Moseley seemed about to fall a victim to the superior strength of his adversary, and struck Philip such a blow upon the head with his cutlass, that he reeled and fell, dragging Moseley after him to the ground.

A crowd of both parties closed around them; but, at this crisis, Major Treat came to the aid of the English with such a superior force, that Philip was compelled to retreat. This event decided the issue of the battle.

More than two hundred of Winslow's troops lay either dead or wounded upon the field, and more than twice that number of Indians. Scarcely waiting to gather up their

dead, and leaving hundreds of their women and children in the fort to the mercy of their enemies, the combined forces of the Wampanoags and Narragansets fled yelling from the fort into the depths of the swamp.

The English now began to set fire to the wigwams. Captain Church, who was severely wounded, and faint from loss of blood, laboured in vain to prevent this wanton and ill-judged destruction of the fortification. Disabled as he was, he hastened to the general, and begged earnestly that he would interpose his authority to save it.

"There are, may it please your excellency," said the sagacious soldier, "hundreds of cabins filled with stores of provisions, enough to victual our whole army till spring. It is now nearly dark, and if we keep possession of the place, we shall have shelter for the wounded, and corn for ourselves and our horses. If we burn it, the wounded will die on their march through the snow before morning."

But less prudent counsels prevailed. The sky was soon illuminated with the blaze of an hundred wigwams; and, amid the howl of the storm and the yells of perishing women and children, the fort of the Narragansets and the royal lodge of Nanuntenoo lit up like a vast beacon the ground that they had so nobly defended, streaming over the ghastly surface of the snow, still crimsoned with the blood of their proudest chieftains.

CHAPTER XX.

"I never asked of mortal yet a boon,
Nor will I now. Death is a welcome sleep,
And servitude is hell."

THE signal victory gained by the English over the Narragansets, so far from intimidating the Indians, only served to fasten more firmly their hereditary hatred. Nanuntenoo, who had been reluctantly drawn into the struggle, now roused all the energies of his naturally inert character to carry on with every aggravation of cruelty the war which he was well aware must terminate in the utter extermination of one or other of the contending parties. Knowing that his life was inevitably forfeit, like all other brave men, he felt that there was now left for him no middle ground of neutrality or compromise. For the remainder of the winter, the burden of the war fell mainly upon his shoulders; for Philip soon left the colonies for the Canadas, for the purpose of procuring allies against the opening of the spring campaign. That chief also visited the Mohawk country, where he exercised all his eloquence and address to involve the central tribes in the enterprise that had undivided possession of his soul. He flew from settlement to settlement with astonishing celerity, defying alike hunger, cold, and—what is more discouraging than all other obstacles to an enthusiastic nature—the chilling, incredulous looks of the chiefs whose country he visited, and who, from their comparative remoteness from the scene

of conflict, had little experience of the wrongs of which he complained. Nanuntenoo, at the head of the greater part of his warriors, withdrew from the Narraganset country soon after the destruction of his fort, and united his men with those of the Nipmucks, River Indians, and other allies of Philip. He encamped at Squakheag, maturing his counsels and concentrating his forces with a coolness and skill that could not fail to keep the minds of the English in constant agitation. The work of devastation went gradually forward for miles around his camp during the remainder of the winter. Villages were burned; cattle and horses driven off into the woods to supply the depredators with food; men, women and children were either killed and scalped, or dragged into a captivity that grew more and more irksome, as the daily progress of the war added to the recklessness of the savages.

Meanwhile, Ashford, with a small escort of privateers and a few colonists, conducted Miss Willoughby to Hadley, where she was safely lodged in the house of Mr. Russel, and where she found her uncle awaiting her. Here Ashford remained during the winter, for the sake of repairing the fort, that had become dilapidated to such a degree as to be scarcely a defence against the enemy, and more especially to protect from further casualty the maiden who had been already exposed to dangers ill adapted to her sex and rank.

The residue of the English army remained in the Narraganset country for several weeks. During this time they destroyed hundreds of Indian villages, already deserted by the inhabitants, and took possession of vast stores of Indian-corn, with wampum of immense value.

Connecticut, though she had suffered little during the war from the encroachments of the Indians, had furnished

her full quota of men, in obedience to the orders of the commissioners. Towards spring she raised several volunteer companies, made up principally of citizens from Norwich, New London, and Stonington, with a large number of Pequod and Mohegan Indians, for the further annoyance of the enemy. Captain John Denison, a man who had served in Ireland, and who brought to the enterprise a high courage, tempered with more skill and experience than belonged to most of the colonial officers, was in command. Toward the close of March, in company with Captain Avery, he led his forces into the Narraganset country. Nanuntenoo had just before left Squakheag, and gone down to Seekonk for the purpose of procuring seed-corn, with which to plant the intervals of Connecticut river the ensuing season.

While crossing the enemy's country, Denison accidentally struck the trail of the Indians. It was large, and easily distinguished by a less practised eye than that of Denison. He had not followed it far when he overtook two squaws, from whom he learned that it had been made by Nanuntenoo and a large party of his warriors, and that they were not far distant, near the Black river. Denison hurried forward, and soon came up with the Indians, who were evidently totally unprepared for the approach of so formidable a force, and fled precipitately, without striking a blow, before Nanuntenoo, who was marching in advance of his men, was aware of the pursuit. He faced suddenly about, and called desperately on his warriors to turn and close in with the English; but they were already thrown into too much disorder to be controlled, and the frequent discharge of the guns of the pursuers, with the yells of the savages, drowned the voice of the chief, and left him only the hope of flight. A small party of the English,

with two or three Pequod runners, were already close upon him, and several rifles were discharged, one of which lodged a ball in his thigh; but the nimble-footed sachem kept on his course, notwithstanding this impediment, bounding through the bushes that obstructed his way, and followed by a young Pequod who ran with the speed of a greyhound, his eye fixed eagerly on the fugitive. When the chief reached the river bank, he turned; and perceiving that the runner was gaining upon him, he threw off his laced coat and belt of peag, and plunged into the river, holding his rifle above his head, and fording it at first with as much apparent ease as if he had been still running in the woods. But the current, swollen by the spring rains, rushed along with great velocity, so that he was carried further down the stream than he had expected. The bed of the river was also filled with large boulders of granite, that had been worn smooth by long contact with the water, and were so covered with slime as to afford an uncertain footing. When he had reached the middle of the channel, he accidentally stepped upon one of these slippery stones, and fell headlong, at the same time plunging his rifle deep into the water. His last hope was now extinct; the Pequod was close upon him, and the rest of the party were following hard behind.

Faint with loss of blood, the chief, with the useless weapon still clenched in his hand, dragged himself to the bank. He had scarcely reached it, when the runner seized him about the waist, and threw him upon the ground. Nanuntenoo, too much exhausted to resist, lay upon his face, without even deigning to bestow a look upon the Pequod, until Robert Staunton, the leader of the little party, came up.

Staunton, who was a young man, not more than two-and-twenty years of age, on arriving at the place where Nanuntenoo lay, began to ply him with questions.

The prisoner bent his cold eye upon him, and replied, briefly, in such English as he could commmand, "You much child; no understand matters of war; let your captain come; him I will answer."

Denison caused him to be conveyed to Stonington, under a strong guard, and used all his powers of entreaty that the noble captive might be spared; but after the formalities of a trial, that are said by historians to reflect little honour upon the triers, he was condemned to death. After the verdict, his life was tendered to him, if he would consent to make peace with the English: he spurned the proffer with the bitterest scorn; and was sentenced to be shot by the Mohegan and Pequod sachems. When the result of the trial was made known to him, he replied, calmly, "Nanuntenoo likes it well; he will die before his heart is soft, and he has said any thing unworthy of himself."

The records of Spartan and Roman fame do not contain a sentiment more worthy of a hero when passing to the land where his religion has taught him that valour shall be rewarded, than the last words of the son of Miantunnamoh.

CHAPTER XXI.

"And airy tongues that syllable men's names."—*Comus.*

Ashford spent the two months that remained of the winter in rebuilding the fort at Hadley, as well as in bringing the citizens to such a state of discipline as might be needed to repel the invasion of the enemy, which was every day rendered more probable. His elegance of person, and frank, easy manners, gave him the same ready access to the hearts of the inhabitants that had in all places been accorded to him. His former haughtiness of bearing, together with the abrupt, reckless air that is peculiar to a life of adventure upon the high seas, had given place to a deep earnestness that blended gracefully with the enthusiasm of his character. The dashing address of the buccanier, the restless spirit of the rover that used to gleam in his eye and flit across his brow, if they now flashed forth for an instant, were not the prevailing expression. But all the experience of the privateer remained fresh in his mind; and this he could set forth in anecdotes of events that took place upon desert islands, or in the lonely night-watch upon deck, in language at once so lively and simple, as to throw over his romantic life a mystery that exalted him in the imaginations of the villagers who listened, to the dignity of a hero. In any circle, his vivid delineations of what he had seen, his sympathetic frankness, might have made him a delightful companion; but, to the young men of Hadley, he was at the same time an object mysterious and beloved.

Ashford was one of those few men who, from a combination of strong physical with strong intellectual powers, and all aided by a certain native facility of manner, seldom excite envy or emulation in the breast of any individual, of whatever rank. He never seemed to act from motives of policy, nor seek by any studied arts even the good-will of others, which, by a kind of necessity, and by the very play of his faculties, always followed his words and actions. With him, every thing was natural; whether he sung a song, or told a sailor's story, it was the theme itself, and not the execution of it, that appeared to engross his attention. He knew what he had never known before—that rare state of quiet, and almost repose, which poets have sometimes supposed to be the very impersonation of human happiness.

The house of Mr. Russell was the centre of all his hopes, and there the long evenings passed by on wings so swift and airy that he was scarcely conscious of their flight.

One evening, early in April, as he stepped over the threshold, he found Mr. Southworth alone, and observed a cloud upon his features, which was so little in keeping with the bland and cordial manner with which the reverend gentleman usually welcomed him, that he was constrained to inquire the cause.

The clergyman replied readily, though with evident signs of embarrassment, "I should do a great wrong, not only to myself and to you, but also to one who is dearer to me than all else on earth, were I to withhold from you a full expression of the doubts that harass my mind. My lovely Anne is both young and an orphan; she has been left me as a kind of legacy by parents whom I loved from childhood, and who were bound to me by ties of near kindred. I need not say to you, that whatever relates to her happiness or interest is most intimately allied to mine. Your acci-

dental arrival at the Bluff, and your repeated visits there, were not of a nature to call for any inquiries from me, and your subsequent conduct towards my niece has confirmed me in the conviction which I have all along entertained of your honour and worth. We of the gown and band, Mr. Ashford, know little beyond what we read in the books of the great and good who have gone before us, and the narrow line of our individual or social experience. The world is to us a blank page, though its characters are bright, perhaps golden to you. This must be my excuse for what I am about to ask you."

"Whatever you may ask, shall at least be kindly received," interposed Ashford.

"You have already informed me that you love Miss Willoughby, and she has signified to me that the sentiment is returned. But, in my zeal for her interest, I asked her a question concerning you this morning, which, to my surprise, she told me she was unable to answer."

"What was that, Mr. Southworth?"

"I inquired of your family and former occupation."

"Sir," replied Ashford, "I have never deceived Miss Willoughby, nor will I you. My name of Ashford belonged to an ancestor of my mother, but it is not my father's name. I have assumed it for purposes which you will pardon me if I tell you that I cannot now explain—which my personal safety and that of my dearest friends make it indispensable that I should for the present keep a profound secret—but for purposes which are not only honest, but honourable; purposes which, though they may seek to elude the forms of justice, are stained with no innocent blood nor darkened with crime. But my life and that of another might be the forfeit were I to disclose my name. Yet, if you will forbear to question me, you shall know all in good time; and

if I do not make every thing plain to your satisfaction, I will relinquish my heart's treasure, and again become a wanderer. Wait but three months, till I can communicate with my aged father, who is now in Holland, and know of his safety, and I will explain all."

The clergyman took Ashford's hand with more confidence than he had ever before felt in him, and pressed it warmly as he replied, "It is a strange tale, but there is truth stamped in every line of that face of thine, and I will trust thee."

At this moment a light step was heard upon the stairs, the door opened, and as Miss Willoughby entered the apartment, the sensitive, kind-hearted clergyman withdrew.

The features of the young lady wore a troubled expression, and her colour was heightened to an unusual degree. Ashford inquired the cause with deep anxiety, taking both her small hands in one of his as he spoke, and passing the other gently across her flushed forehead.

"What means this unwonted shadow of sorrow? or," he added, playfully, "can it be anger, that has left its tinge upon that cheek, and am I the unconscious cause?"

"My uncle has explained the cause," answered Miss Willoughby, "if I am to judge by his troubled manner—a manner which seldom fails to express what is uppermost in his mind. Besides, he told me this morning of his intention to embrace the earliest opportunity to address you upon the subject of the mystery which involves you and your family. May I ask if it has been explained to his satisfaction?"

"I have maintained a reserve, my dearest Anne," replied Ashford, "upon whatever relates to my name and family, for reasons which I have already hinted at in my interviews with you, and which I have promised to explain at no remote day. Mr. Southworth has such confidence

in me, that he is willing to wait three months for an answer that is to place me on a footing with you and with him, that will not, I hope, take from me the love and esteem which you have so unreservedly bestowed upon me. My secret is my master."

"And is your father really in danger, should you disclose your name? I think you have already told me that he is in Holland; and may I ask how can his destiny be affected by a disclosure to those who will keep whatever is intrusted to them with the most affectionate fidelity?"

"He is in Holland, dearest Anne, but he is an outlaw—a condemned, proscribed man; and such is the rancour of the reigning monarch, that were my name once divulged, I should be subjected to the extremest tortures that his minions can invent: I should be made but a bait and a lure to entrap him. But for no such consideration as this would I withhold the secret from the maiden whom I have every day more occasion to love, were there not an additional motive for silence upon this subject, which I cannot without dishonour disregard. I have made a solemn pledge to a friend who feels a deep interest in the welfare of my revered parent, and whose fate is implicated in his secret, never to disclose it until I had first obtained his leave. As I hope and trust in Heaven, I dare not abrogate that vow."

"And I too, William, as I place my trust in the same unerring hand, would not be guilty of extorting from your lips an expression that would involve your honour and your faith. Keep that vow inviolate—keep that trust sacred. I am agitated by no such womanly curiosity as would prompt me to trifle with the lives of brave and noble men. I can await my time."

"Magnanimous girl!" exclaimed Ashford, admiringly,

"I am but two unworthy of thee! But you seem ill; and for the last two or three weeks I have marked or fancied that I saw the roses withering from your cheek. Surely, this house, protected by your lover and inhabited by your uncle, is not dull and lonely to you?"

"No, not dull, not lonely: and yet its roof, like your own heart, seems to hide a strange, deep mystery, that I have tried in vain to fathom. I sometimes almost doubt my own bodily existence, and seem no longer in a world of material forms."

"Why—explain, I entreat you, what you mean."

"I will do so. Our host, Mr. Russell, has frequent and private communications with my uncle upon some subject that seems to haunt the minds of both, and is seldom visible except at our meals. He is gloomy and reserved to a painful degree, and has so imbued the spirit of my uncle with the same sentiment, that often-times his very presence is chilling to me. You must know that my sleeping apartment is in the south-easterly chamber, and looks off upon the river. For several nights past I have heard, at a late hour, dead, smothered voices, as of several persons in conversation, that seemed to arise out of the earth. Perhaps the adventures that I have been compelled to share for the last winter have unsettled my nerves, and prëdisposed me to alarm; but certain it is, that my sleep has been troubled and broken to such a degree as to impair my health. Still, I might have persuaded myself that I was under the influence of a strong mental excitement, bordering upon delusion, but for the experience of last night. I had retired late to my room, and, as the evening was warm, had lingered, I cannot say how long, to look out upon the tranquil flow of the river, that seems to wind almost beneath my window, before betaking myself to my couch. The very presenti-

ment that I should not sleep, had protracted my stay at the window to an unusually late hour. I had just composed myself to sleep, when I was startled by a scream that seemed to penetrate the very timbers of the building. At first, I tried to convince myself that it was a dream, and it was with a kind of pleasure that I recollected that the odious features of Randolph had just seemed to hover over me, and melt into the moonlight that rested upon the floor as I awoke. But the cry was soon repeated, with such shrill, piercing tones, as I could have fancied delirium would have chosen to express the ravings of its wildest agony. I arose, and placed my ear to the wall, and could hear the same stifled voices which I had heard on the preceding evening, but with more distinctness. They now appeared to come from an adjoining room in the same story with my own chamber, and I fancied that I could distinguish that of my uncle and Mr. Russell, together with a third, that spoke in deep, soothing accents, as if to lull the fears of a child that had been suddenly startled from its slumbers."

"Was the cry that of a child?"

"Oh, no: it was a man's voice—a fearful, unearthly cry, followed by hollow moanings, as if the voice had proceeded from the depths of a sepulchre. I shall hear it till the day of my death ringing in my ears."

"It is strange!" said Ashford, thoughtfully—"strange indeed: I would I could fathom the mystery! Would it not be well to make inquiry of Mr. Southworth if he has heard or knows aught of it? If he is in any way privy to it, we shall be assured that it cannot be connected with cruelty or wrong."

"I did this morning allude to it, as if by accident; but he started, as if from a dream, and then replied, with his finger on his lip, that it were best not to inquire further into it, or

let Mr. Russell learn, either from word or manner, what I had heard.—But I hear footsteps; and, hark! a knock at the hall-door! There is no servant stirring to answer the summons, and I am ashamed to confess that I tremble too violently to carry a light with a steady hand."

"You are indeed pale," said her lover; at the same time taking up the lamp, and passing into the hall.

In a moment he returned with a sealed letter in his hand. Replacing the lamp upon the table, he help the epistle near it, and carefully examined the direction and the seal.

"It is the Winthrop seal," said he at length; "the Winthrop seal; but not the chirography of the governor."

Without seating himself, he broke the seal; and while he read it, the young lady carefully scrutinized his features.

She was the first to break silence. "I perceive by the change that has come over your countenance, that this letter is the bearer of evil tidings."

"Yes, it is an evil messenger, in more senses than one. It informs me of the dangerous illness of Governor Winthrop, and summons me to his bedside. It states that there is intelligence in his possession which must be buried in the grave with him, unless breathed in my ear—intelligence which I must lose no time in obtaining. What am I to do? I can never think of leaving you in this disturbed state of mind?"

"You are to set off instantly," replied Anne, rising and advancing towards him, her cheeks flushed with the high spirit of which he had more than once witnessed the exhibition, while her eye suddenly lighted up with a warm, enthusiastic glow. "Go, leave me, I entreat—I implore you, go. Never shall it be said that I stood between you and your duty. I am strong in nerve, and steady in eye as yourself. I have forgotten that I ever felt the palpitation of a woman's fear in my bosom."

Ashford fixed his eye on her scrutinizingly, as if to see whether her looks and language could be any thing more than the expression of a sudden impulse, that would subside the moment after his departure. But the beautiful features were eloquent with a proud, self-denying heroism, that left him not a moment in doubt how unalterable was her resolve.

Still he lingered. The wild story that she had scarcely finished relating, did not rivet him to the spot, for this might be accounted for, as she herself suggested, in various ways. But the thought that she had been once exposed to the horrors of captivity, and the recollection that danger had been for some weeks apprehended from the same quarter, fell with a crushing weight upon his mind.

Her quick eye saw his emotion, but no sign of relenting at the hard doom of banishment which she had pronounced upon him, shone in its dark depths.

"As I have ever told thee, God will take care of the orphan: linger not," were her only words.

He took the hand that she extended to him, pressed it to his heart, covered her forehead with kisses, and retired.

CHAPTER XXII.

"The fire that burned so brightly to our wish,
Where is it now? Deserted on the beach,
Its sparks extinct—nor shall the fanning breeze
Revive its ashes."—WORDSWORTH.

THE clear April evening was illuminated with all the stars that ever glistened in the northern heavens, as Ashford spurred his jaded steed along the peninsula upon which Boston, then just beginning to give promise of its future magnificence, sent its few straggling rays of light from the windows that gleamed behind the branches of the oak and elm. Our traveller had ridden hard during the whole day, and for the last dozen miles had urged his horse more than at any previous stage of his journey; for as he neared the place of his destination, the fear that he might only arrive in time to find that the lips of the sufferer were sealed in death, made the fastest pace seem slow and toilsome. It was nearly nine o'clock when he found himself for the second time standing at the door of the venerable old mansion, endeared to him by the most affectionate remembrances.

The same Indian servant who had ushered him into the study of the governor on a former occasion soon appeared, and motioned him to follow. As he passed through the hall, he saw several persons of both sexes—some sitting, others standing, and all wearing the expression of the most profound grief. They raised their eyes as he entered; and as he was beginning to ascend the stairs, a tall, thin man, whom he immediately conjectured to be one of the

attending physicians, rose, beckoned him to pause, and advanced towards him.

"Pardon me," said the physician, in a whisper, "but you must have mistaken the house, or perhaps you have not heard that his excellency even now lies at death's door."

Without replying a word, Ashford drew from his pocket the epistle which had summoned him to this house of sorrow, and placed it in the hands of the challenger. He glanced over it hastily, muttering, as if to himself, "It is the self-same that I wrote with my own hand: I doubt much if the hours of business be not over with him, but I know well it is a thing which his excellency had much at heart," he led the way to the chamber of the invalid. A silver lamp stood burning upon a small table in one corner of the room, placed at some distance from the bed, and shaded by a silken screen. Ashford stopped near the door, while the doctor walked gently up to the bed-side, and whispered something in the ear of his patient.

"By all means, introduce him instantly," answered the sick man, in a voice enfeebled indeed by disease, but still retaining its silvery accents of mild authority. The physician motioned to Ashford to approach the couch. The venerable statesman, with that sweet expression and benignant smile that had bound so many hearts indissolubly to him, both in Europe and America, extended his hand to his visiter; and then, again addressing the doctor, said, "Leave me, sir, and close the door; I have something to communicate to my young friend here which I would not have overheard."

As soon as they were left alone, the governor requested Ashford to assist him in raising himself in the bed, so that he could converse with greater ease. "You remember

the short interview I had with you about ten months ago, Mr. Ashford," said he, languidly, when this was done, "and I remember the faithfulness with which you executed my mission; nor have I forgotten what I have since heard of your valour and fidelity to the colonies. You are a man of honourable feelings, and I know that I can confide in you; but yet I would fain know, first of all, what are your political sentiments: in other words, are you a loyalist, or an adherent to the principles of the Protector?"

"I am disposed to abide by the established order of things in England, sir; but I do not scruple to confess that my predilections are with the adherents of Cromwell."

"It is well; I had hoped as much. Now to business, for my strength may be less than I could have wished. You know the position that I have occupied in Connecticut, the colony that still calls me its executive head, and the necessities under which I have been compelled to act. The ruling monarch is quick and irascible, surrounded by advisers not disposed to favour the colonies. He is not naturally, were he left to himself, either cruel or vindictive. In short, for the good of the people who have established civil liberty in the new world, I have been forced to yield to many unreasonable demands, for the sake of peace. In this way I have been able to avail with him, when, by adopting a different course, I should have brought disaster upon the country of my adoption. But, of all the concessions that I have ever made to the executive will, none has ever so much disturbed my peace of mind as the part which I ostensibly took in aiding in the service of the executive warrant against Whalley and Goffe, sometimes called the regicides, who were charged with high-treason. They were long my personal friends—men of the rarest virtue, of the highest order of mental powers that distinguished

and gave light and glory to the brilliant reign of the Protector, and of a martial skill and courage seldom equalled in any age of the world. I have carefully examined the part they acted in the trial of Charles Stuart, and am convinced that, whether they were labouring under a delusion or not, they acted honestly, and in the fear of God. I issued proclamations to aid in their apprehension; but, I confess it, I secretly hoped and prayed all the while that those proclamations would be unavailing. They knew my motives, and set a just estimate upon my actions. Nay, I am convinced that, rather than that the cause which they had expended their youth and manhood in serving should have suffered, they would cheerfully have abandoned their concealment, and submitted their heads to the block. They are now in solitude, little better than imprisonment; they are now in this colony, and in danger more imminent than has ever been incident to their condition since they set foot upon this continent."

"Whalley and Goffe in America?" interrupted Ashford. "Is it possible that such an event could have transpired, and I—nay, let me rather say the vigilance of their pursuers—be ignorant of it?"

"It is indeed true. But my pulse grows feebler; let me go on. There has been hovering about our coast, for many months, a bird of evil omen—a vampire in human shape—one Edward Randolph, whose sole business it is to vex and harass the colonies, cripple their commercial rights, and abridge their social and civil immunities. Among other burdens of mischief with which his fruitful mind is charged, is the determination—partly from motives of personal aggrandizement, and partly from a preconceived hatred of the men—to search out and apprehend the regicides. He does not know my own private views, and has made me

privy to his plans. About the time of my first acquaintance with you, he fell in with General Goffe, and had a personal encounter with him, in which he was severely wounded. Knowing that I shared the favour of the king, he communicated the fact to me, supposing that he might find me an ally in a cause which he has now the double motive of revenge and interest to consummate. Immediately after, he left for England, for the express purpose of procuring a commission to arrest the fugitives. Not a week ago, I received a letter from him, stating that he had procured the royal warrant, and would be in America before the middle of August. I repeat, that they are in deadly peril, so long as they remain in America. Randolph is not the man to relinquish an object, when once he has turned his eye towards it. There is not a cavern in the earth, a crevice in the rocks, where they can safely hide; even their bones, were they mouldering in the soil of the most secluded glen, would be unearthed from their graves, and dragged on hurdles to Tyburn. Remember Oliver Cromwell! I say, the very waters of our rivers would be swept with nets and grapnels to fish up their dead bodies from their deep concealment. I am a physician as well as a statesman, my young friend, and can feel within me the many indications known to our mystery that point to dissolution. The pulses that seem, rather from habit than from any hold they have upon the secret springs of vitality, to keep up their intermitting play, are even now, while I speak, beating their last faint call to summon me to another sphere of duties, which I trust will not be uncongenial to me. The house which I have reared, the trees in which I have embowered it, the people whose confidence has awakened so often the glow of gratitude in my breast—the colony, with its winding river and goodly yeo-

manry, which I have loved more than all other things save the communion of the saints which I am about to share—the domestic circle, endeared to me by more associations than falls to the lot of most men—will in a few days be to me no more. All earthly affairs are as nothing. Yet I have felt that I could not lay my head in the earth by the side of my honoured father, without performing this act of justice, due to early friendship—that the venerable old men whom I have committed to your hands should not go unwarned. Protect them, counsel them, assist them to flee; or, if no other land will afford them a more secure retreat, hide them as best you may from the eyes of their pursuers."

So animated and lost in the enthusiasm of the moment was the venerable statesman, that he did not feel that he had overtaxed his powers, nor did he perceive the change that had passed over the features of his visiter as he had proceeded in his narrative.

Ashford clenched his hands in very agony. It was not until after several moments that his strong will prevailed over the contending emotions that agitated him. Mastering his feelings by a powerful effort, he replied, "I have a motive weightier than that which binds me to life, to be faithful to the trust. But where am I to find these mysterious men?"

"On that table you will find a letter, directing you to one who was and I believe still must be in the secret.

When Ashford had taken the letter, and placed it in his pocket, the dying man went on:

"There is one other charge with which I must burden you. Take the purse of gold that you will find under my pillow. It contains a hundred guineas, and a manuscript letter from the great Milton, exhorting these unhappy men to keep a good heart, and persevere unto the end. Present

these little mementoes to the exiles in my name, and tell them I died in hope. For yourself, take this ring from me, and wear it for my sake. It has graced the finger of a monarch in whose favour I have long participated; wear it as a gift from me, and as a warning not to cherish political animosities against a sovereign—who, whatever his faults, is the anointed of Heaven. Farewell!"

As he concluded, he fell back upon the couch exhausted, and had barely strength to extend his wasted hand to Ashford; and smiled, but more faintly than at the commencement of their interview, as he marked the tears which streamed unbidden down the cheek of the young privateer.

Ashford left the apartment with a heavy heart, and returned to his lodgings. In the morning, as he rode out of the city, just as the rising sun began to gild the dew-drops that hung upon the trees, his ear was startled by the tolling of a bell.

He counted the strokes, as one by one they trembled through the clear air, until they reached seventy-one. His conjectures were but too true. The statesman, the scholar, the patriot, the Christian was no more.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Let me not burst in ignorance."—*Hamlet.*

It was with an aching heart that Ashford neared the little peninsula where the village of Hadley seemed to rise, with its slender spire and primitive dwellings, from the very waters of the river that almost embraced it. He looked until his eyes were weary for the turn in the road at the hill-top, just where it emerged from the forest; and when at length he reached it, and looked off upon the village, and saw that it was standing among its old trees, safe from the attacks of the enemy as when he left it, he reined in his horse, and gazed upon it as if it had been his heaven. There was the parsonage, with its two sweeping elms in front and its lawn of apple-trees in the rear, unharmed as when he had looked back upon it two days before—looked back upon it with a shudder, as he thought upon the possibility that he might find it on his return a mass of stones and ashes. Never had it looked so lovely as now. His mind now more at ease, he bethought him of the painful scene that he just witnessed, and remembered that, in the whirl of his own emotions, he had forgotten to examine even the address of the letter that had been committed to his care. He drew it from his waistcoat, and saw to his delight that it was designed for the hand of Mr. Russell. He replaced it in his pocket, and plunging the spurs deep into his horse's sides, hurried on with a new impulse.

On arriving at the parsonage, he found Miss Willoughby

in the parlour, and was rejoiced to see in the smile that lighted up her features that her mind was more tranquil than it had been for several weeks, and that her health was evidently improved. It was now his turn to be subjected to apprehensions that evinced themselves too plainly to escape her notice.

"I observe," she said, "that there is a struggle going on in your mind that may relate to circumstances growing out of your interview with the governor, and may perhaps be connected with your absent parent. Your eye seems lost in contemplation of some subject, concerning which we have no mutual understanding. I trust you have heard nothing relative to him that need excite alarm."

I have indeed heard news of my venerable father, which, now I have assured myself of your safety, is of a nature that may well alarm me. I shall soon be able to explain all. At present, I am like a traveller who has lost his way in the mazes of a forest, and only changes his course to find himself the more bewildered as he plods desperately on. But I do not despair. Though distressed at what I have recently heard, it has rather encouraged than disheartened me. Where is Mr. Russell? It is of the highest importance that I should see him to night."

"I heard him walking in the library just before you arrived," replied Miss Willoughby; at the same time walking across the room, and knocking gently at the door of a room adjoining the parlour. A slow, deliberate step was heard, and then the door opened, and the proprietor of the mansion made his appearance. "Mr. Ashford desires a short conference with you, sir," said the young lady, as she withdrew to the library which the clergyman had just left.

Bowing formally to his visiter, and wishing him "a good

evening," in a tone that seemed to signify that he hoped the interruption might be as brief as possible, Russell remained standing to receive his communication. He was a tall, thin man, somewhat past middle-life, with a grave countenance, pale, rather sallow complexion, and deep-set, cavernous eyes. The expression of the face, the perfect immobility of its features, was forbidding, and little calculated to inspire the mind of a stranger with confidence. Yet no one who looked upon him could doubt that he was the possessor of strong and well-developed intellectual powers, though, from the wrinkle that must have been for years contracting upon his forehead, so as almost to hide the eye beneath the long gray eyebrow, as well as from the compression of the mouth, those powers were obviously of the stern and controversial kind.

"My business with you, sir, is of a secret nature, and one which intimately concerns my own destiny. I believe your fortunes are also in some way wrapped up in it," said Ashford, introducing the conversation.

"Destiny and fortune are words with which the believer who is skilled in the doctrines of the Word has little sympathy," replied the clergyman, adjusting his band. "I must beg of you, young gentleman, if you have aught to say to me, not to talk in riddles, nor after the manner of the fatalists."

Ashford felt his blood rising at this rebuke; but feeling the necessity of gaining the good-will of the person who so solemnly administered it, he replied gently, at the same time delivering the epistle of Winthrop into the hands of the clergyman, "It is the disposition of Providence, and the net of circumstances that he has thrown around me; but this may explain my situation better than any language of my own."

"I could well hope that thou art correct in the fundamentals of our faith," said Mr. Russell, with evident change of manner, when he had once glanced at the seal. "Be pleased to be seated while I peruse this letter. It seems to come from a source that should command my attention."

He put on his spectacles, and seated himself at the table, at the same time turning his face from the eyes of Ashford. After spending nearly a quarter of an hour in mastering its contents, during which time he might have read it over times enough to commit to memory every word contained in it, he took off his spectacles, rëplaced them in the red morocco case that lay upon the table, and, turning around, fixed his eye keenly upon Ashford, as if he would have probed his inmost soul. At length he said, slowly, "Young gentleman, dost thou know aught of the contents of this manuscript ?"

"I have never read it, sir," responded Ashford.

"Dost thou know aught of its *contents?*" reiterated Russell, in the tone of a man who expects an unequivocal answer.

"I think I do, sir."

"Have the goodness to repeat them to me, and tell me, at the same time, how this epistle fell into thy hands."

Ashford related, as nearly as he could, what he supposed must be the substance of the letter, and recited at length the details of his interview with its author. As he did so, the clergyman walked slowly to and fro across the room without seeming once to turn his eyes from the face of the narrator.

"It is an unaccountable story," muttered Russell, rather to himself than to Ashford, when the latter had concluded, "an unaccountable story. And I cannot understand, Mr. Ashford, how it is that the great and good man whose seal

is stamped upon this paper should have been ill and in *articulo mortis*—that is as to say, at the point of death—and I remain ignorant of it. It is not two weeks since I heard from him, and no such intimation was made to me. There is another part of this affair which I cannot comprehend, to wit: how or from what motive he should make you his confidant touching these matters of the exiled judges, if"—he added, hypothetically—"*if*, indeed, any one of those proscribed men ever sought an asylum in this country."

Ashford explained to him, as well as he was able, the confidence that had been before placed in him by Winthrop; adding, that he doubted not that the near approach of death had impelled his excellency to a course that might at another time have been imprudent.

"How say you, the near approach of death? You do not mean to have me understand that his disease is likely to terminate fatally?"

"He is already dead, Mr. Russell."

Russell stared at him with an expression of absolute incredulity.

"Your look implies that you doubt my word," said Ashford bitterly.

"It is no province of mine to doubt the word of any man, Mr. Ashford. But evidence, sir, in all worldly matters: I shall be governed by evidence and presumptions that amount to occular demonstration. I cannot think that Governor Winthrop is dead. There must be some mistake about this part at least of your relation. Have you any thing else to add to what you have already said?"

Immediately Ashford bethought himself of the purse.

The inflexible puritan took it quickly from his hand, and examined first the gold and then the letter. "This epistle purports to be the chirography of the Latin Secretary to

the late Protector, Mr. John Milton, and, if genuine, is worthy of consideration. But I know not his hand-writing. I *do* know that the one that bears the Winthrop seal is not the hand-writing of the governor."

"It was, as he himself informed me, written by the hand of a friend, during his sickness."

"Have you any other token that you choose to exhibit to me?"

Ashford extended his hand with the ring glittering upon his finger. "Have you ever seen Governor Winthrop wear this diamond? He gave it me when I took my last leave of him."

"I have seen some such ornament upon his finger. But my business is with jewels that do not perish with the using. Sir, I cannot identify it."

"Then I have exhausted my little stock of credentials without effect," said Ashford, folding his hands despairingly. "Oh, sir! if you but knew how much dearer to me than to you—than to all the world else—is the safety of the men of whose fate you persist in keeping me ignorant, I know how your kind heart would relent! But you have, I doubt not, been practised upon by some villain ere this, and have learned to doubt the whole world on this vitally important matter. But mark, sir, what I tell you: I am not the man to betray an honest confidence: and bethink, I beseech you, should those unprotected men fall into the hands of their enemies, what a weight of responsibility will rest upon your head."

"What interest so deep can you have in their fate?"

"That interest is a secret that I dare not disclose."

"Neither will I disclose mine, if I am possessed of any." And the inexorable colonist bowed, and retreated to his study, leaving Ashford to await the return of a more communicative companion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Go on—I'll follow thee!"—Shaks.

Spring glided rapidly on, the foliage gradually expanded upon the trees, the wild flowers opened their petals to the sun that every day added a new triumph to the ascendancy that March and April had began to establish over the domain of winter, but Ashford still sought in vain the hiding-place of the regicides. Whatever subject forms the principal theme of contemplation for an ardent mind, in most instances sooner or later becomes its master. It was emphatically so with Ashford. Sleeping or waking, the mystery that hung like an impenetrable cloud over the unhappy exiles—the danger that threatened them, the interest that he felt in them—haunted him by night and day, and threw a shadow over even the brightest anticipations that hope prëfigures to the eyes of him who loves. It was in vain that he exhausted every expedient to gain the ear of Russell, and inspire him with confidence. The uncompromising Puritan was blind to every demonstration of proof—deaf to every entreaty. He even avoided the very sight of the suppliant, as if his importunities had been the unpardonable sin, and his presence polluting as that of a leper. In the several interviews that they had upon the subject, not a glance of his eye, not a quiver of his thin lip, not a word, betrayed or pointed by any intimation to his knowledge of the men who had been sheltered beneath his roof, and shared his unwearied hospitality for so many years. Stern

and cold in his exterior, rigid in the discharge of his parochial duties, as an anchorite in the routine of his solitary devotions in his cave or by the margin of his well; to these exiled men alone he smiled; to them alone he relaxed his bent and care-worn brow. They could scarcely be said to have a want, save that of the freedom of the common air, enjoyed by the humblest of God's creatures; for all their wishes were anticipated with a forethought that seemed to be as constant in its operations as the mechanical laws of nature. All this while, the citizens of his parish were in profound ignorance of the secret that slept in his bosom. The Christian Sabbath came, and invariably the clergyman was at his place; the prayer, the hymn, the exhortation passed his lips; regularly during the other six days he walked the rounds of his pastoral visits from dwelling to dwelling, he received the usual calls from his parishioners during the day, but at nightfall his doors were closed; and the few whom business called to the parsonage in the evening seldom ventured to inquire for their minister, and none, except the two or three who were in the secret, ever saw him at such times unless when they obtained an occasional glimpse of his person as he glided like a ghost from one apartment to another. Even as they passed by the gate, and saw the light of the solitary lamp that flickered in the study, they shuddered, and quickened their pace from some undefinable cause that they would not whisper in the ear of their nearest friend. The very house seemed by general consent to be understood to be haunted, but none ever breathed the suspicion that darkened his own mind. The gables and nooks of the building, the two elms with their drooping branches almost intercepting the smoke that arose from the rude stone chimneys, were seen as through a veil that none had the courage to remove, lest some shape

that lay concealed behind it might start up from its grim retirement. The minister was feared, dreaded, but not beloved. His awful mystery shut all the avenues to affection.

The fort and palisades at Hadley had been, by the direction of Captain Swain, who was in command, and by the unwearied assiduity of Ashford, restored to their former condition. Scarcely were the repairs completed when the Indians, to the number of about eight hundred, made their appearance in the woods without the palisades, and began to make vigorous preparations for an attack upon the place. It was on the night of the 11th of June that they "approached the town, laid an ambuscade at the southern extremity, and advanced their main body towards the other" or northern limit.

Within the palisades all was now bustle and preparation. Every citizen was placed on duty who had sufficient strength to shoulder a musket. Even Mr. Russell visited the fort during the night, prayed with and encouraged the men to stand up boldly in defence of their fire-sides and their helpless wives and children. Ashford passed a sleepless night, going the rounds to see if the sentinels were at their posts, and placing his men in the most advantageous positions to repel the assaults of the invaders, which he foresaw would be of a fierce and bloody character. During the whole night a light was kept burning in the library of the parsonage; a circumstance so unusual as to be noticed by the citizens; but what construction they put upon the phenomenon was not known, for they never alluded to it until after the death of Mr. Russell. But to Ashford it had a deep significance: again and again he turned his eye towards its trembling ray, as if it had been a newly-discovered star. His pulses throbbed to its influence, and

his heart beat quick, like the midnight drum that calls the soldier to arms. It was his beacon, his watch-fire, his hope. He could have knelt to it, as the idolatrous Persian bows his head before the rising sun. He was inspired with an unwonted energy; he felt as if he could have met all the Indians that swarmed in the woods around him, and repelled their united forces with the strength of his single arm.

At length, as its light began to grow pale in the first flush of dawn, the war-whoop broke from the heart of the wilderness, as if every leaf that darkened its recesses had suddenly found a voice. Clear, unearthly shrill, it pierced the very heavens, and was the signal for the onslaught of the savages. They advanced like a black cloud upon the northern extremity of the town, and towards the very spot where he was stationed with a handful of his trusty sea-boys, and about fifty of the soldiers of the town. The palisades, deeply imbedded in the earth as they were, shook as if they would have fallen to the ground, as the dusky besiegers thronged and pressed against them.

It seemed of no avail that the guns of the soldiers were pointed with the most unerring aim. The Indians rëplaced the dead and wounded with fresh numbers, and, in spite of all the efforts made by the English to arrest their progress, soon broke through the palisades in hundreds, and took possession of a house and barn that stood near by. Ashford led on his men to attack them in their fortress, with daring intrepidity, and discharged several vollies at them with considerable success; while Swain placed himself at the breach in the palisades, to hold those in check who had not yet effected an entrance; but the war-whoop still sent its summons to the town with unabated fierceness.

Seeing that they were making but little impression on the enemy with small arms, Ashford now pointed the only

piece of ordnance in his possession against the house occupied by the Indians. This did considerable execution; but as the barn where the Indians had effected a lodgement stood a little to the windward of the place where the cannon had been planted, the sagacious savages immediately set fire to it. The smoke from the burning building soon blinded the eyes of the gunner, and almost suffocated the party who had charge of it. The attack was also now renewed from several points with great violence. The English under Swain began to yield ground, and fly.

Just at this crisis, when the village seemed doomed to inevitable destruction, a tall, almost gigantic form, enveloped in a military cloak, seeming to emerge from the very flames that lit up the battle-field, glided rapidly past Ashford, and placed himself at the head of the dispersing troops. As he did so, his cloak fell from his shoulders, and disclosed a pair of heavy brass pistols in his belt, and a short-sword in his right hand.

"Stand fast, in the name of God!" said the apparition, in a voice that rang like a clarion-blast in the clear morning air; at the same time raising his sword-arm, while the blade glittered in the flames like a meteor above his head—"Stand fast! for shame! As I hope for salvation in yonder heaven, I will strike to the earth the first runagate who turns his back! To the palisades!"

Had the heavens opened above them, and an angel with a flaming sword appeared in the air marshalling them on to battle, the soldiery could not have been more astonished than at the sight of their deliverer, and at the sound of his voice. More impetuous in their religious enthusiasm than the savages in their native ferocity, they rallied, and followed the mysterious stranger against the enemy. He seemed to bear a charmed life; for wherever he went, the

tomahawk fell powerless, and the arrow glanced harmlessly aside. His keen blade cut its way to the palisades, and then exclaiming, in the same clear voice that arose distinctly above the confusion of the conflict, "They fly! lo, they fly!" he turned, walked slowly to the place where his cloak still lay upon the ground, and, throwing it about his shoulders, withdrew from the field before the confused soldiers were aware of his disappearance. Ashford had witnessed this singular spectacle with feelings as intense, but of a totally different kind, as those which agitated the breasts of the soldiers of Hadley. When he saw the tall figure of the stranger turn, and glide silently away from the scene upon which he had suddenly appeared, and with such signal effect, he felt a wild sensation—half of joy, half of pain—creeping through his veins. As he saw the shape disappear behind the trees in the uncertain light of the morning, and perceived that the battle was ended, he felt himself irresistibly impelled to follow: he did so; and by using what speed he was master of, soon obtained a faint glimpse of the warrior as he moved with now rapid strides towards the river.

CHAPTER XXV.

"A slow step startled him! he grasped his blade,
As if a trumpet rang."—Willis.

After winding for the distance of nearly a quarter of a mile among the dense hazel and juniper bushes that shed copious showers of dew upon him as he hurried past them, Ashford came suddenly into an open glade covered with immense elms, extending down to the very brink of the river, that now gleamed through the vapory veil of mist that floated over it, as indistinct and shadowy as the form and features of the phantom that had just vanished from the astonished soldiers. As he neared the river, he paused, and looked eagerly for the fugitive, but in vain. No trace of him was visible among the shadows of the trees, or by the side of the stream. It seemed as if the deliverer of Hadley must have melted in the mist, or plunged into the waves that flowed beneath it.

The sun had arisen while he wandered up and down the river, and now threw its red rays horizontally across the water, dispersing the mist, and giving to sight what Ashford had not before observed—a rock that jutted out into the stream, and obstructed the view to the south. He crept noiselessly around this obstacle; and there, seated upon the crooked trunk of an old willow that grew close upon the water's edge, and trailed its long silvery leaves over him, sat an old man, with his head bowed upon his hand, and looking intently into the water. By his feet, and against the

root of the tree, lay the cloak that seemed accidentally to have fallen from his shoulders, and a cap that bore marks of having once seen service in the army of the Protector, but now without the vestige of a plume. The frame of the old man was such as might almost have belonged to the fabled race of giants; so tall was it, and so square and broad were the shoulders that filled, if not with the roundness, at least with more than the muscular development of youth, the faded coat that still bore marks of the rank of a major-general. But it was not so much the form as the features of the old man that riveted the gaze of the intruder. The high forehead, with the long white hair, abundant as in youth, falling to the very shoulders—the acquiline nose—most of all, the eye, dark, and no longer lit up with the fire of battle, but deep in its repose as the wave on which it rested—the proud, melancholy expression of the face, as if it had itself been a battle-field for the struggles that but too often arise in strong natures between principle and passion—the young privateer looked long and intently upon these, as busy memory ran through the mazes of years that had passed, till he found himself again a boy.

Tears streamed down his cheeks as he gazed, and a sigh, deep and audible, heaved his breast.

The old man started from his revery, and, drawing the sword that hung at his girdle, sprung forward, as if to plunge it into the heart of the man who had stolen upon his solitude.

"What wretch art thou, so ambitious to fall by this hand, as to tempt the point of the steel that it did never yet wield amiss? Move but another step towards this spot, and thy blood shall crimson these waters. I thirst not for it, youth, so thou wilt depart in peace."

"My father—my father!" faltered the privateer—his

arms crossed upon his breast like a condemned criminal awaiting the stroke of the executioner—"calm your angry brow, and soften that stern voice once more, were it but a word in token of forgiveness of the follies of a son! I see that you look wildly upon me, as if my face and form were never known to you; and, indeed, I know they must have changed with the development of manhood and the vicissitudes of years. But you, father—though age has whitened your hair and ploughed your cheek with furrows—you are the same as when in a fit of anger I left you, as I then thought, for ever. Goffe cannot hide in so lonely a cavern of the earth, that the penitent—the prodigal, if you will—shall not find him."

"It is indeed my son," said the regicide, restoring his sword to the scabbard, and throwing his arms affectionately around the form of the youth, whom he had so often perilled his life in vain to find. "It is my son, returned in this my dark hour to ask of me the forgiveness which I have often asked of my heavenly Father for myself. Speak not of forgiveness, William: we have both erred, and I hope are both penitent—thou for the wildness and folly of youth; I, for the sharpness of rebuke with which I would have restrained thee. Let the past be forgotten, or only remembered as a lesson and a warning.—Thou hast made my heart swell but to relieve itself in tears, my boy. It is well. I have not wept before since the dreary night when I bade thy dear mother adieu for the last time on earth."

"My mother! Do you hear aught of her, secreted as you are, and a fugitive in this strange land?"

"Yes—William, often. She writes long letters, filled with sweet comfort, such as none but a wife can bestow. It is as if a spirit spoke to me from the skies, my son; for she never hopes to see me again till we meet where there

is no king, save the King of kings, and no tormenting ministers of his bidding, save such as go upon his errands of retribution in the nether air.—But where," he added in a livelier tone, "hast thou been wandering, and what will-o'-the-wisp has led thee hither, perhaps only to be lost in the morass that may prove inextricable as well to thee as to thy father? Thou hast grown to be a tall youth; and were Oliver alive, and thou presented at the door of his tent for the recruiting service, he would say thou hadst a soldierly step and a martial bearing. But I cannot be proud of thee till thou tell me in what business thou hast learned these havings."

"I left you, father, in my unripe anger, and fled in the night to Bristol, where by accident I fell in with one Moseley, a captain of a privateer, who had seen good service under Cromwell. I presented myself to him under the name of Ashford, retaining my other name of William. He told me that I was a brisk, hearty lad, such as he had long sought after, and promised that, if I would share his fortunes, he would promote me, should I prove worthy of it, to some place of rank. I made easy terms with him, only asking bread and clothing in exchange for hard service. We soon set sail, and were not long in falling in with the enemy. I fought, as my family have always done when driven to close extremities, and was the first to board their ship. He immediately advanced me to the rank of a lieutenant, and from that day forth has treated me rather as if I had been a son, than a stranger. For several years we drifted upon diverse seas, pursuing adventure with less regard to the laws of nations than I fear we ought, until, as I told you I would do when I left your fireside, I finally landed in America. I had scarcely reached Boston when I met Colonel Dixwell, whom I knew, having

often seen him at your house. He told me on no account to reveal my name or descent until I had leave from him or from you, and did not disabuse me of the impression that you and my revered grandfather Whalley were in Holland. Why he did not, I cannot say; but I suppose he doubted my discretion."

"And how did you learn that I was in America?"

"Governor Winthrop, whose acquaintance I had made at Boston, and for whom I had done some service, sent for me while upon his death-bed, and told me of your safe arrival, referring me to Mr. Russell for particulars of your present condition and place of concealment. But I sought in vain to elicit from the stern, incredulous minister the secret that I knew was locked in his bosom. I showed him a letter from Winthrop, which he gave me almost in his last hour—a ring that had been worn upon his finger for years, and which I knew must have attracted the attention of all who ever saw him wear it—a letter from your old friend Milton—but all would not do. The pertinacious man shook his head, and put me by with some delusive hope that another interview might be more favourable. This morning, in the heat of the battle, I knew you, and followed you to your lurking-place. Thank Heaven, we part no more! But where is my mother's father? He loved me; and I did what none could fail to do who ever saw him—I returned his love."

"Follow me, William, and you shall see. I have never shown myself in the open day in this place before. But the stirring events of the morning will be my protection."

Goffe led the way through the woods, and, entering the front door of the parsonage, conducted his son into the secret chamber.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"And, as if strength were given him from God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently."—WILLIS.

WHEN Goffe and his son had reached the secret chamber, they found Mr. Southworth and Mr. Russell both in the apartment, standing silently by the bedside of Whalley, and casting at the same time an apprehensive glance at Ashford. Russell shook his head as they entered, while the other clergyman, advancing towards Goffe, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said, in a low tone,

"The exile has gone to his rest." Apparently unconscious that he was addressed, or too much absorbed in his own reflections to understand the import of the words, Goffe approached the bed, as if to inquire after the health of Whalley. But when he saw the closed eyes, and the marble whiteness of the cheek and forehead, he seated himself upon the couch, and, taking the cold hand in his own, passed his fore-finger to the emaciated wrist, and held it for some moments, with a look of hushed, intense interest, as if doubting the actual presence of the king of terrors. But not a pulse answered to his touch, though a smile, bright as the beams of the morning sun that streamed in upon the pale features of the deceased from the eastern window, still lingered upon his lips, and bespoke the tranquillity of his end.

"It is indeed a sweet rest," said Goffe, seeming to recall the words of Mr. Southworth. "Look, William, how like

one asleep and lulled in happiest dreams the dear old soldier smiles. You remember the face as you saw it in childhood—warm, genial, gentle at the social board as that of woman. You remember how the blue eye—blue as the tint of the stainless heavens—kindled at the mirth that none could resist, or softened at a tale of sorrow. I have seen that eye fierce with the fires of battle, calm in the legislative chamber, tearful, yet firm as that unwavering hand when he wrote his name to the fatal warrant that doomed a monarch to the axe and himself to a banishment more dreadful than death. I have seen it in later days, wild with the ravings of delirium and dimmed with the shadows of age and sorrow. But never, in calm or storm, have I seen it wear a look so lovely as the face now wears from which its light is stricken for ever. I call to mind the stirring events which already by the lapse of time have taken their place in the chronicled order of the past, and are a part of the world's history. The courtiers that fawn around the throne of the present monarch, and bend the servile knee in servile homage, have spurned his deeds, while they scoffed at the name of liberty, remote from license as it was free from tyranny—a liberty that knew neither chains for the body nor shackles for the mind. But he feared not to look his deeds in the face, though he fled from their dreadful consequences. He knew that there would come a time, and that not remote, when the deeds in which he acted so conspicuous a part, should shake thrones and sceptres as with a mighty wind, and rouse the whole family of man from the lethargy of ages. No more did he repent those deeds than do I. The sense of self-preservation, implanted so deeply in our natures for wise and noble ends, the horror implied by the thought of an ignominious death and shameful mutilation, affected us both alike. But they

have not shaken, nor could all the powers of darkness render infirm, the purposes that moved our hands. He is gone. The ashes that slumber so peacefully before us—the dead ashes now abandoned to the elements from which they were borrowed for the temporary uses of the soul that has cast them aside—even *these* they would dishonour. But it must not be; I say it must not be. An oath is recorded in heaven, that while I live they shall be guarded by night and day with unremitting vigilance, and you, William, when I am gone, shall perform the same office for us both, whether we sleep side by side, or whether leagues of land and water intervene. Russell, you need not look so suspiciously upon this youth. He is my son. The son of the daughter of him who sleeps his last sleep in the house which your hospitality has thrown open to the exile and wanderer."

Russell took the hand of William in his own, and was proceeding to offer some apology for his former conduct. But the regicide interrupted him:

"You have acted your part with prudence, Russell; not a word of it. He has more reason to thank than to blame you. I have a consideration of weighty import which I desire to address to you all. These ashes—I said they must not be dishonoured. In what secret repository shall they be concealed?"

"Remove a portion of the stone wall that forms the dividing line between the parsonage and the land of my nearest neighbour, dig a grave deep in the earth, and, having buried the body, then in the dead of night, rebuild the wall over it," replied Russell.

"Nay, I should rather advise that it be placed in a strong coffin, and carried in the night season to be deposited in the burial-ground at New-Haven, where Davenport and Dixwell can protect it from insult," said Mr. Southworth.

"What sayest thou, my son?" asked Goffe.

"I think both the proposed modes of interment are attended with risk of discovery. Randolph will soon be in America. He has every motive to be faithful in his search. Were I to advise, I should recommend that a grave be digged in the cellar of this house, and that after the remains are covered with earth, the spot be sprinkled with ashes and covered with rubbish," replied William.

"This last plan accords with my own judgment," said Goffe. "What say you, Russell? what say you, Charles? Is it not safest?"

Both readily agreed that it was so.

"There is now a painful duty to be performed," resumed Goffe; "a painful duty, and sad indeed is the extremity that casts the execution of it upon the hands of a near relative and friend; but exile and sorrow know not ceremony."

As he spoke, he stooped, and placing his hand under the bed, and directly beneath the remains of the deceased, drew out to the surprise of all present a firm, solid coffin of oak, neatly fitted together with screws, and painted with black paint. Taking out the fastenings, he removed the lid, and disclosed the interior surface. Its joints where the boards came in contact, were secured with melted lead and rosin, so as to render them impervious to the air. When this was done, he said:

"I have long contemplated the event which has just taken place, and you see that I am prepared for it. I knew that the poor mechanical office which you see that I have performed myself, could not be intrusted to the hands of strangers; and therefore, under the apprehension that it might be necessary to remove the body at some future time, I have spent the dead hours of the winter night, when I knew that the sound of the saw and the hammer would not excite the

suspicion of the villagers, in the closet that forms the ante-room to this chamber, in preparing this tenement, which I knew must soon find an occupant. Let us prepare the body for its mansion—would I could say, its last earthly mansion!"

In all the preparations for the mournful obsequies, the old man took the lead. The long habit of nursing and taking the sole care of the deceased seemed to operate mechanically upon him, keeping his hands constantly employed until the body was placed in the coffin. The whole of that day, and through the long dreary night, he sat up with it with the same tender solicitude as if it had been still endued with life, and he had expected every moment it would awaken, as heretofore, and need the accustomed food or medicine.

Miss Willoughby and Ashford had already had a full explanation of the mystery that had for so long a time disturbed the mind of the former. By the consent of Goffe, she had also been taken to the secret chamber, and looked upon the face of the dead. To her surprise, she recollected the features, which she had more than once seen when a child. Indeed, the face of Whalley was at the same time so regular and striking—it possessed so many of the rarest traits of manly beauty, heightened by that soul of the human countenance, expression—that it was scarcely possible that, once seen, it should be forgotten. Besides, children are often better judges of physiognomy than adults, as it is almost the only way in which they determine character, and is given them as a kind of instinct to protect them from harm. She also recollected her earliest impressions of Goffe. She remembered with what awe he had impressed her, and how she had fled from him in affright, and nestled in the arms of Colonel Whalley for protection. She was

deeply moved at sight of the face of the deceased, not only because his death had brought a shadow over the family circle at the parsonage, but also on account of the part which he had taken in the battles of the Protector, where both her grandfather and father had fought at his side. During the day next succeeding that of Whalley's death, a grave was dug deep in the cellar of the parsonage, near the north wall, and parallel with it. It was finished about noon, and then the residue of the day and the evening were passed by the members of the family who had any knowledge of the event in their own private apartments, with a view of composing their minds for the funeral ceremony, which was appointed to take place at midnight. Goffe alone remained in the death-chamber as on the preceding night. When the old clock that stood in the front hall struck the hour of twelve, the mourners all assembled. They found the curtains of the windows drawn and the shutters closed—a precaution that seemed scarcely necessary, for hardly a ray of the flickering lamp that burned in the closet adjoining the chamber escaped from the narrow crevice of the massive oaken door as it stood ajar. Then the lid was firmly screwed down upon the coffin, and it was let down by ropes through the aperture in the closet floor, until it rested upon the ground near the grave.

After it, descended the whole circle of mourners, five in number, and stood around the coffin, Miss Willougbly leaning upon Ashford's arm. Sweet and peaceful, as had been the last breath of the deceased, was the prayer that Mr. Southworth breathed over his remains. It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The tall form of Goffe, bowed as if to embrace the dust now shut for ever from his sight; the stern, formal Russell, dressed in his clerical habiliments, his thin lips compressed, and his

arms folded across his breast; the slender figure of Miss Willoughby, shrinking as if from the damp vapours of the vault; the anxious look of Ashford, as his eye rested on her; the pure, spiritual face of Mr. Southworth, upturned as if his eye of faith penetrated all earthly obstacles, and rested on the gates of the celestial city, whose King he invoked; the dead, dull walls of gray stone that shut out the world from the rites they had met to celebrate, might have given immortality to a painter whose pencil was worthy of the subject. Nothing could be more musical than the voice of the reverend man, thus poured forth in prayer.

He alluded to the eventful life of the deceased, his sorrowful exile, his patient sufferings, the hope of the Christian —the only hope which whispers no promise to the ear that it does not make good to the heart—the hope that is an anchor to the soul. He implored the aid of Him who had guided the exiles to a safe asylum, to sustain the sinking heart of the aged survivor, and bring him, tempest-tossed though he might be, to a haven where the deep waters are crested with no billows, nor ever agitated with storms. He prayed that, for the sake of the living, the ashes of the dead might lie for ever hidden from the eyes of those who would seek to dishonour them, and sleep in peace till the resurrection morning should rëvivify and etherealize them for the everlasting habitation of the soul.

When he had concluded, low, suppressed sobbings, so low that they scarcely reached the walls that surrounded the living and the dead, burst from the very hearts of the little auditory, and then the coffin was let slowly down into the grave, and dust was committed to kindred dust by kindred hands.

Such was the funeral of a military hero of such celebrity

and worth, that Oliver Cromwell—a chieftain who was not wont to bestow praise where it was undeserved—in a military despatch, wrote of him in words that characterize both the writer and the man of whom he wrote:

"The honour is due to God, as also to the rest. Major Whalley did in this carry himself with all the gallantry becoming a gentleman and a Christian."

Slowly and in tears the little funeral party climbed the moveable staircase, and leaving Goffe with his son in the secret chamber, retired, but not to sleep.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Tell me the Fairie's name!"

The next morning after the funeral, the family, who had participated in its rites, assembled in the secret chamber at an early hour. They were composed and calm, and Goffe was even more cheerful than he had been for several weeks before the death of his fellow-exile. He felt that in case of discovery, the helpless old man was at least safe from the hands of his pursuers.

After some time spent in discoursing upon the events of the last two days, among which the wonderful delivery of Hadley was not forgotten, the conversation took a more social turn.

Goffe at length alluded to his visit at the Bluff, and reminded Mr. Southworth of his promise to inform him of the parentage, and something of the history, of the young lady whose name, from the multiplicity of subjects that had occupied his mind since her appearance at the parsonage, had not yet been made known to him.

"She is called Anne Willoughby," said Mr. Southworth, in answer to his question, "and her family is one of the oldest in England. You cannot have forgotten that noble Lord Willoughby who fought so gallantly with the Protector at the battle of ——, in the year 16—. You cannot have forgotten the fate of Cavendish, and the headlong pursuit of Colonel Whalley, which, whenever his

blood was heated, scarcely the authority of my Lord General could check. Nor can you have forgotten how, side by side, they rode down so many of the brave troops of the Marquis of Newcastle. He scarcely yielded to Whalley himself in skill or prowess. This nobleman had a younger son, who fell surrounded by two of his own gallant sons in later years on the field of ——."

"Hold!" said Goffe, eagerly; "tell me no more: I remember it well. The son of this Lord Willoughby married Mary Southworth, your sister, the most beautiful and lovely of women; sensitive and shrinking as the most delicate flower, she never raised her drooping head after her husband and sons were brought home dead to the house, which they had but just left in the pride of manhood; and this Anne is her daughter: I knew it must be so. The impress of the mother's features was too striking to be mistaken: the same blending of the red and white in her complexion, the same slender neck, the same graceful shape, but something of the pride of the Willoughbies in the eye and in the step. My daughter, do you remember the thunder-storm, and the old soldier who sought shelter in your little cottage by the lake? Do you remember your truant disposition, and the zeal that prompted me to forget all considerations of personal safety in pursuit of those who had robbed your kind uncle of his best treasure? I had a presentiment that it must be your mother's child—Mary's child. She was thrown under my protection for the few sad weeks that passed between the death of her husband and sons and her own. I now recollect that she had a little daughter, but the storms and dangers that have since beset me, have driven the recollection of many an incident and the very existence of many a face from my mind. It is a

sad wilderness, fair one, for such as thou; and wild flowers may seem but a poor exchange for the jewels which, but for the clouds that settled round the evening of the days of the Protector, might have glittered in thy dark brown hair. But there is more than one strong arm and brave heart that could perish to save thee."

"I am but too happy to say, my father, that there is one at least who has stronger motives than you can have to protect her while he has strength to strike a blow!" exclaimed William.

"Thou wast always a wayward boy, William; I dare warrant thou hast plighted thy faith to her without consulting either her guardian or thine own," said the regicide, playfully.

"Only half so bad as you imagined, my father: Mr. Southworth has been consulted already; and had it not been for the incredulous fidelity of our friend, Mr. Russell here, your own consent would have been asked ere this."

"Asked and received, William, so thou wilt prove thyself worthy of the boon which it has pleased Heaven to grant thee. Would that the war with these troublesome savages were over for her sake! And, now I bethink me of it, I like that name of Ashford so well, that, for her safety, I would advise you to retain it until the dangers that surround the name of Goffe are well over."

"Until the close of the war," said Mr. Southworth, dejectedly, "I scarcely know what place I can find where I can hide my dear Anne from the dangers which she has so providentially escaped."

"What should ail the pretty cottage at the Bluff, Charles? cannot the people of B —— protect thee and the maiden there securely?"

"The cottage is burned to ashes, venerable sir, and the little church, too, where I ministered is also consumed."

"I can put an end to this discussion at once," said Russell, gravely, "provided my poor roof be an acceptable shelter."

"The affair was soon arranged in accordance with the proposition of the old clergyman; and we will leave the family at the parsonage, while we resume another long-neglected branch of our narrative."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!"
CAMPBELL.

THE reader will suppose a month or two to have intervened since the close of the last chapter, and that it is now the evening of Friday, the 11th of August. Philip had returned early in the spring from his visit to the Mohawk and Canada Indians, having met with but faint success in soliciting aid from the tribes of the interior. Not discouraged at this disappointment, he had kept up the contest with astonishing vigour and activity, as the smoking villages of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and the dead bodies of their inhabitants, bore testimony appalling in the last degree to the English. No aboriginal chief had ever gained, during his whole life, so many and such signal victories over the superior discipline and numbers of the white population of the colonies, as he had done within the three months next preceding that evening. But his forces had been gradually diminished by the exertions of Moseley and Church, who had scoured the whole Indian country; his chiefs in whom he reposed most confidence had been, many of them, cut off; and, to crown all, his beautiful queen and the young prince had both recently fallen into the hands of his enemies. Many of the tribes who had allied themselves to his enterprise had deserted his falling fortunes, and gone over to the English. Indeed, it could no longer be doubted what must

be, ere long, the result of the struggle. But in the midst of all these calamities, whatever ideas he may have entertained of the fate of his plans, his deep-seated resolution never for a moment forsook him: he remained the same indomitable son of the woods as when he had first dug up the hatchet from beneath the shade where his father had buried it. No overtures of peace made him by the colonists received any favour from him: he spurned alike their pardons and their threats. He rejected all proposals on their part to enter into any engagement by treaty; and when asked to make peace, and embrace the religion of his enemies, he instantly killed the Indian who had made the proposition.

The English, on all former occasions of war with any one of the tribes, had either crushed them at once, or been able to bring about a reconciliation by negotiating with their chief. But this *systematic* prosecution of a war that had now lasted fourteen months with unabated fury, bespoke the existence of an enemy who united all the vindictiveness of the savage with the fruitful intellectual resources and unwavering strength of purpose of the European—a mind which, under more favourable circumstances, might have ruled empires, or commanded the mightiest armies.

They saw that Philip was the soul and arm of the war, and that nothing short of his death could put an end to its wasting and wide-spread devastation. A result that many would at first gladly have avoided, had now become an imperious necessity, that absorbed all other considerations in the one first law of nature—self-preservation.

Never was a charge so important committed to more skilful hands than those of the brave Captain Church.

Abandoned by many of his subjects, and bereft of others by the fortune of the war, Philip had retired to his heredi-

tary seat, Pokanoket, the place where the first flames of battle had been kindled, and where the chief seems to have been resolved that its last sparks should be quenched.

He built his lodge not far from the high rock which has been described in a former chapter, early on the evening of the 11th of August. He then repaired alone to the spring that sparkled beneath the poplar-tree, and drank for the last time of its waters. From that he visited the grave of Massasoit, and sat long among the rank grass that rustled above it, listening to the murmurs of the waves as they broke upon the beach in mournful dirges that seemed prophetic of the doom that treachery was preparing for him. The Indians are, perhaps, more watchful over the ashes of their dead than more civilized nations; and guard them with a tender solicitude that seems so much at variance with the cold, passive exterior of the warrior, when called upon either to witness or suffer the extremest tortures that the human frame can endure, that we should scarcely credit the existence of such a sentiment in them, were not the fact so indisputably established by the testimony of the best writers. From the grave of his father he went to the summit of Mount Hope, and looked far over the wide expanse of woods and waters, searching out with his keen eye the far-off blaze of the distant watch-fire that looked, as it gleamed faintly from the foliage, dim and indistinct as the light of the fire-fly that hovered over the winding margin of the bay.

Having satisfied himself that there was nothing to fear from the appearance of the English, he retired to his lodge that had been erected in the swamp near Mount Hope, and spent several hours in consultation with his faithful old counsellor, Anawan, before betaking himself to his rest.

Meanwhile, an Indian, named Alderman by the English,

a brother of the warrior who had just before been killed by Philip, for advising him to make what he deemed an inglorious peace with the enemy, deserted, sought out the camp of Captain Church, and discovered to him the hiding-place of his sachem.

The encampment of Church was not more than five miles distant, so that he was aware of the near proximity of the enemy before midnight.

He immediately set his army in motion, and arrived at Pokanoket at day-break. Before he was discovered, he had placed a guard around the swamp where Philip was encamped, so that it was entirely encompassed, with the exception of a single outlet.

He then directed Captain Golding, who served under him, to scour the swamp, and fall upon the encampment of Philip. Golding rushed into the swamp with a strong body of forces under his command; but the crackling of the bushes betrayed his approach, and Philip, who now saw that his only chance was in a precipitate flight, sprang from his wigwam, and ran, nearly naked, with the hope of escaping through the line of English soldiers that lay in ambush around the borders of the swamp. Golding and his men gave instant chase; but they might, with equal chance of success, have attempted to follow the track of a bird of passage through the air. The sachem, who knew every inch of ground over which he passed, fled over fallen trunks of trees, and through dense alders, until he was out of sight of his pursuers. He had already ran nearly an hundred rods, and could see the open plain just before him, when he perceived an Englishman and an Indian, each with a musket raised to his shoulder, and brought to bear upon him. He darted aside, just as the Englishman snapped his gun, which missed fire.

The Indian was more successful; for before Philip could escape beyond the reach of his shot, the deadly contents of the rifle were lodged in his breast, and he fell lifeless upon his face—the momentum imparted to his body by the speed with which he ran, almost burying it in the mud and water. The fatal shot was fired by the traitor Alderman, who had spent the whole night in consummating his vindictive purposes.

Alderman immediately ran and told Church that he had killed Philip; the captain commanded him to keep it a profound secret, until, to use his own expression, "they had driven the swamp clean."

The Indians, finding that they were waylaid, faced suddenly about, and stood on the defensive for a moment; but the news of the death of Philip was soon spread among their ranks, and then they broke and fled. It was all to no purpose that the old sagamore, Anawan, shouted his accustomed war-cry "I-oo-tash! I-oo-tash!" The spirit of the warriors was broken by the dreadful intelligence, and the voice of his subaltern only seemed to augment their flight.

When the battle was over, the English hurried to the place where the chief had fallen. Church ordered that the body should be taken out of the mud, and placed upon the upland. When this was done, it was found, upon examining the body, that one of the two balls with which the rifle was charged had passed directly through his heart, and the other a little above it, so that either must have proved fatal.

Thus we have endeavoured to sketch what will doubtless be considered a very imperfect outline of one of the most gifted and brilliant warriors—and may we not add statesman?—that has ever figured in the annals of our continent. The Cæsars and the Hannibals of history were

surrounded by more of the glitter, more of the "pomp and circumstance" of war, but none have excelled Pometacom, the uncompromising enemy of civilized society, in fruitfulness of intellectual resources, in celerity in executing his plans, and in the untiring purpose, which, like the plumes of his own eagle, when spread to encounter the blaze of the noon-day sun, never faltered in its flight till it was quenched in the radiance of the orb of civilization, which it sought in vain to blot from the heavens.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"The ocean is my grave."

THE war ended with the death of Philip. In accordance with a custom that dates from the times of the Hebrews, but which has happily fallen into disuse, the victors had now to dispose of their captives. This was done in part by distributing them among the conquerors and in part by sending them by ship loads to Spain, and the West Indies. Hundreds of these free-born men were thus transported to a climate which, accustomed as they were to the winds and snows of the rough coast of New England, they could ill endure, and to a servitude which corroded the spirit, as it enervated the strong limbs, that had chased the deer and the otter over ice-covered lakes, and broad-sweeping rivers. Many died ere they reached the port of their destination, and none arrived at old age. There was no Indian-summer, no sweet south-west with its "Spirit Lake" in the dead level of the ocean-horizon which circumscribed the islands of the west.

One bright September evening, a ship with all her canvas spread to catch the freshly springing breeze, swept briskly through the waters that dash against the coast of Rhode Island. She was a Spanish slaver, freighted with Indian captives. As she approached the wood-skirted shore of Pokanoket, an Indian woman—beautiful, but wild and haggard in her look—led a little boy to the rail of the ship, and looked wistfully toward the shore. It was the queen

of the Wampanoags. The blue and violet wampum, the otter's fur, no longer adorned her slender neck, nor hung gracefully from her shoulders. The long black hair, no longer decorated with flowers, that grew in the wildest recesses of the woods, floated negligently in the chill breeze that swelled the sail, and hurried the little billows against the shore that she loved. Though not a tear glistened in her eye, yet she looked the very embodiment of unutterable sorrow, as she gazed now at the coast, and now in the face of the boy. He, too, was sadly changed: he looked thin and wasted almost to a shadow. He had been robbed of the solitary feather that had been, from his birth till now, the mark of the royalty he was one day expected to put on; but the proud soul of Pometacom still flashed from his eye.

As the ship rode gayly on, the white flint rock that crowned the summit of Mount Hope, rose huge and ghastly against the black clouds that lay beyond it.

"Where is the king of the Wampanoags?" asked the boy, fixing his eye upon the promontory. "Let his queen and his son go to seek the chief. Look—the clouds do not settle on the south-west."

The mother turned her eye in the direction indicated by his little hand; then grasped him firmly in her arms, and, mounting the rail of the ship, just as a flash of lightning lit up the summit of the rock, plunged silently into the waters.

The ship glided on; and long before the foam had ceased to whiten her wake, the queen and the son of Philip, secure from the bondage to which their proud spirits could never submit, were sleeping side by side in the embraces of the ocean.

CHAPTER XXX.

Perez. "Of what breeding?"
Estifania. "A gentleman, sir."
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

ONE evening, after the fall of Philip, as Miss Willoughby sat in a little rustic seat that had been constructed beneath a vine that grew near the garden-stile of the parsonage, she saw approaching the house a man apparently past middle-life, who had in his gait and air something so striking and soldier-like that her attention was irresistibly drawn towards him. He came up to the stile, and, seating himself upon it, sat for several minutes with his eye fixed upon the ground, and his face turned in the direction most favourable to afford the young lady a full view of his very expressive features. He then started up suddenly, looked wistfully at the house, and, stepping down from the stile, passed leisurely around the wing of the parsonage that projected into the garden, and was soon out of sight. Miss Willoughby immediately repaired to the judge's chamber, and, after giving the customary knock, which her uncle had taught her was the passport to the apartment, the door was opened by the regicide himself.

"How now, my pretty wild-flower!" said the major-general, smiling, as she passed through the small opening —for the cautious exile still held the door in his hand— "How now, child of the wilderness! what can have sent you to my hermitage at this hour? But stop: there is a

mist before my eyes, or the twilight that still contends faintly with the night tells me that you are perplexed, or have something to communicate. Speak it out blithely, maiden, be it what it may."

"I will, general. As I sat, but a moment ago, under the vine that shelters my little retreat in the garden, I saw a stranger passing through the orchard and advancing towards me. He seated himself upon the fence, not half a dozen yards from the arbour, and gave me a full view of a face which I have never seen before, and which I am confident does not belong to Hadley. He soon passed behind the shadow of the house, but kept his eye constantly fixed upon it, until he was concealed from view. Thinking that his visit might bear some relation to your stay here, I hastened to apprize you of it."

"What rank did his features indicate? Might he be a gentleman?"

"A gentleman, sir, beyond question, and a man who might hold the highest place in the goodliest circles. He looked and walked like a soldier of the better sort, such as I remember to have seen at my father's house, in my early childhood. He was tall, well proportioned, though rather slender, and his walk more graceful than I have ever before seen. As he seated himself, he took off his broad-brimmed hat to fan his face, after his exercise, and gave me a view of his features."

"Was the head small, with jet-black hair dashed with gray, curling about a high, slender forehead?" asked Goffe, with increasing interest.

"It was, and of the palest hue, I am sure, that was ever worn by living man. Had not the expression of the lips been contemplative and sweet as that of the picture of the saint which hung in my father's library, I should have almost shuddered at its marble whiteness."

"Did he bear arms?"

"Yes—a sword and pistols."

Goffe stood a moment musingly, and then said, half doubtingly, half interrogatively—"I suppose the day-light was so far spent, that thou couldst not distinguish the colour and expression of his eyes?"

"Oh, no!—the evening was so clear, and the twilight lingered so long, that, had it been noon, I could not have noted his features better. His eyes were gray, and filled with an expression calm and hushed as the hour."

"The portraiture is perfect," said Goffe; "and yet I can hardly think the man who seems to have sat for it would have ever ventured out, save under cover of darkness."

Scarcely had he spoken, when a slight sound was heard in the closet adjoining the chamber.

"Somebody is lifting the trap-door that leads from the cellar," said the general, at the same time taking a pistol from the table, and cocking it. Miss Willoughby listened. In a moment, the door was let gently down, and she heard a step, and then a noise, as that of a man groping his way with his hands along the wainscoting. She looked at Goffe, to see if she could gather from his countenance aught of what was to be hoped or feared from the visiter, but the panels of oak that walled them in could not have been more impassive, had they been invoked to reveal a secret.

A knock followed—such a knock as none save those who had been initiated into the mysteries of the secret chamber could have given.

Placing his lips to the very surface of the wainscot, Goffe inquired, in a suppressed voice, "Who waits there?"

"A wanderer," was the answer from the closet.

"Your name and business, sir wanderer?"

"James Davids."

Goffe undid the fastening of the door, and the tall stranger, whose personal appearance had made such an impression on the mind of the young lady, now entered the room. But a stranger he evidently was not to Goffe; for they embraced each other affectionately, and the visiter cast an anxious glance towards the bed where Whalley had languished and died; and then fixed his eyes inquiringly upon Goffe, as if waiting to be informed of what he could not find the heart to ask.

"I need hardly tell you, Dixwell—for I see by the token in your eye that you have anticipated the tidings—that Whalley is an exile no more."

"I saw it all, in the vacant bed—in the hushed chamber—in your own silence."

He would have proceeded, had not the entrance of William given a new turn to the conversation.

"You see that I have forestalled you, Colonel Dixwell," said the privateer, archly, "and that my name is already made known to more than one, without your consent. But it was not my fault—my father is to bear the blame. Miss Willoughby, you see in our midst the gentleman who once extorted from me a vow that baffled the most earnest inquiries."

"The name of Willoughby is a sure pledge that its possessor will disclose no secrets that implicate the fortunes of brave and exiled men," said Colonel Dixwell, in a tone and with a smile that sank like music to the heart of the person addressed, and made her feel as if they had been on terms of intimacy for years.

Goffe then recounted to his guest the family history of Miss Willoughby, and the circumstances that had led to the meeting between himself and his son; into all of which Dixwell entered with such deep, unaffected interest as it

might be supposed a father would have taken in the minutest details of whatever his own children had suffered or enjoyed during the interval of a long separation from him. His manner had in it nothing of the fiery impetuosity of Goffe, nor any of that despondency that often seemed to weigh down the spirit of his fellow-exile. On the other hand, he was calm, equable, and self-possessed, to a remarkable degree. Every thing about Dixwell—his look, his tone, his manner—was intellectual. With this was blended an indescribable dignity of manner, that never forsook him for a moment. He was one of the few men who can say even trifling things in a manner that increases rather than detracts from the veneration that we feel for their characters.

On the present occasion he seemed in the highest spirits, and desirous of contributing to the happiness of the little circle in every possible way, until Goffe took advantage of a pause in the conversation to allude to the expected arrival of Randolph, and the persecutions that might be anticipated from such an event. Dixwell had as yet alluded to nothing that might have led an indifferent spectator to suppose that he had visited the parsonage with any specific errand, or with any other design than to renew his acquaintance with an old friend. But no sooner had Goffe touched upon this subject, than he turned his eye full upon the old man, and said, with much emotion, "General Goffe, it is now time to canvass graver matters. Whatever is to be done to secure the living from the block, or the dead from dishonour, must be done now. The falcon is poised upon the wing. Edward Randolph is in Boston!"

Goffe started to his feet, at this announcement, as if stung by a scorpion; but before he could give utterance to the thoughts that crowded upon his mind, Dixwell went on:

"Pardon me, general, and excuse me for saying, that the

crisis calls for all the firmness which was wont in the darkest hours of the republic to characterize your mind."

Goffe interrupted him: "What is to be done, Dixwell? for the first time in my life I feel that my resources fail me, and that I am in mind, as well as in person, but too obviously growing old."

"Nothing can be plainer than your course," replied Dixwell, calmly. "You remember that the secret of your residence in America was committed to the Rev. John Sherman while you were secreted at Milford, and that he had frequent intercourse with you, and made liberal donations both to you and me, when we were in straitened circumstances, until the day of his death. A short time before he died, fearing lest we should need a friend in our extremity, he communicated to one of his sons, who is a young physician of great promise, whatever he knew of our condition. He also addressed to me a letter, informing me of what he had done, and enjoining upon me to resort to his son, should an opportunity occur in which he could be useful to me. He resides near Milford, your old hiding-place, in a spot so retired, that there we can safely hide from the most active pursuit, until the danger is over. I have already informed Sherman of the arrival of our bitterest enemy, and he has furnished me with a small company of Indians, who will conduct us through the woods in safety to his house. From thence we can seek out your old haunts at Milford, or, if it is then deemed safe to do so, you can share my retirement at New Haven. While there you will be under the protection of a friend who will die, rather than betray you. You will also avoid the more frequented road to Hartford, which Randolph will be most likely to take, when he has learned that you have fled from Hadley."

"But how is Randolph to know that I am secreted in Hadley?" asked Goffe.

"I know, from good authority, that it is his intention to search this place," replied Dixwell, "and that he has been heard to say, that he has good reason to believe that you are concealed under this roof. I repeat, that there is no time to be lost."

"And what is to be done with the ashes of the dead?—No, Dixwell; I cannot, I will not desert them; I have sworn it."

Nor need you, general. It is no sacrilege to remove these ashes with reverent hands, to save them from the horrible desecration to which they are exposed while they remain here. The party of Indians furnished me by my young friend, now wait by the river side, ready to guide us, while they at the same time carry and protect the dead."

"It shall be even as you say," said Goffe, composedly; "I was not wont to be a laggard in counsel, Dixwell; but the memories of the past had swept over my mind like a tempest. It is over now. William and you, my sweet Anne, shall go along with us, and assist in performing these second obsequies. I will never more be separated from my children."

"Nor shall you," said William, warmly. "I know this Sherman, father; he is my friend; and I can add my testimony to Colonel Dixwell's, that we can rely with equal confidence on his fidelity and coolness of judgment."

"Let us make ready, then, for our departure; by midnight our arrangements will be complete," replied Goffe.

It is needless to pause over the preparations for the departure that occupied the little party for the next three hours. We will anticipate their painful journey, for the sake of introducing the reader to a scene of domestic happiness, such as lent in those early days their sweetest charm to the wild woods of America.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Alas! 't was not the eyrie's sound;
Their bloody bands had tracked us out;
Up-listening starts our couchant hound!"
O'Connor's Child.

On the eastern bank of the Hooestonnuc, where its waters mingled with the sea, stood a neat-looking cottage, so environed with fruit-trees and vines, that the rich clearing of an hundred acres which surrounded it was almost hidden from view. Even the waters of the river in the distance were scarcely seen to tremble in the light of the moon through the wilderness of leaves.

It was past nine o'clock in the evening; and, seated around a small deal-table, that accorded well with the simplicity of pioneer life, sat a family group—a mother, two sons, the one eight and the other six years of age, and a little daughter, whose light blue eyes could not have reflected the sunshine of more than two summers. The mother's eyes, too, were blue, with hair of a much darker shade; her face was eminently handsome, but thoughtful, and her complexion had little of the ruddy hue peculiar to the north. Her fingers were busily employed upon one of those elaborate pieces of needle-work that furnished occupation at that period for the leisure hours of the ladies of the better classes; but occasionally she interrupted the elder boy, who was reading aloud from a volume containing a collection of the old English ballads, with "Hush, Margaret! for shame, child!" as the mischievous prattler at her knee crushed up

in her little fingers the sampler, which she had succeeded in snatching from her mother's hands. The smaller boy, meanwhile, was seated on the floor behind her, busily engaged in sticking a needle, which he had probably stolen from the same owner, through the skull of a skeleton, which was represented in all its horrors upon the page of a book of anatomical plates, that lay open upon the floor before him.

The door opened noiselessly, and the host, a gentleman who could scarcely have been thirty years of age, entered the room on tiptoe, and stooped slyly over the delinquent boy. "How is this, my son?" said he, in a tone gentle as that of a father could well be, though it caused the guilty urchin to start aside and close the book, as if caught in the commission of a crime punishable with death. "How is this, John? Look at him, Elizabeth; his zeal for the sciences is likely to outstrip his father's slender means of gratifying it."

The wife and mother, thus appealed to, tried in vain to suppress a smile that might encourage a repetition of the offence, as she replied, "I did not know that he had the plates. He gives me more trouble in seeing after him than both the others. But there is some excuse for him, after all. He was christened after his grandfather, who was devoted to the sciences, and his father is a physician. But it is full time they were all asleep."

"Yes, Elizabeth; it is full time, indeed, and I have more motive than usual to dispense with their company to-night at an early hour." So saying, he kissed them affectionately in the order of their ages respectively, as they retired. When the lady returned, Sherman resumed: "I am afraid, my dear, I shall have little repose to-night. There are some business affairs pressing upon my mind which must be disposed of before I sleep."

"Business, Henry? what can it be? I hope it is nothing

that relates to this troublesome war. If you knew how much I have already suffered during your absence——"

"No, Elizabeth; the war is ended, and, I hope, never to be renewed; but I expect guests to-night, by appointment, and it is time they were here already."

"Guests!—what guests? I have not heard a word of it until now."

Before Sherman had time to answer her question, footsteps were heard without, and then a low tap at the door. He arose, and opened it. As he did so, a large blood-hound rushed into the room, followed by Dixwell, Goffe, and Miss Willoughby, leaning upon the arm of William. The elder gentlemen bowed respectfully to Mrs. Sherman, and Dixwell pressed the hand of Sherman in silence.

Goffe and Dixwell were introduced to the lady of the house as Mr. Goldsmith and Mr. Davids.

Between Sherman and the privateer the meeting was most cordial, and Miss Willoughby was soon happily engaged in conversation with her new female friend, who, as she saw at a glance, could not fail to prove a kind and agreeable companion.

"Is this your whole party, Mr. Davids?" inquired Sherman, turning to Dixwell; "I thought there was another still who was to share my poor hospitality."

"There *was* another, sir," said Goffe; "there was indeed another; but, thank God, he is safely bestowed!"

"But where are your horses, Mr. Goldsmith?"

"We have but a single steed, which served to carry the young lady. Our retinue is small, doctor. Beggars have but slender retinue, and little equipage."

"Did you, then, walk the whole distance from your former rendezvous to this place, and in so brief a space of time?"

"Walk! I did indeed. Why should I not? I have seen too much of rough service, to mind the free use of my limbs. But, not to speak of myself, I understand that you are the son of an old benefactor of mine, the Rev. John Sherman, late of Massachusetts, but in earlier days a sometime resident of Milford. May I ask if you are the offspring of the first or second marriage?"

"Of the second: my mother's name was——"

"Mary Launce," said Goffe, interrupting him; "I knew her father well. He was a member of parliament, and slain in an unfortunate quarrel with a malignant. His wife, your grandmother, was daughter of the Lord Darcy, Earl of Rivers—a family among the most ancient and honourable in England. I knew his lordship well; his worth and virtues reflect more honour upon his name than all the titles that grace the lineage of the Darcys. I love to dwell on these old reminiscences. They are my best landmarks as I look back over the waste of years."

Just at this moment, the hound, that had stretched himself across the door, started up suddenly, placed his nose to the door, and gave a deep, gruff growl. Goffe drew his sword, and examined the priming of his pistols. The other gentlemen also placed themselves in an attitude of defence. The younger Goffe, who seemed to know more of the habits of the animal than the others, advanced towards the door, and listened, but could hear no sound indicating the approach of an enemy. Still, the dog continued to growl, scratching the panels of the door with his paws, and looking in his master's face earnestly, as if supplicating him to open it. "Pedro is right, gentlemen; there is work for us in hand."

Sherman motioned the ladies to retire to a place of safety; and had just finished bolting the door, and fastening the shutters of the windows, when footsteps were distinctly

heard advancing toward the house. Goffe now placed his ear close to the shutter, and was the first to hear a rustling among the pines, as of men running to escape pursuit.

"As I live, William," said he to his son, "the Indians have left their charge, and fled. We are discovered! *It* is discovered!"

At that instant a sound, as of some hollow substance struck with sudden violence, startled their ears, accompanied with the words,

"Dead—for a ducat! We have a hurdle and a gallows-tree for thee at Tyburn, old boy!" distinctly uttered in a voice familiar to at least two of the party.

Goffe turned, and whispered, "It is Randolph;" and was proceeding to undo the fastening of the door when Dixwell placed his hand over the bolt, and said, in a whisper,

"General, you forget yourself. Tarry an instant."

Goffe grasped his sword still more firmly in his hand, and remained passive for a moment, when the door was struck from without, as if with the hilt of a sword.

"Open the way for us who are on the king's business!" said the same voice from without.

The elder regicide, perceiving that they were discovered, and stung with the thought of the indignity offered to the remains of his friend, replied to the summons,

"We have no king save him who sitteth on the great white throne. I know thee well, caitiff: thou art the minion of *the son* of the *man*, Charles Stuart; I have dealt with that man, Stuart, ere now. Not many months ago, I dealt with thee. Must I medicine thee by more bloodletting? Have at thee then!" And he removed the bolt as he spoke, and, opening wide the door, crossed blades with Randolph on the very threshold.—The assailing party was made up of about a dozen Englishmen and nearly the same

number of Indians; but when they saw that the regicide was backed by three well-armed assistants, and that they rushed upon them with the air of men who were well skilled in the use of weapons, and even confident of repelling their attack, they retreated behind their leader. This conduct of his men threw Randolph into a paroxysm of fury.

"Turn, ye knaves!" said he; "shoot them down, if ye dare not come at them with steel blades!"

His hint was immediately acted upon by both parties. Dixwell and his two younger allies discharged each a pistol almost in the same breath with fatal effect. Sherman was wounded in the shoulder by a pistol-ball, but not disabled. Although three of their number were slain, and Pedro was in the act of pulling down a fourth, the assailants now rallied, and surrounded their antagonists with the intention of overpowering them with numbers. But four practised swordsmen are not easily crushed by thrice their number of less-experienced men. Besides, Randolph, as on a former occasion, had now lost all self-control, and dealt his blows so much at random, that Goffe seemed likely to prove an overmatch for him; when two Englishmen, who had not before mingled in the *melee*, came hastily from the thicket, and rushed upon Goffe with the intention of running him through the body, while he was in the act of parrying one of Randolph's desperate thrusts. But, quick as thought, Ashford passing between the new assailants and his father, dashed aside their weapons, and met Randolph face to face.

The moon shone with such brilliancy that the whole field was visible as in the open day.

In his struggle with Goffe, Randolph's cap had fallen from his head, and his black curly hair gave additional ferocity to features and eyes that reflected all the darker

passions of his soul. Ashford had crossed his path when he first landed in America—he had thwarted his designs upon Miss Willoughby—and was now standing between him and the consummation of all his ambitious schemes, by affording protection to the regicides. As Randolph looked upon him, ambition gave place to revenge, and he felt an irrepressible joy that chance had thus thrown his bitterest enemy in his way.

"Base braggart!" exclaimed Ashford, advancing toward him, "there is an account to be settled between thee and me. Dost thou remember the hill-side, below the fort at Boston, down which I rolled that body of thine to the very line of foam left by the retreating tide! dost thou remember how from very pity I spared thy life? Little didst thou know, villain, that the man from whose lips thou soughtest to wrest the secrets of the regicide, was the son of the regicide!"

"And did I not repay thee well for thine insolence, pirate?" returned Randolph. "Did I not give thee opportunity to pursue that pretty damoiselle of thine, the bird of the delicate feathers, through many a wood, and across many a stream? Her wings must have drooped sadly beneath the Narraganset snows. But hark'ee, boy! when I have dealt with thee, she shall fold those wings submissively upon this breast of mine, or—mark me!—I will clip them with my rapier. What, ho!" he exclaimed, raising his voice, "Thomas Kellond—Thomas Kirk! why stand ye at bay with yon hoary-headed traitor! Ye shall bruise the head of the cockatrice, while I crush the egg.

"He had scarcely time to raise his sword to save his throat from the point of Ashford's blade, so sudden, so deadly was the attack of the privateer.

Kirk and Kellond, meanwhile, on either side of Goffe,

dealt their blows at the most vital parts of his body, every one of which must have inflicted a mortal wound, had it not been warded off with unrivalled dexterity. It was not until Dixwell had come to his relief, and engaged with Kirk, that Goffe relinquished his defensive attitude; and then his long arm and keen blade gave Kellond, who was much younger and of nearly equal stature, full employment for all his skill and address as a swordsman. From the fierceness with which he fought, it was obvious that Goffe intended to take the life of his antagonist.

The vindictive Randolph had already resolved upon getting possession of the person of Miss Willoughby, and of the house at the same moment, and with this view he suffered Ashford to drive him gradually towards the door, only warding off the strokes of his pursuer. It was not until Ashford saw two or three of the Englishmen passing around the house, that the thought flashed upon his mind. He sprang forward to grapple with Randolph, but he escaped from his hands with a bound, and in an instant Ashford heard the creaking of the bolt of the door, as it was forced into its socket. Instantly passing around the house, he discharged a pistol at the Englishman who was climbing into the window, which Randolph had opened from within. The ball took fatal effect, and the other Englishmen, astonished at his sudden appearance, retreated a few steps, and gave Ashford free access to the window. He tore away from it the body of the man whom he had just shot, and sprang through the narrow opening just as Randolph had come up to it with his left arm around the waist of Miss Willoughby, and a pistol in his right hand, which he pointed and discharged at Ashford's breast. The ball passed through his coat and waistcoat, but inflicted no injury. Cumbered with the weight of his prize, which he

seemed determined not to relinquish, and not having anticipated the possibility of missing his aim, Randolph made but a feeble resistance. Ashford sprang upon him, and struck him a severe blow upon the forehead with the hilt of his sword. He staggered and fell, still retaining his hold of the young lady.

To disengage the wretch's arm from her waist, and to run him through the body with the point of the weapon that had struck him down, was the work of a moment. He then raised the apparently lifeless body, and, throwing it from the window upon the ground, leaped after it into the open air. Passing around the house to the place where he had left the other combatants, he saw Goffe stooping over Sherman, who appeared to be insensible, with great apparent anxiety. Kellond lay dead within a few feet of the spot where he stood, and Kirk, lying upon his side, was soliciting the mercy of Dixwell in the most earnest terms.

"Dost thou repent, then, of thy folly?" asked Dixwell.

"Ay—ay—I do repent."

"Wilt thou ever again hunt the steps of the judges of the Stuart? Answer me, as thou lovest dear life!" continued Dixwell, at the same time bringing the point of his sword to the throat of the supplicant.

"Never—*never!*"

"Nor betray them?"

"No—never."

"Then go, in God's name."

Ashford now learned of Goffe that Sherman had been stunned by a blow from one of the Englishmen, and would soon revive.

"And where is Randolph?" asked Goffe, anxiously; "hath he escaped thee, William?"

"The *pirate* is avenged," replied Ashford, smiling.

"Let us recommence our march to-night, my son."

"You speak good counsel," said Dixwell. "But how shall we leave Sherman, wounded, and in charge of a helpless family?"

"Go, by all means," said Sherman, starting up; "I can take measures to protect me and mine. Go, while you are under cover of darkness."

Miss Willoughby was soon ready to pursue her journey, and the Indians, who had acted as pall-bearers, and who had returned to their place the moment Randolph's party had withdrawn, expressed their willingness to set forth immediately.

They arrived at New Haven on the following morning, before day-break; and there, near the church that had been reared under the fostering care of the venerable Davenport, they again, and under more favourable auspices, committed the body of Whalley to a resting-place, where we may hope it will slumber till the day when the earth and the sea shall give up their dead. With the exception of Governor Jones, the Rev. Mr. Pierpont (the successor of Davenport), and the sexton who dug the grave, none of the citizens knew where his remains were deposited, though they daily passed by the little thicket of cedars upon the common that sheltered the spot. The sexton indeed treasured up the secret faithfully in his memory, and told it in after-years to his son who succeeded him. In after-years, too, when the rancour of party strife had subsided—when the flames of loyalty burned under another dynasty with a less malignant fierceness—a dark-blue stone was one morning found at the head of the grave, and another at its foot, each inscribed with the initials "*E. W.*"

But by whose hands they were chiselled, even tradition, fruitful as she has been in her legends respecting the wanderings and the fate of those exiled men, has never whispered to the world.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONCLUSION.

"A ring—that circles in a life of happy days."

Little remains to be added to a work that has already extended itself so far beyond the limits originally assigned to it, as to weary the patience of the reader. Yet the author cannot lay aside his pen, without recording what he knows of the subsequent good or evil fortune of the characters who have figured in this narrative, and with whom he has sojourned so long, that he cannot take leave of them without regret.

The younger Goffe and Miss Willoughby remained during the winter in the town where they had deposited the remains of the elder of the regicides, spending their time in the company of the major-general at the house of Colonel Dixwell. The Rev. Mr. Pierpont was a frequent visiter at the house, and Mr. Southworth arrived before the time of the Christmas-holidays, to be present at the nuptials of his niece. As might have been expected from the necessity of the case, the wedding was private; Governor Jones and Mr. Pierpont (who performed the ceremony) being the only witnesses and guests, aside from the members of the family. In the spring, they returned to the little village by the Haunted Lake. William soon rëbuilt the ruined cottage at the Bluff upon its old foundations, still retaining his name of Ashford, both for the sake of security, and because his

beautiful bride delighted in the sound of the familiar name, endeared to her by perils and the romantic associations of first love. They were known throughout the neighbourhood, as the "happy family at the Bluff."

Even Dame Austin, after her maternal pride had been gratified by seeing the name of her darling son Dick enrolled in the commission of the peace, under the imposing title of Richard Austin, *Esquire*, and further augmented by often looking out from her window, and recognising the children of her pretty daughter-in-law Emily, at play with the "little Ashfords," as she called them, beneath the old oaks that skirted the cottage-garden, was compelled to acknowledge that "Mistress Anne was a great lady after all, and that to wear a diamond ring was not so bad as it might be, provided people could afford it, and were not too proud to be useful."

Captain Moseley regularly, once every autumn, paid a visit to his favourite lieutenant, and passed the "Indian summer" with him in hunting and telling old sea-stories to the children, who annually looked for his visit with daily-increasing impatience, and who would follow him from the house to the garden, and from the garden to the lake, until, as he used to express it, "the little privateers wore his life out with their idle questions." Cornelius on one occasion accompanied him; but old Pedro, who had taken up his abode with Ashford since the war, met him at the gate with such demonstrations of a renewal of their old hostilities, that the cautious Dutchman never repeated the experiment. "I likes te lieutenant," said the scapegallows, "but Boston is te place for a Christian man, and te hoond and te Haunted Lake is te tuyvil and all his bad spirits in one."

His illustrious companion in his former captivity, Dame

Doolittle, though she never gave her cordial consent to the union between Emily and Dick Austin, was much softened when she heard of Dick's prosperity and thrift, and paid them more than one visit during the life of her faithful servant Davie. But after he had yielded to the gradual encroachments of age, to such a degree as to render him incapable of supporting even her slender burden, she never ventured beyond the enclosure of her own premises. The impression made upon her nerves by the Indians was never forgotten, and the very mention of the name of Tuspaquin never failed to call forth her bitterest invective, and a full recital of the indignities he had heaped upon her. She died at the advanced age of ninety-three, in the unimpaired possession of her faculties, long after Pomperauge and Taloola had fallen an easy prey to the implacable Mohawks, and were sleeping in their own secluded valley beneath the heap of stones that still marks their grave.

Randolph, who had recovered of his wound, still retained his hatred of the New England colonies, passing to and fro between America and the mother-country upon his errands of mischief, and never forgetting his favourite project of securing and bringing to justice the unhappy regicides. This only served to keep their secret more securely locked in the breasts of their friends, who knew that were the part which they had played in giving aid and comfort to the exiles once made known, the punishment accorded by the law to the counsellors and abettors of *high-treason*, would be the necessary consequence. Even Russell shuddered when he learned the cruel fate of Alicia Lisle, and although he lived to extreme old age, and died peacefully in his own bed, his *secret* never passed his lips.

Mr. Southworth spent a happy life in his study among his books, and in contemplating the happiness of his darling

ward, which was identified with his own. It is needless to tell (what History has made known to the world) with what adroitness the gallant Church captured the gray-haired Anawan, and with what stoical calmness the latter died the death allotted to the captive, and how the former fell a victim to an untoward accident. Nor need we relate what any one may read in the annals of Connecticut, how Major Treat, the sturdy old farmer, was elevated in later years to the rank of governor in the colony that he had so long protected; nor how the pains of his last moments were alleviated by the kindness and skill of Sherman, who, if medical aid could have availed, would have snatched him from the grave.

Dixwell, too, is an historical character. The vigilance with which Sir Edmond Andros pursued him in after years; the coolness with which the exile eluded the pursuit; his philosophic retirement and quiet studies; his stolen interviews with Mr. Pierpont in the garden; his memorable will, in which he left as a legacy to his reverend friend the works of Sir Walter Raleigh, which had administered to him so much consolation in his exile; the happy close of his life, and the fondness with which his memory was cherished, not only by the children of his old age, but by the community upon which he had for so many years shed the light of his example; are chronicled in the pages of history, and still live in the more uncertain annals of tradition. There seems to be a strange similarity between his own obsequies and those of Colonel Whalley: for within the last few months, even while we have been tracing this humble sketch of him and his cöexiles, his ashes have been removed by the hands of one who claims kindred with them, and deposited beneath a monument that will commemorate his virtues to the remotest ages.

Goffe divided his time between Russell and his son for two years after the death of his father-in-law, but gradually the cloud that had so long settled over his spirit, assumed a darker hue. He loved most of all to linger about the old parsonage, where he had spent so many painful years of exile, and where the associations of the past seemed to take the strongest hold upon his memory. Suddenly he disappeared. The anxious inquiries of his friends availed nothing, though they sought him in every haunt which he had ever known in the colonies. He never returned. His death, like his life, was an inexplicable mystery; and it may be literally said of him, that "the place of his sepulcre no man knoweth unto this day."

THE END.

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